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By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton

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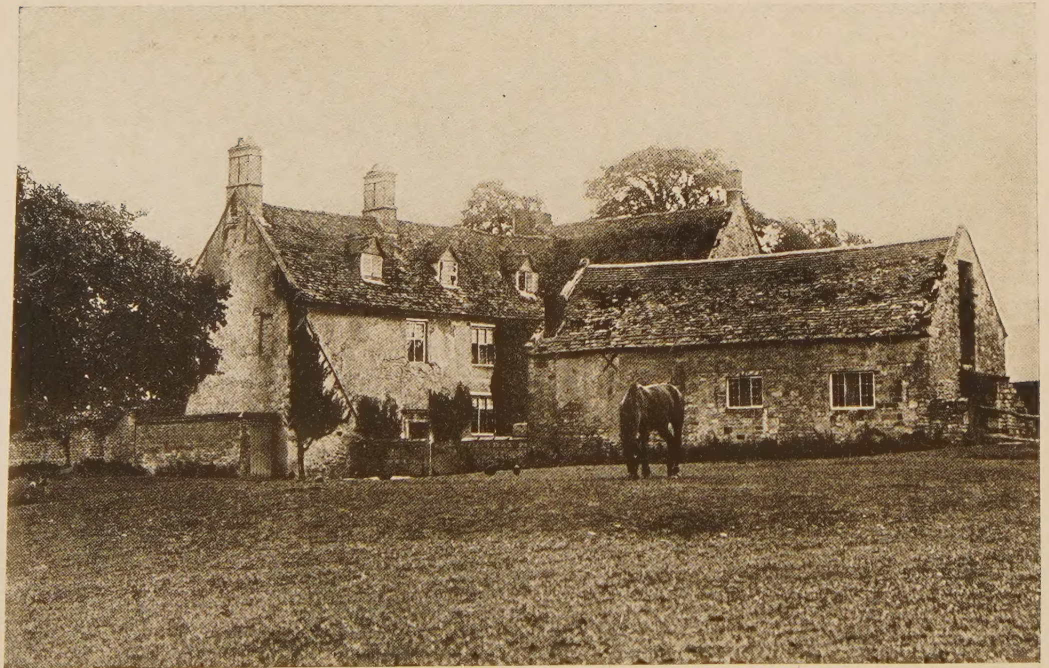

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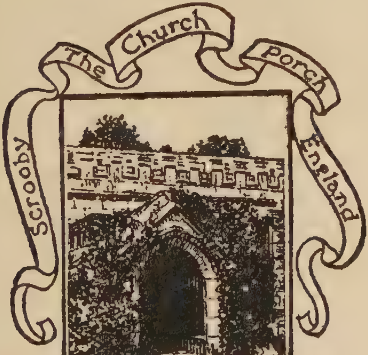
SULGRAVE MANOR, THE ENGLISH HOME OF THE WASHINGTONS

ENGLISH ANCESTRAL HOMES OF NOTED AMERICANS

By

ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON

With 29 Illustrations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PREFACE

Many of the notes for this little book were made in England in days of peace, before the great nations of Europe, whether from choice or necessity, had lapsed into the barbarous usages of an earlier and a darker time. Then, as we wandered through old London streets and English villages and country-sides, set thick with associations dear to Americans, we had a feeling that these historic landmarks would stand, year after year, to remind us of "the rock from whence we were hewn and the pit from whence we were digged." Other and later notes were made, and homelands of our early settlers visited, in war time, when a feeling of uncertainty as to the safety of cherished landmarks filled our minds with sad forebodings.

Although many houses and historic sites have been described in this volume, a number still remain to be visited, not only in England but in Wales also, from whose lovely valleys so many of our early Americans emigrated, in Scotland and Ireland, and, in case we pursue our quest on the Continent of Europe, in Holland, Switzerland and France.

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In the pleasing task of gathering together data and pictures for this work the writer has received valuable assistance from Mr. Norman Penny of the Friends' Library, Devonshire House, London, in whose rooms some of these pages were written, from Miss H. Jane Harding of Sulgrave, England, from Dr. John W. Jordan of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, from Mrs. William Ruffin Cox, President of the Colonial Dames of America in the State of Virginia, from Mr. David Lewis, from Mr. John Calvert, and from the late William M. Mervine, whose historic instinct guided the writer toward important sources of information at home and abroad.

A. H. W.

The Grange
Dundaff
October, 1915

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ANCESTRAL HOMES OF NOTED AMERICANS

I

PLYMOUTH IN JULY, 1914

When we landed at Plymouth, or rather at Devonport, July 24, 1914, in search of associations belonging to the history of our own country, we little thought that this peaceful English land was about to enter upon an historic period of greater importance, perhaps, than any previous phase of its national life.

As we wandered through the town of Plymouth, this ancient stronghold seemed to us as peaceful as a midland village. On the Hoe are many reminders of a warlike past, among these a great memorial to the victory over the Spanish Armada, and a fine bronze statue of Queen Elizabeth's heroic sailor, Sir Francis Drake, who, with the aid of the winds and the waves, gained for England her signal success against Spain's bold venture. Though Lord Howard of Effingham was in command of the English

Squadron, Drake and Hawkins led the attack upon the Spanish fleet. Bold and brave sailors as they were, they surely would have failed, had not a great storm come to their aid; hence the singular appropriateness of the inscription upon the Armada Memorial: "He blew with his winds and they were scattered."

At the end of the Hoe, near the fish-market, we found the object of our quest on the barbican and, like many another American traveller, we stood upon the spot, as definitely as it can now be located, from whence the Pilgrim Fathers set forth upon what one of the little company aptly described as their "mightie voige." A large stone in the pavement of the barbican bearing the word "Mayflower" and the date "1620" marks the place, while a bronze tablet set in the sea wall records that:

> On the 6th of September, 1620, in the Mayoralty of Thomas Townes, after being "kindly entertained and courteously used by divers Friends there dwelling," The Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Plymouth in the *Mayflower*, in the Providence of God to settle in New Plymouth, and to lay the Foundation of the New England States. . . . The ancient Cawsey whence they embarked was destroyed not many Years afterwards, but the Site of their Embarkation is marked by the Stone bearing the name of the *Mayflower* in the pavement of the adjacent Pier. This Tablet was erected in the Mayoralty of J. T. Bond 1891, to commemorate their Departure, and the visit to Plymouth in July of that Year of a number of their Descendants and Representatives.

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THE BARBICAN, PLYMOUTH

We all know the story, so often related,—one ship of the two designed for the voyage, the *Speedwell,* being condemned as unseaworthy, both vessels put back to Plymouth. "Upon which," said William Bradford, "it was resolved to dismise her and parte of ye companie, and proceede with ye other shipe. The which (though it was greevous, and caused great discouragement) was put in execution. so after they had tooke out such provissions as ye other shipe could well stow, and concluded both what number and what persons to send bak, they made another sad parting, ye one shipe going backe for, and ye other was to proceede on her viage. Those that went bak were for the most part such as were willing so to doe, either out of some discontent, or feare they conceived of ye ill success of ye vioge, seeing so many croses befale and the year so far spente."

"Amongst those that returned were Mr. Cushman and his familie, whose hart and courage was gone from them before, as it seems, though his body was with them until now, he departed as may appear by a passionate letter he wrote to a freind in London from Dartmouth, whilst ye ship lay ther a mending."

After giving Mr. Robert Cushman's letter in full, in which the writer tells of the difficulties and discouragements that surrounded their venture, Governor Bradford added: "These being his conceptions and fears at Dartmouth, they must needs be much stronger now at Plimouth. And though it (Mr. Cushman's letter) discovers some infirmities in him (as who under temtation is free), Yet after this he continued to be a special instrumente for their good, and to do y^e offices of a loving friend and faithful brother unto them, and pertaker of much comforte with them." It is evident from Governor Bradford's letter that Robert Cushman did not sail on the *Mayflower*, although he has been claimed as a *Mayflower* passenger, nor does his name appear in the authoritative list of the *Mayflower* passengers with those of the Chiltons, and their daughter, Mary, who first stepped upon the shores of New England, and John Alden of Southampton and that "Priscila Mollines"[1] around whose courtship the poet Longfellow has woven his charming romance.

Finally the *Mayflower*, a small vessel of something over sixty tons, set sail from Plymouth with one hundred passengers. Although they did not then realize it, there was upon this frail bark the making of a great commonwealth, for it was in the cabin of the *Mayflower* that the compact was framed that was destined to guide the Plymouth Colony for many years. This compact which, "in a few terse sentences embodied the whole philosophy of government," was drawn up by John Carver, whom the company chose for their governor, by two future governors, Edward Winslow, and William Bradford, and by Miles Standish, the Puritan captain. Thus, on ship board, with little form and ceremony but with a large share of intelligence and common sense, this Commonwealth of the New World saw the light of day.

---

[1] Governor Bradford has also given this name as "Molines," and it is written elsewhere "Mullins."

Returning from our patriotic pilgrimage by way of the Hoe,[2] that most beautiful and spacious esplanade one hundred and twenty feet above the sea, we were suddenly recalled from thoughts of the past by one of our party who exclaimed, in view of the lines of fortifications that guard the approaches to Plymouth, and the great Citadel of Charles II with its stacks of cannon balls, which look more formidable than they really are, "Why does England keep up these forts? England does not have wars nowadays. What is the use of all these bristling forts? England is at peace; this is an age of peace; a Peace Convention is soon to be held at Lake Constance. Servia and Austria have their difficulties, but here all is tranquil."

---

[2] After wondering about the curious name of the Plymouth esplanade and not finding anyone who could give us a satisfactory explanation of its origin, we were interested to find the following in a little local guide-book: "Geoffrey of Monmouth in his history records a great personal encounter between Coronæus, a British hero, and a wicked giant, Gogmagog, on the Haw, at Plymouth, when Coronæus threw the monster into the sea. This is rendered the more interesting as we have minutes in the Corporation records to tell us that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth there was a figure of Gogmagog cut in the turf of the Hoe, which is said to be a corruption of 'Hamo's

Why indeed? we echoed, so incongruous did warlike preparations seem to us, steeped as we were in the peaceful atmosphere of this ancient town. It seemed as if Señor Ferrero had given expression to our thoughts when he wrote

---

port,' although some authorities claim that Southampton is the old 'Hamose' or 'Hamo's port.'" With the English facility for shortening names, we can readily see how "Hamo's port" could be boiled down to the "Hoe." The new Murray Dictionary gives Carew as authority for the Gog and Magog tradition, and defines Hoe as a projecting ridge of land, a promontory; originally a point of land, formed like a heel, and stretching into the plain, perhaps even into the sea; a height ending abruptly or steeply; cf. Heugh. Now used only in the names of particular places, as the Hoe at Plymouth, the Hoe near Chipping-Campden, Hoe in Kent, Bedfordshire, etc.

a few weeks later:—"On the 24th of July, all Europe, from Ionia to the Baltic, and from the Pyrenees to the Urals, was still able to go to bed in peace and to dream of the approaching summer vacation."

On the afternoon of the next day, July 25th, a meeting was held in Northamptonshire whose object was to emphasize the fact that the two great English-speaking nations of the world, England and the United States, had been at peace for one hundred years, and wished to further cement their friendly relations by an international celebration of the approaching centenary of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent. English and American statesmen, divines and men of affairs, were gathered together at Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washingtons, to confer with regard to appropriate ceremonies to mark this important event, the initial step in the program having been the purchase of the Manor-house at Sulgrave some months earlier by the British Committee.

The "scrap of paper," known as the Treaty of Ghent, signed by the representatives of England and America, December 24, 1814, in a Belgian city, has been regarded by both nations in the light of a pledge of national good faith, and notwithstanding the occasional straining of relations between the two countries, has remained in force up to the present time, largely, as Mr. Asquith said, "Because the feeling, the deep-rooted feeling, of which the Treaty of Ghent was perhaps the earliest embodiment, has year by year and generation after generation grown and solidified until we, the two great kindred nations, have become convinced that the shedding of one another's blood in any cause over any difference would be a matter diverse, not only in degree but in character, from the outburst of war between any other two nations in the world. I am quite certain that this centenary movement is not needed to corroborate, or to stimulate, that deeply-rooted sentiment. It is rather, as I understand it, to take advantage of the hundredth anniversary of the conclusion of a peace which has since been—and God grant, as we believe, that will continue to be—absolutely unbroken; it is to take advantage of that anniversary and to embody in some form a permanent memorial of the deep-seated determination of our English-speaking race on both sides of the Atlantic. I will not presume to comment upon the different suggested forms which the memorial should take. The acquisition of Sulgrave, the ancestral home of the Washington family, will, I am sure, appeal to the sentiment on both sides of the Atlantic, and will everywhere be regarded as probably the most fitting inauguration of such a memorial.''

The British Committee for the celebration of the approaching anniversary, of which the Duke of Teck is Honorary President, could find no more fitting meeting place for a friendly conference upon ways and means, than the old manor-farm, which was the home of English Washingtons as early as the reign of Henry VIII. Those who were at Sulgrave on the afternoon of July 25th can never forget that meeting, held, as it was, on the eve of a great war into which one of the two peaceful nations there represented was soon to be involved.

In the restless and exciting weeks that followed, our thoughts often turned to our tranquil sojourn at Plymouth. As we strolled along the Hoe on that peaceful summer day we could think, without a shudder, of the long-past sufferings of Spanish and English that followed in the wake of the destruction of the Armada, little recking then that the story of far greater horrors by sea and land would soon come near to all of us in time and place. Events marched, as the French say, and the dream of peace had a sudden awakening. On the day of the Anglo-American peace meeting at Sulgrave, Austria delivered her ultimatum to Servia with what consequences we know.

London was at rest, on the surface, when we reached there, on Monday the 27th; by Thursday, the 30th, the newspapers and the posters had become inflammatory, to say nothing of the newsboys themselves, who seemed to be gifted with imaginations as active as those of our own venders of news. We happened to be dining on the evening of the 30th with some American friends, among them Dr. and Mrs. W., who had been living abroad for years, and in Germany some part of the time. When one of the guests said: "The papers are making the most of the situation, just as they do at home!" Dr. W. replied: "They cannot make too much of it; the situation is most serious."

By Saturday the German Ambassador, at St. Petersburg, had handed the Russian Government a declaration of war. In the days that followed, it seemed that all thoughtful Englishmen were trying to hold back the war, as Sir Edward Grey, Premier Asquith, and other wise statesmen in both Houses were trying to hold it back, while the unthinking populace (does the populace ever think?) was singing the Marseillaise under the very shadow of Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square; and before Buckingham Palace, on these beautiful summer evenings, the national songs of England, France, and Russia were sung interchangeably, with great enthusiasm, the King, Queen, and Prince of Wales showing themselves on the balcony, after the approved fashion of royalty in all times. A strange feeling of unrest and apprehension was in the air, and with it a certain stillness, like the calm before a storm in nature. The English are never given to much talking, and they were more than usually reticent. Many Englishmen still dared to hope that there would be no war! As late as Sunday, August 2d, the London *Observer* was saying, "If war should come," etc.

Territorials were to be seen on the streets, in the trams, on the buses, everywhere, but territorials had a right to be about; it was vacation time and days of summer encampments. Sunday, and Monday, August 3d, Bank Holiday, were days of excitement and intense nervous strain. People held their breaths and wondered what next. That Monday, August 3d, was a dismal Bank Holiday, and although the sunshine was brilliant there were comparatively few excursions upon the Thames, to Hampton Court and to "Appy Amstead Eath." On Tuesday the papers stated that the Bank of England, which had been closed for the holiday, would not be opened until Friday the seventh,—an announcement that caused dismay to the many Americans who were then flocking into London from the Continent, most of them quite destitute of English money.

Then followed long night sessions of Parliament, ominous news from Luxemburg and Belgium. Sir Edward Grey made his great speech, setting forth in convincing language what England owed to her Allies and to herself in this great crisis, Germany having delivered her ultimatum to Belgium on the second, and crossed the frontier of that heroic little kingdom on the fourth of August.

The morning papers, on Wednesday the 5th, announced that a state of war existed between

England and Germany. As several nationalities were represented at our breakfast table, on that morning of August 5th, Austrian, Swiss, and Hungarian, as well as English and American, there was naturally a diversity of opinion upon certain points, but at the same time perfect unanimity in the expression of deep regret that these two great nations, bound together by many ties, should be at war. We all felt that we had assisted at more cheerful *déjeuners*, and in the midst of our discussion we suddenly remembered that two German teachers, who had planned to spend the summer in London, had left the house a few days before. At the time, we wondered why those Germans had left us so suddenly. We now concluded that *they* knew why, even if we did not.

One night, in London, we were suddenly taken back to Plymouth and the Hoe. It was August 24th when news of the fall of the strong fortress of Namur had just reached London. It seemed then as if Paris might soon be taken. We knew that the enemy was near the French capital, how near we could not know, nor could we foresee the strong stand the Allies were to make in the battle of Marne. Hope was at a low ebb;

the air throbbed with suspense and anxiety. In this mood we went to see "Drake" at His Majesty's. An immense audience, at the highest pitch of nervous excitement, greeted, with a storm of applause, Sir Herbert Tree's presentation of the great Devonshire sailor.

Plymouth, as it appeared upon the London stage that night, was not the peaceful town that we had seen in July; it was Plymouth during the war with Spain, more than three hundred years ago, and the Hoe was peopled with figures of the past, seafaring men, their wives and sweethearts, statesmen, courtiers, Elizabeth herself, and Francis Drake, first as privateer from the *Golden Hynde,* and later as Admiral of England, honored and knighted by his Queen. There, too, that other English Bess, the queen

> Of Drake's deep heart, emprisoned in her home,
> Fenced by her father's angry watch and ward,
> Lest he—the poor plebeian dread of Spain,
> Shaker of nations, king of the untamed seas—
> Might win some word with her, sweet Bess, the flower,
> Triumphant o'er their rusty heraldries,
> Waited her lover.

These figures, grave and gay, we saw pass and repass upon the Hoe. Whether all these scenes were true to history, we stopped not to ask. True to life and love they surely were, and when Drake, playing at bowls in Plymouth town, warned of the approach of the enemy, stopped to throw his ball before he turned to meet the power of Spain upon the sea, we held our breaths. All eyes, like England's in that older time,

> . . . were turned on Drake, as he stood thus.
> A giant against the sunset and the sea
> Looming alone.

A play, that has for its theme the great struggle in which the fury of the elements and the prowess of man combined to gain for England the freedom of the sea, naturally stirred to its depths an English audience at this time, and it was natural that feeling should run high. We had reason to know that London held many German spies, and when there followed a spirited and apparently perilous action on shipboard, in the roar and clash of the mimic fight we seemed to hear the deafening thunder of that other, present conflict across the narrow Channel in the once happy land of France, and so high and tense was the nervous excitement of the moment that I, for one, should not have been surprised if a German bomb had been then and there dropped upon our heads. Whether others shared my apprehensions, I know not, as I confided my fears to no one, and the interest in the play was so great and the enthusiasm so intense, that it would have carried us all on, regardless of danger. Something like the joy of battle was that night's experience, what our Puritan ancestors were pleased to call "a fearful joy was ours,"—an experience never to be forgotten!

The police were vigilant, evidently, and nothing happened, even when outbursts of applause greeted certain patriotic lines, and when between the acts the national airs of England, France, and Russia were played and sung, the entire audience rising and joining in the choruses with great spirit, women standing in the boxes and encoring the strains, more especially the beautiful Russian Hymn.

In that great scene, before St. Paul's, where Queen Elizabeth, a very slight and youthful queen, as presented by Miss Neilson Terry, but not lacking in dignity, stands upon the steps of the Cathedral and thanks Sir Francis Drake for England, and for herself, and the populace calls clamorously for a sight of the hero, who has been modestly keeping himself in the background, the interest and excitement were so intense that the present was forgotten, the war of 1914 was eclipsed by the stirring scenes of 1588, we lived for the moment in the spacious times of great Elizabeth and were ready to follow where Drake's drum led the way, rejoicing that England was in very truth mistress of the sea.

There were few English or Americans present that night who were not ready to echo the lines of the poet and dramatist, who has sung of Francis Drake and England, and of her fair daughter, his sweetheart, across the sea:

Hers and yours the story;
Think of it, oh, think of it!
That immortal dream when El Dorado flushed the skies!
Fill the beaker full and drink to Drake's undying glory,
Yours and hers (oh, drink of it!)
The dream that never dies.

Once! Nay, now as ever
Beats within her ancient heart
All the faith that took you forth to seek your heaven alone:
Shadows come and go; but let no shade of doubt dissever,
Cloak or cloud, or keep apart
Two souls whose prayer is one.

II

A DAY WITH THE PILGRIM FATHERS

To visit the homes of the Puritans in the north of England first, and stop at Plymouth later, would be the proper topographical and historic itinerary for a Pilgrims' tour; but as ocean liners are more given to the landing of their passengers at Plymouth than at Boston in Lincolnshire, it was not until we had been in London many weeks that we found ourselves *en route* for the north country.

Many travellers stop over at Plymouth, as we did, to stand upon the spot from which the Pilgrims embarked upon the *Mayflower* for their long voyage across the ocean to found a Plymouth in the New World, yet comparatively few tourists find their way to the early homes of these enterprising voyagers. Plymouth is a household word to us all, while Scrooby, Austerfield, Boston, Gainsborough, and other north country towns, which played an important part in the settlement of Massachusetts, are unfamiliar names to many intelligent Americans.

The home of William Brewster was the Manor-house of Scrooby; here also came William Bradford from Austerfield, a Yorkshire village four miles to the north, to listen to the preaching of the learned John Robinson, whose birthplace, Gainsborough-on-the-Trent, is twelve miles from Scrooby across the Lincolnshire border. So little are Scrooby and Austerfield included in the usual traveller's itinerary that they are dismissed by Baedeker in six scant lines, and do not appear at all in Rolfes's usually helpful *Satchel Guide.*

Filled with a keen desire to explore, to see what sort of country produced men of courage so high and spirit so indomitable, as was shown by these early settlers of New England, we set forth from London one September morning in the momentous year 1914 upon a veritable voyage of discovery, as we had been able to gain little definite information as to trains and connections at the railroad offices. We gathered from our maps, and from the few lines in Baedeker, that Scrooby is a few miles north of Lincoln and in Nottinghamshire; of this much we were sure; the rest we left to fate which, in this instance, served us well. A train on the London and North-Western from Euston Station bore us northward through Middlesex and Bucks and the fertile midland shire of Northampton, rich in its associations with English and American history, for in this county were fought battles of the rival houses of York and Lancaster and later of the parliamentarians and royalists, and here for generations lived the ancestors of Washington and Franklin. Finding that Ecton, the little town from which the father of Dr. Franklin emigrated to America, was only four miles north and east of the county town of Northampton, and could be reached by motor bus, we concluded to spend the night *en route* and give the afternoon to a patriotic pilgrimage to the ancestral home of the Franklins; but this visit to Ecton, interesting as it was, is "another story," as Kipling says.

Although eighteen or twenty thousand soldiers were encamped on the outskirts of Northampton, we found the town leading its quiet boot- and shoe-making existence, and after all, why not; are not boots and shoes as much needed in war times as powder and shells? The hotels were filled with officers, and their wives who had come to spend a few days with them before their crossing to France. With this influx of visitors to Northampton, we congratulated ourselves upon being able to secure rooms for the night at the Grand. Tall, slim, well set up were most of these officers, many of them in late thirties or early forties, the best that England, or indeed, any country could produce, not boastful or elated at the thought of war, but serious and resolute, realizing that they were turning their backs, perhaps forever, upon wife, child, home, yet never faltering over the severing of the ties that men hold dearest. And the women: if their faces were serious they were not sad, and theirs were as resolute as those of the men, as if determined, in this time of storm and stress, to show the high courage and endurance that have been their immemorial heritage. The younger couples, though infinitely pathetic to the onlooker, were less serious than the older men and women; life, which had been a holiday to many of them, was now to prove a grave business. They knew this and were ready to meet it fearlessly, and perhaps with something of the unrealizing confidence that is the blessed dower of youth. As we journeyed northward our thoughts often turned to these couples at the

Grand, wondering what fate had in store for them in the great national crisis in which they were destined to take part.

When we steamed away from Castle Station, Northampton, about 10 o'clock the next morning, we felt that we were finally started on our north country pilgrimage, and being informed by the guard that we made no change of cars until we reached Retford, we were duly grateful, having expected at least a half a dozen changes in the journey of five hours. With an unwonted sense of repose, we settled down to enjoy the peaceful, if rather monotonous, farming country through which we were passing, a land of broad meadows and far horizons, with an occasional farm house or village rising from the green. At Retford, where we changed cars, we were on the direct road to Scrooby; but we had been advised to make our headquarters at Lincoln, and when we found how extremely primitive were the conditions at Scrooby we felt that wisdom had been justified of her children. We were quite near another most important Puritan shrine at Retford, Babworth Church. In this picturesque village church of Babworth, crowning the summit of a well-wooded hill, Richard Clifton preached his schismatic and dissenting doctrines more than three centuries since. This preaching, falling upon the listening ears of young William Bradford and William Brewster, like seed upon good ground, was destined to bring forth fruit that would change the whole current of their lives, and of many another life as well. The little Babworth church, interesting as it is, had to be left for another day, as the train from Lincoln claimed us for its own, and we were soon climbing its steep hills, rejoicing that our pilgrim's way included this most beautiful hill town.

To see Lincoln again and its wonderful Cathedral, rising from its rock summit and dominating the fen country for miles, was, as my companions said, one of the things that made life worth the living. Other elements beside its exquisite beauty conspired to make up the sum of happiness in Lincoln; among them was a delightfully comfortable little lodging house, with a gay garden, at the top of a long, steep hill, in the famous Bailgate, near the Cathedral and John of Gaunt's Palace. Among our blessings, we counted not the least the finding of an intelligent agent in the tourists' office from whom we were at last able to gain definite information with regard to Scrooby, Austerfield, and other places of interest in the neighborhood. Armed with this information, which we found to be correct in every particular, we set forth the next morning at ten o'clock by the Great Northern to Retford, where we took the Great Central to Scrooby, a journey of about an hour altogether, and through the wide open north country, only slightly rolling, with great hedge-bordered fields from which the wheat had been harvested, fortunately we thought—as this is a great wheat-growing district, and from the many men whom we saw being drilled in the fields we knew that the harvesters would soon be few.

Arrived at Scrooby, we made our way to the Post Office, according to Baedeker's directions, where we found an accommodating and voluble postmistress, living in the pretty little embowered Post Office. She conducted us to the parish church nearby. The stone church of St. Wilfrid, with its crenelated tower and lofty spire, in early English and decorated styles, suggests nothing of the austerity of Puritan worship; but the Brewster connection with this little sanctuary was previous to the dissemination of Separatist teachings in Scrooby, when William

Brewster, Senior, held the important and lucrative positions of postmaster and bailiff of the town. We passed through the lovely ivy-curtained church porch to see many interesting objects within, among these the Brewster pew, from which the richly-carved back of dark oak has been removed and now decorates a space near the organ chamber, while the seat of the pew is in the chancel. This church is said to be fifteenth century; but the villagers of Scrooby claim it to be of much greater antiquity, which claim certain of its characteristics seem to prove.

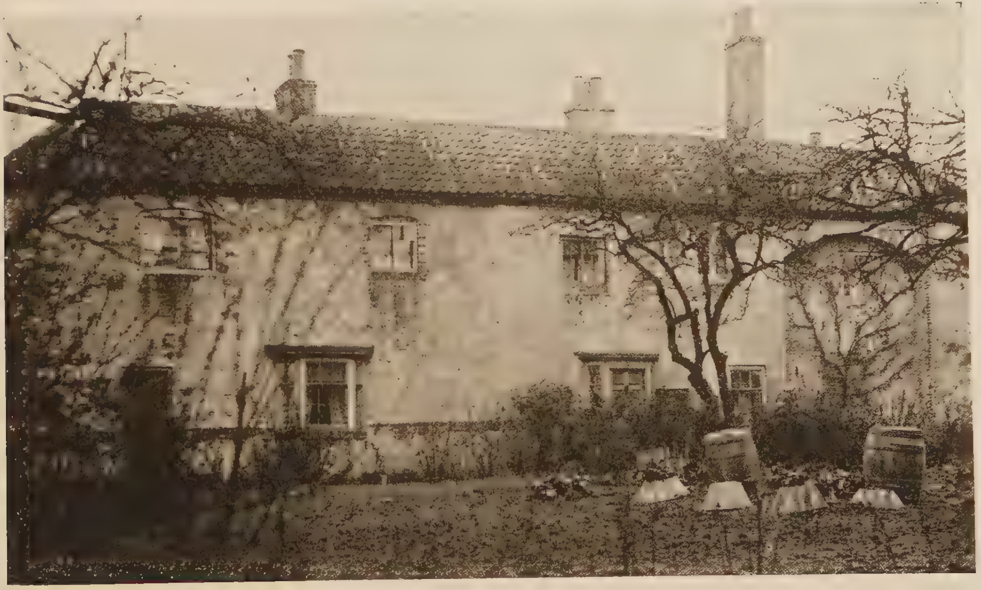
From the church of St. Wilfrid, we were taken to the manor-house of Scrooby, which is said to have been built upon the site of the ancient dwelling of the Brewsters, this being the record upon a tablet placed near the great door of the mansion:

110264

> This tablet is erected by the
> Pilgrim Society of Plymouth,
> Massachusetts, United States of
> America, to mark the site of the
> ancient manor house, where lived
> WILLIAM BREWSTER,
> from 1588 to 1608, and where he
> organized the Pilgrim Church, of
> which he became ruling elder, and
> which, in 1608, he removed to
> Amsterdam, in 1609 to Leyden, and in
> 1620 to Plymouth, where he died
> April 16, 1644.

It was while William Brewster, the younger, was living at the manor-farm that he held there the meetings for religious worship which were largely attended by the disaffected of the region in and around Scrooby. Among those who congregated at the manor-house to worship according to the dictates of their consciences, and to listen to the preaching of Richard Clifton, late rector of the Babworth Church, and the eloquent discourses of the famous John Robinson, was young William Bradford from Austerfield, about four miles north and east of Scrooby. Bradford, who was destined to occupy a distinguished place in American Colonial history, afterwards recorded that William Brewster was a "special stay and help" to the Puritans, and that "with great love and at a great charge he entertained the little flock that assembled for worship at the manor-house."

The little town of Scrooby, whose chief claim to distinction to-day is to be found in its association with the Pilgrim Fathers, was a place of importance in its time, being the seat of the archepiscopal palace of the See of York, of which only a few of the out-buildings remain. Within the walls of the old palace, Henry VIII once



THE BREWSTER MANOR-HOUSE, SCROOBY
The oldest portion of the building

spent a night on his way to Yorkshire, and here Cardinal Wolsey came in the days of his power, and again later on when his fortunes were declining and he had learned by bitter experience that service to a king is not always a highway to continued prosperity. Wolsey may even have come here for the hunting season, as those were days when prelates entered into the pleasures and excitements of the chase and Sherwood Forest was quite near,—a region of mystery and romance associated with such picturesque outlaws as Robin Hood and his man Little John, whose outlawry was quite overshadowed, in our childhood, by the compelling charm of their rural and adventurous life as described to us by Sir Walter Scott:

> But chief beside the butts, there stand
> Bold Robin Hood and all his band,—
> Friar Tuck, with quarter-staff and cowl,
> Old Scathelooke, with his surly scowl,
> Maid Marian, fair as ivory bone,
> Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John.

Scrooby, being upon the great north road between Tuxford and Doncaster, was a post town of importance in its day. William Brewster, Senior, who united the office of bailiff with that of postmaster, was required in fulfilment of the duties of the latter office to furnish horses to travellers on their way to the next "post," and in case of need to supply them with food and lodging. From such travellers, news of the more stirring life of the capital reached the ears of young Brewster, and tales of the adventures of the many Englishmen, who sailed the seas in the reign of Elizabeth, may have wrought upon his imagination and influenced his decision in later years to try his fortunes in the New World. Whatever may have been William Brewster's early educational advantages he evidently used them to good purpose, as he was able to matriculate at Peter House, Cambridge, at the age of fifteen. The most scholarly of the Puritan brotherhood in the north of England, with the exception of the learned John Robinson, much of the broader culture of William Brewster may be attributed to some months spent in Holland in his youth, whither he accompanied Elizabeth's Secretary of State, Davison, on his embassy to the Netherlands. So implicitly was Brewster trusted by his chief that he gave into his keeping the keys of three "cautionary towns," surrendered by the Netherlanders as security for a loan. These keys Brewster is said to have guarded with zealous care, and even slept with them under his pillow.

After the disgrace of Davison, which followed the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, William Brewster returned to his home in Scrooby, and on the death of his father, soon after, succeeded to the tenancy of the manor-farm, and applied for the position of postmaster. This he finally obtained through the influence of his old friend Davison, who was afterwards restored to favor by his capricious mistress, his only offense being that he was a too zealous and straightforward servant in the carrying out of Elizabeth's designs upon Mary.[1]

It was while living at the manor-farm, between the years of 1594 and 1607, that William Brewster identified himself with the Separatists of the north country, among whom were Richard Clifton, who had been obliged to resign his living of Babworth, and John Smyth, who was sometime curate of the church in Gainsborough, a few miles east of Scrooby, in Lincolnshire. The ministrations of the Reverend John Smyth were attended by Brewster and Bradford until the preacher and a portion of his congregation removed to Amsterdam. This little company was soon joined by others who rebelled against the rulings and restrictions of the Church of England, under the Protestant Elizabeth, whose theory of Protestantism did not seem to include liberty of conscience, and of her narrow-minded successor, James I. It was in consequence of such unwise restrictions that England lost some of her best citizens among Puritans and later among Quakers.

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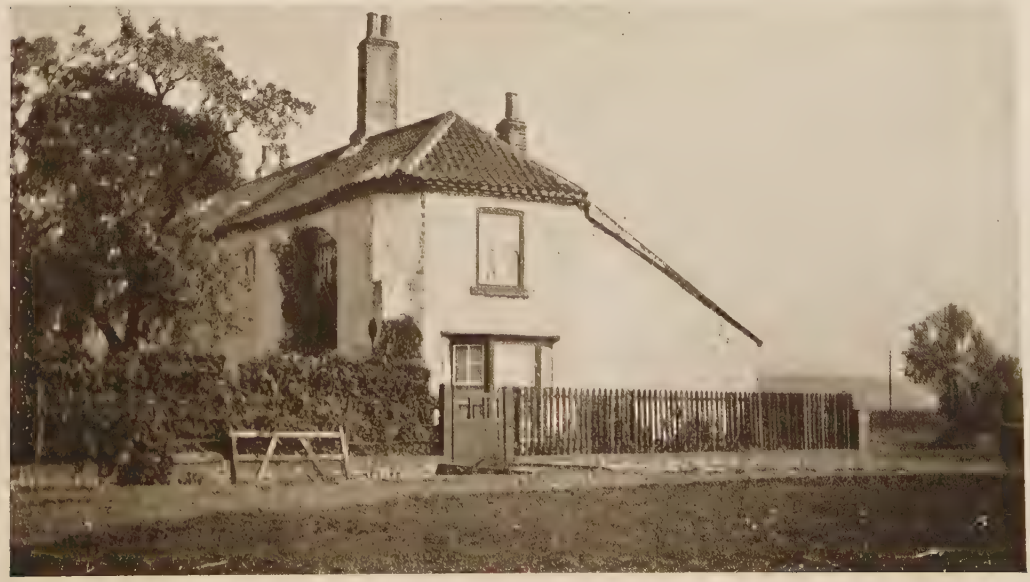
[1] William Davison, Secretary of State and Privy Counsellor, was a member of the Commission for the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, in 1586. He was fined and imprisoned in the Tower from 1587 to 1589 for "misprision and contempt," being unfairly charged by the Queen with undue precipitation in securing her signature to the death warrant of Mary Queen of Scots.

From the postmistress and others who conducted us to the manor-house and the grounds surrounding it, we learned that this house, as it stands to-day, is not the one in which the Puritan meetings were held. One man, who seemed fairly well informed, pointed out an old and ruinous building, now used as a cow shed, as the one in which the Puritans were wont to assemble. Whether or not services were ever held in the manor-house, it was the home of William Brewster, and here it was that he welcomed the



THE BREWSTER MANOR-HOUSE, SCROOBY
Side view. From a photograph by the author

Puritans, and, at a serious risk to himself, entertained them.[2]

We finally turned from the manor-farm, and its interesting associations with the Pilgrim Fathers, to walk over the road that they must have travelled so often, between Scrooby and Bawtry, a pleasant walk of about a mile and a half. At Bawtry we lunched at a simple little inn, which was the principal hostel of the village, and then secured a motor to take us to Austerfield, which is interesting as the birthplace of the second Governor of the Plymouth Colony.

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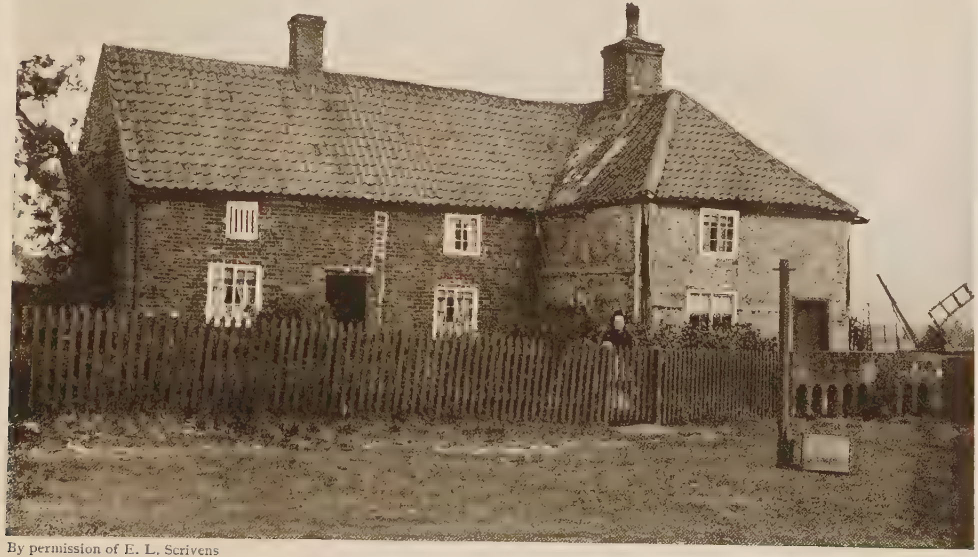
[2] It is not the purpose of the writer of this little book to enter into any discussion concerning the rights and wrongs of the Puritans. It should, however, be understood that the name, Puritan, has been used as a general term, as the learned historian, Douglas Campbell has used it, without making any distinctions between Puritans and Separatists, although from this latter class came the Pilgrim Fathers who settled Plymouth. The strict meaning of the name Puritan changed from time to time, being sometimes religious, with varying applications, and then again political. "Among the people of England at large," says Douglas Campbell, "the name came finally to be applied to all those who were religious and moral and who, either by word or life, protested against the irreligion and immorality of the time. In *Baxter's Autobiography* we see illustrated the use of the word in the reign of Charles I. Baxter's family were called Puritans, although they were strict Conformists or Episcopalians, because they never got drunk and went to church regularly."—"The Puritan in Holland, England and America," by Douglas Campbell, A.M., L.L.B., volume i, p. xxvii.

On our way to Austerfield, just over the Yorkshire border, this being the meeting place of three counties, we crossed the little river Idle, which, in its windings, runs by the town of Scrooby. The meadows here, which were fresh and fair as in June, were drained years ago by a Hollander, so our intelligent chauffeur told us, this region being in the fen country, although it seemed to us high and quite different from the low-lying district around Peterborough and Fotheringay.

Austerfield is a typical north country village. Less picturesque than such midland and southern hamlets as Brington, Ecton and Penshurst, these northern villages, with their steep-roofed, narrow-gabled houses of brick and stone, substantial, and built to keep out the winter storms, which are severe in this part of England, with no attempt at ornament, seem in a way characteristic of the sturdy uncompromising race that sprang from this soil, and was destined to make so deep an impression upon the land of its adoption.

The Bradford house differs from the ordinary village habitations of Austerfield in being



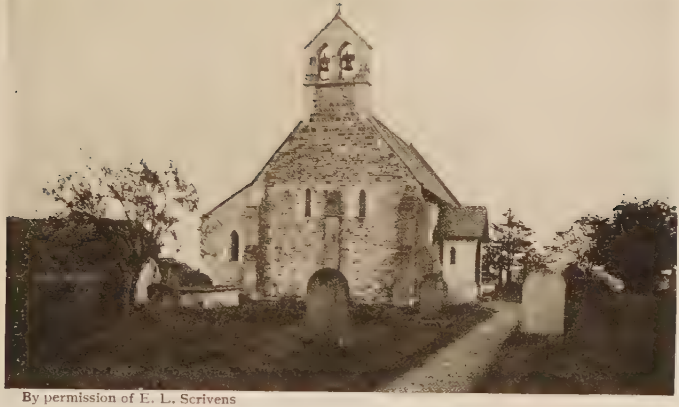
By permission of E. L. Scrivens

THE MANOR-HOUSE, AUSTERFIELD
Where Governor William Bradford was born

less severe in its lines and more ample and widespread than the houses surrounding it. It is disappointing, however, as are many of the manor-houses in England, when contrasted with the spacious homes that some of the settlers of Massachusetts and Virginia built for themselves, before many years had passed over their heads in the new world. As the manor-house was usually part of a landed estate, it is reasonable to suppose that the home of the Bradfords, which now stands directly upon the village street, was surrounded, at one time, by lands belonging to its owner. This is more likely since William Bradford, according to Cotton Mather, was left a comfortable inheritance by his parents, who died in his childhood, and from his own statement, as he always spoke of having been brought up on a farm. The house, a brick dwelling, despoiled of lawns and fields, and perhaps of some part of the original building, is now tenanted by two families of humble folk. A woman, occupying the part of the house in which Bradford was born, took great pleasure in conducting us up the steep winding stairs into the room which claims the honor of being that in which he first saw the light of day. She also pointed out to us a great fireplace on the first floor, in which, she said, was placed the huge iron or copper clothes boiler in which Bradford was secreted when sought after by his adversaries. We listened to the good woman's tale, wondered how a grown man could be tucked into a clothes boiler and, with a firm determination to investigate this chapter of the history of the Pilgrim Fathers, we turned to the parish church, where we found a baptismal font quite large enough for the immersion of William Bradford or any other child. This handsome stone font is the one from which the son of William Bradford and Alice, his wife, was baptized March 19th, 1589, as is recorded upon a tablet on the wall of the church. A beautiful little stone church is this, somewhat disfigured by modern decorations, but holding its own in the grace of its columns, arches and attractive church porch. It was this church that William Bradford left, despite the strong opposition of his relatives and neighbors, to join the Puritan congregation at the home of his friend, Brewster, at Scrooby.

This little company of Separatists was not long permitted to worship in peace, for, as Bradford said, many years after, they " were hunted and persecuted on every side, so as their former afflictions were but as flea-bitings in comparison of these which now came upon them. For some were taken & clapt up in prison, others had their houses besett and watcht night and day, & hardly escaped their hands; and y^e^ most were faine to flie & leave their houses & habitations, and the means of their livelihood. Yet these & many other sharper things which afterwards befell them, were no other than they looked for, and therefore were y^e^ better prepared to bear them by y^e^ assistance of God's grace and spirits. Yet seeing them selves thus molested, and that ther was no hope of their continuance ther, by a joynte consente they resolved to goe into y^e^ low-countries, wher they heard was freedom of Religion for all men."

To remove to Holland was a more difficult undertaking in 1607 than it had been in 1593, when Elizabeth and her prelates were glad to have the Separatists carry their dangerous doctrines across the sea. Since then they had been using the Dutch presses freely and so rapidly flooding England with heresies that stringent measures were taken to stop further emigration. The failure of the first attempt of the Pilgrims to reach the Low Countries has been simply and graphically related by Governor Bradford. "There was," he said, "a large company of them [the Puritans] purposed to get passage at Boston in Lincoln-shire, and for that end had hired a shipe wholy to them selves, & made agreement with the maister to be ready at a certaine day, and to take them and their goods in, at a conveniente place, wher they accordingly would all attende in readiness. So after long waiting, & large expences, though he kepte not a day with them, yet he came at length & tooke them in, in y^e night. But when he had them & their goods abord, he betrayed them, haveing before hand complotted with y^e searchers & other officers so to doe; who tooke them, and put them into open boats, & ther rifled & ransaked them, searching them to their shirts for money, yea, even y^e women furder than became modestie; and then carried them back into y^e towne, & made them a spectakle and wonder to y^e multitude, which came flocking on all sids to behould them. Being thus first, by the chatchpoule officers, rifled & stripte of their money, books, and much other goods, they were pre-



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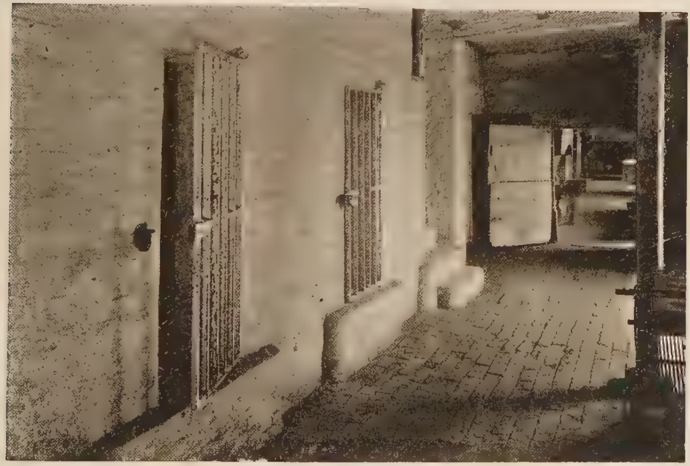
AUSTERFIELD CHURCH
Where Governor Bradford was baptized



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CELLS AT TOWN HALL, BOSTON, ENGLAND, WHERE THE PILGRIM FATHERS WERE CONFINED

sented to y^e^ magistrates, and messengers sente to informe y^e^ lords of y^e^ counsell of them; and so they were comited to ward."[3]

After a month's imprisonment in the jail at Boston the fugitives were released, although some of the leaders of the company were kept in durance until the assizes, among them Brewster and Bradford. They were, while in prison, according to the testimony of the latter, treated with humanity and even courtesy, which may have been due to the fact that Boston was the home of a number of Nonconformists. In the spring many of the Puritans, who had failed in their first attempt, embarked upon a Dutch vessel at Grimsby Common, near the mouth of the Humber. Even then they were not permitted to depart from the shores of England in peace, as some government officials, having got word of their intention, surprised them at night, when only half the company was on board, and ruthlessly separated wives from their husbands and children from their parents. Thus at the sailing of the ship a number were left behind; among these were Brewster, Robinson and other leaders of the company "who had stayed to help the weakest over before them." These stranded Pilgrims went over at a later date, singly and by separate routes; and by August of the same year, 1608, the entire congregation, numbering about one hundred, found themselves safe in the haven where they would be.

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[3] Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation."

John Robinson and a number of the Separatists soon removed from Amsterdam, where they had first settled, and made their home in the beautiful city of Leyden. Here Robinson, at the age of thirty-nine, was enrolled as a student of theology in the University of Leyden, which position exempted him from the jurisdiction of civil authorities and also entitled him to such valuable perquisites as one hundred and twenty gallons of beer every month and ten gallons of wine every three months. "In such a hospitable manner," says Douglas Campbell, "did that famous university provide for at least some of the wants of its students of theology."

Although the Pilgrims were used by the Dutch with justice and, as Bradford related, with "good and courteous entreaty," they were strangers in a strange land, and realizing that this was not their abiding city, their thoughts turned to a colony in the New World, where they could, as they said, "live as English folk under English rule."

The idea of emigration to America was especially favored by Brewster, Bradford and other leading spirits among the Pilgrims, a permanent settlement having already been made by Englishmen at Jamestown. In writing later of the unhappiness and restlessness of the Pilgrims in Holland, Governor Bradford said that having been taught by "the grave mistris, Experense, the sagest members began to incline to this conclusion, of remoovall to some other place. Not out of any newfangledness, or other such giddie humor, by which men are sometimes transported to their great hurt & danger, but for sundrie weightie & solid reasons. For many, though they desired to enjoye y^e ordinances of God in their puritie, & y^e libertie of the gospell with them, yet, alass, they admitted of bondage, with danger of conscience, rather than to endure these hardships; yea, some preferred & chose y^e prisons in England, rather than this libertie in Holland, with these afflictions. But it was thought that if a better and easier place of living could be had, it would draw many, and take away these discouragements.'"[4]

That the Pilgrims found no easier place of living, we know well; but with all the difficulties that surrounded their efforts to make a home in the wilderness they had the satisfaction of knowing that it was their own, and that they could govern the Plymouth Colony according to their own ideas, which meant much to these born rulers and leaders of men.

Elder Brewster, as he was now known among the Pilgrims, succeeded in making his way back to England in 1619. Here, with the aid of Robert Cushman and John Carver, a man godly and well approved among them, destined to be their first Governor, and through the influence of Sir Edwin Sandys, afterwards treasurer of the Virginia Company, they obtained a patent for a tract of land for the settlement of a colony in that vast wilderness across the sea, then known by the general name and title of Virginia.

Although Robert Cushman did not set sail until 1621, he did valiant service for the Plymouth Colony in England, having been appointed, with Elder Brewster, financier and manager of the affairs of the "Adventurers," as they were called, procuring for them two ships, the *Speedwell,* a vessel of sixty tons burden, and the famous *Mayflower,* a little larger. In these two vessels the Puritans sailed from Holland on the 5th of August, 1620. During the following year, Robert Cushman put forth an able pamphlet on "Emigration to America," urging the advantages of settling in that country. In July, 1621, he sailed for New England, and while there delivered a sermon to the Pilgrims on "The Danger of Self Love," since quite noted as the first sermon delivered and printed in New England. It is interesting to know that Charlotte Cushman, the great American tragedienne, was a descendant of this Puritan divine.

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[4] Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantations," page 29.

The parting with their pastor, the Reverend John Robinson, who remained in Leyden to minister to those who were unable or unwilling to venture forth upon the sea, must have been one of the most severe trials of the Pilgrims. His parting letter addressed to them shows him to have been a man of tender heart as well as of deep religious feeling. Dr. Holmes has given us a picture of this parting and the setting forth of the Pilgrims in his "Robinson of Leyden":

He spake, with lingering, long embrace,
  With tears of love and partings fond,
They floated down the creeping Maas,
  Along the isle of Ysselmonde.

They passed the frowning towers of Briel,
  The "Hook of Holland's" shelf of sand,
And grated soon with lifting keel
  The sullen shores of Fatherland.

No home for these ! too well they knew
  The mitred king behind the throne;
The sails were set, the pennons flew,
  And westward ho! for worlds unknown.

While in England, making preparations for the voyage of the Pilgrims, Elder Brewster is said to have made a visit to his old home by the Idle, to see and say farewell to many co-religionists who, from age or other disabilities, were compelled to live out their days, patient and resigned in their little homes and narrow bounds. "We can imagine," says Mr. Story, "the great-hearted Brewster going from one to another, bidding them farewell, with words of cheer and encouragement, and leaving behind him the never-to-be-obliterated memory of a man of noble stature, habited in a coat of purple velvet, green vest and gray corduroy small-clothes, but, more than all these, wearing ever a smile of ineffable sweetness on his grave and handsome face.'"[5]

During his farewell visit to Scrooby, Elder Brewster must have looked long and lovingly upon the little church of St. Wilfrid, where he had sat in the family pew with his parents, and upon the home of his boyhood, where he had, in later years, gathered together those who worshipped according to the dictates of conscience, regardless of the authority of crowned Queen or mitred Bishop. Whatever natural sadness was in the heart of William Brewster at the thought of quitting forever the scenes of his boyhood and the green fields of Old England, there was also high hope, for, like Moses in the wilderness, such men as Brewster, Bradford, Carver and other leaders among the Puritans, had ever before them the vision of bringing their brethren into the promised land of liberty. High hope was needed for those who engaged in this great adventure, and the vision without which no epoch-making work is ever undertaken.

In the months that followed, when encompassed with perils by sea and on land, when laid low by the "first sickness," as they quaintly named the malady that attacked them upon landing, or when enduring cold, hunger, and in deadly fear of the lurking savage, the Pilgrims must often have found their thoughts turning with longing to this peaceful countryside, their English homeland.

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[5] "American Shrines in England," by Alfred T. Story.

Each day that we spent in the north country we realized its charm more fully; something in the broad sweep of its meadows, billowing off to low hills in the far distance, in its far horizons and its fresh invigorating air, appealed to us strongly. We felt at home in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire as we had not in some other parts of England. Perhaps, as one of our party suggested, this feeling was due to the fact of so many of our settlers having come from the north country, not only New England settlers, but those to Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and the Lower Counties. From Willoughby, Lincolnshire, came Captain John Smith, the hero of the Jamestown settlement, and from Kipling, over in Yorkshire, came the Calverts, who, despite their Irish peerage, were of English descent, and from these northern counties came the Shippens, Gilpins, Whartons and many other Pennsylvania families. John Winthrop, who was chosen Governor of the Massachusetts

Bay Colony before the little company set sail, was from Edwardson, in Suffolk. Two other predestined New England Governors set sail from Lincolnshire in the *Arbella,* Thomas Dudley and Simon Bradstreet. Dudley, a Northamptonshire man by birth, was living in the family of the Earl of Lincoln at the time of the emigration to Salem, and set sail with the very interesting company that included his son-in-law, Simon Bradstreet, who came from Horblin, in Lincolnshire; the lovely Lady Arbella Johnson, and her sister, Lady Susan, wife of John Humphrey. These ladies were daughters of the Earl of Lincoln, in whose family the celebrated divine, John Cotton, had lived for some months before sailing for America. In these northern emigrations were two women of distinguished ability, Anne Hutchinson, and Anne Bradstreet, our first poetess, the wife of Simon Bradstreet and daughter of Thomas Dudley. Anne Bradstreet is spoken of in an early London edition of her poems as "The Tenth Muse, Lately Sprung up in America."

Although Mrs. Anne Bradstreet wrote in her early poems, after the despondent fashion of youthful poets, of her earthly course being nearly run, she lived to a period beyond middle age, and was the mother of many children. Two distinguished sons of New England, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Richard Dana, were proud to claim descent from this woman, who had the courage to sing her songs of love and hope amid the bitter chill of the early days of the Massachusetts settlement.

The story of Anne Hutchinson and the cruel and unjust treatment that she met with from those who had themselves come hither to gain freedom of thought and action, is not pleasant reading to-day. The offense for which Mrs. Anne Hutchinson was tried and banished from Massachusetts seems to have been that she had the hardihood to give expression to some of her own individual opinions, in repeating the sermons of the Reverend John Cotton and other divines. Alack! and has not the world moved on since those days when a woman could be tried and banished for having opinions of her own?

The Reverend John Cotton was at first one of Anne Hutchinson's friends, but later joined the ranks of her persecutors. John Cotton, who came to America in a later emigration, also belongs to the north country, having been born at Derby, on the Derwent, and after being graduated from Emmanuel College, Cambridge, officiated as the rector of St. Botolph's, Boston, the church of seafaring men, which is by some odd coincidence closely associated with many men who crossed the sea for conscience's sake. Here, in the church of St. Botolph, the Reverend John Cotton ministered for twenty-one years, and whether or not in consequence of his virile, puritanical preaching, this old town in Lincolnshire has long been celebrated for the sobriety of its inhabitants and the brevity of its speakers, as an old song relates that

Solid men of Boston, make no long orations,
Solid men of Boston, drink no strong potations.

Finally the call from across the Atlantic was too eloquent to pass unheeded, and John Cotton, in company with two eminent divines, Thomas Hooker and Samuel Stone, and some of his Boston parishioners, decided to try his fortunes in the New World. This was thirteen years after the Pilgrims sailed from Plymouth. When the *Griffin* landed her passengers upon the shores of Massachusetts, after what was then considered a remarkably prosperous voyage of seven weeks, Mr. Cotton and his companions were welcomed to another Boston, named after that

"Botolph's towne which standeth hard on the river of Lindis." St. Botolph's, in Lincolnshire, is still standing, and here is the ornate Jacobean pulpit which was built for the Reverend John Cotton in 1620, while upon the wall of the church is a handsome brass tablet, which records the fact that the "former rector of this church was of the greatest reputation and of the greatest authority in the First Church of Boston, in New England," as if to verify Increase Mather's prophecy that John Cotton's memory should, in time, be honored by both Bostons.

We longed to stay on indefinitely in these northern counties, set so thick with home associations, realizing as never before how much this region had contributed to the strength and stability of American colonization in those early days, when England's loss was our gain. In these Seventeenth Century emigrations, from whatever reasons, but chiefly for a narrow-minded intolerance, England lost many of her ablest sons and daughters; and for our gain these men and women brought their intelligence, energy, fertility of resource and strong religious convictions to the founding of a great Commonwealth beyond the seas.

III

THE HOMELAND OF THE FRANKLINS

Five miles to the northeast of Northampton is the cradle of a family which has become important in consequence of the achievements of one of its members. Ecton, the English home of the Franklins, has been much less discussed than Sulgrave, and this for the reason that Benjamin Franklin's own diary and letters have left the world in no doubt as to the origin of his family. In the notes of one of his uncles, who had, he said, the same kind of curiosity in collecting family anecdotes that he had himself, Franklin found a number of items of interest, which, with his usual wisdom and foresight, he straightway recorded for the benefit of posterity.

That the ancestral homes of the two men who most deeply impressed themselves upon the early history of the United States were situated in the same county of England, and only a few miles apart, was known to Irving when he wrote his "Life of Washington," and to Parton, the early biographer of Franklin, yet few later historians have dwelt upon this coincidence. Sulgrave, the home of the English ancestors of General Washington, is only a few miles south and west of the town of Northampton, and in this age of rapid transit the distance can be compassed in an hour's time. In slower coaching days, the Washingtons and Franklins could hardly have been looked upon as neighbors, and were probably unknown to each other. Another, and to his mind a quite impassable barrier, is placed by the aristocratic Irving in the way of friendly intercourse between the families at Sulgrave and Ecton on account of their widely different social positions.

James Parton, adverting to this circumstance and following in the footsteps of the aristocratic Irving, draws the following picturesque contrast between the two families: "Knights, abbots, lords of the manor, valiant defenders of cities and partakers of the spoils of conquest, bore the name of Washington, whose deeds and honors are recorded in ancient parchment, upon memorial brass and monumental stone. Franklin, on the contrary, came of a long line of village blacksmiths. A Franklin may have tightened a rivet in the armor, or replaced a shoe upon the horse of a Washington, or doffed his cap to a Washington riding past the ancestral forge; but, until Postmaster Franklin met Colonel Washington in the camp of General Braddock in 1755, the two races had run their several ways without communion.'' Distinction of rank and profession unquestionably counted for more in the social life of the England of two hundred years ago than in that of to-day; but this paragraph would only serve to provoke a smile, in view of the distinguished ability and achievements of the two men, did they not both owe certain marked characteristics to their English ancestry. The soldierly qualities, the habit of command, the staunch loyalty, the high courage, and the dignity and reserve of Washington, who had spent his early years in the simple life of Colonial Virginia, may well be regarded as ancestral traits, while in Benjamin Franklin we find reproduced the perseverance, industry, retentiveness, shrewdness, and keen insight into character which belonged to a long line of village blacksmiths who needed in their business to use their heads as well as their hands to good purpose, and naturally studied men as they came and went in the course of their busy lives. One biographer goes so far as to attribute Franklin's unequalled power of holding his tongue to the ancestral village smith who, hearing all the gossip of his little world, needed to observe great discretion in the repeating of it. If, in affairs of state, Franklin knew how to be discreetly silent, about his own concerns he was open and communicative, in which again he differed from Washington. When the latter was approached with regard to his English connections he dismissed the question courteously but summarily. He had heard that the English family had lived in one of the northern counties of England—this much he had heard and he gave himself no further concern in the matter, as if to say, whoever his English forbears may have been and in whatever part of England they may have lived, he himself was a Virginia gentleman; that fact sufficed. Franklin, on the contrary, having a curiosity, as he said, in collecting family anecdotes and a habit of making notes, recorded in his Autobiography, with evident pride, the fact that he was descended from sturdy Northamptonshire yeomen who had held land in the village of Ecton for three hundred years and more, adding that the eldest son had always been bred a smith, a custom which was followed by his father.[1]

The village smith was evidently a man of importance in early times, as there was then scope for his craftsmanship in both practical and decorative matters, and the forge seems to have been a part of the Franklins' heritage. They were freeholders, as the name indicates, the term Franklin being in use as early as the days of Chaucer, who says:

> This worthy Frankelein bore a purse of silk
> Fixed to his girdle, white as morning milk.

In writing to his son in 1739, with regard to the origin of their name, Josiah Franklin said: "Some think that we are of French extract, which was formerly called Franks; some of a free line, a line free from that vassalage which was common to subjects in days of old; some from a bird of long, red legs. Your uncle Benjamin made inquiry of one skilled in heraldry, who told him there is two coats of armour, one belonging to the Franklins of the North, and one to the Franklins of the West. However, our circumstances have been such that it hath hardly been worth while to concern ourselves much about these things any further than to tickle the fancy a little.'' This letter of Josiah Franklin's and certain characteristics of his distinguished son have led one of the latter's biographers to suggest that his ancestors, who were Protestants as early as the reign of Mary Tudor, may have been descended from Protestant refugees from Picardy, where Franquelin was a usual surname. ''The name the Franklins bore,'' says Mr. Story, ''stood for a class of freeholders above the free tenants (*Libere tenentes*), but below the *Miles* and *Armiges* in social position.'' In short, the Frankeleîn (as we have it in Chaucer) was distinguished from other freeholders by the extent of his possessions.

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[1] Elsewhere Dr. Franklin says, "near two hundred years as early as the register begins." The first mention of a Franklin or Francklin, as it is sometimes written in the register, is 1563; but it is evident that the Franklins were in Ecton before this date.

Well equipped as he was with ancestral lore, it is not strange that at the time of his first mission to England Franklin should have made his way to Ecton to pay his respects to the memory of those who had gone, and to enter into pleasant relations with members of the family still living in a neighboring town of Wellingborough.

He, who to-day delights in genealogical quests, may readily imagine the interest with which Dr. Franklin turned from serious affairs of state to spend a few days in this fertile midland county of old England in which his forbears had lived and loved. Before setting forth upon his genealogical tour, Dr. Franklin and his son, William,[2] attended the commencement exercises at the University of Cambridge; from thence he proceeded to Wellingborough, where his aged cousin, Mary Fisher, and her husband, Richard Fisher, were living.

Mrs. Fisher was the only child of Franklin's Uncle Thomas, his father's eldest brother, and from her he obtained some genealogical and personal details of the family, as she could recall the departure, in 1685, of his father, Josiah Franklin, with his wife and two children for New England.

From Wellingborough, the Franklins, father and son, proceeded to Ecton, a few miles distant, and visited the rector of the parish church, the Reverend Eyre Whalley, who showed them the parish register and several of the family gravestones in the churchyard, which were so covered with moss that Franklin said that he could not copy the inscriptions of those of his uncle and aunt until they were cleaned.

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[2] William Temple Franklin, afterwards Governor of New Jersey.

How long Dr. Franklin was in Northamptonshire, he does not say; but whether the time was long or short, he used it all to good purpose, as the information gathered here added to what his father had given him enabled him to write out a fairly complete genealogical chart.[3] Within a few years, it has been the good fortune of one of the officers of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania to find this chart of his family, in Dr. Franklin's handwriting, based upon the information gained during his visit to Wellingborough and Ecton. With the chart were some abstracts of church records and a correspondence between Dr. Franklin and members of his family still living in England, in 1758, which furnish interesting details, not to be found in the

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[3] This valuable chart, secured by Dr. John W. Jordan, is printed in *facsimile*, with other original papers, in an article, written by him, entitled "Franklin as a Genealogist," in the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, volume 23, pp. 5–7.

Autobiography, and lacking in the works of his several biographers, notably a long letter, written to his cousin, Mrs. Richard Fisher. This letter, which contains an account of his visits to Ecton and Banbury, and the genealogical data obtained there, was endorsed by the writer, "Letter to Cousin Fisher," and was written from London, July 31, 1758.

DEAR COUSINS,

We have been return'd but a few Days from our Ramble thro a great Part of England. Your kind Letter, for which we thank you, is come to hand, acquainting us of the finding of my Son's Ring. He has since received it. Your Entertainment of us was very kind & good & needed no Apology. When we left you, we went to Ecton, where, by the Help of good Mrs. Whalley, we found the Gravestones plac'd for my Uncle Thomas & my Aunt, his wife, expressing that he died the 6th of January, 1702, in the 65th Year of his Age, and she died the 14th of March, 1711, in the 77th year of her Age. Mr. Whalley has been so obliging as to search the Register of the Ecton Church for us, and send me an Extract from it by which I find, that our poor, honest family were inhabitants of that village near 200 years, as early as the Register begins. The first mentioned is in 1563, when Robert, son of Thomas Franklin, was baptized. This Thomas Franklin was our Great-Great Grandfather. He had also a Daughter Jane, baptized Aug. 1, 1565, which died an Infant; a Son John, May 16, 1567; a Son James, May 9, 1570; a Son Henry, May 26, 1573. Whether Robert, John & James left any Posterity I do not find; but the youngest Son, Henry, married Agnes James the 30th of October, 1595, and had one son, Thomas, which died Augt. 1598, and another son born October 8 the same year, which he also call'd Thomas; and this youngest Son of Henry was our Grandfather. Josiah my

Father was the youngest Son of my Grandfather and I am the youngest Son of Josiah; so that I am the youngest Son of the youngest Son for five generations; whereby I find that had there originally been any Estate in the Family none could have stood a worse Chance of it. God, however, has blest me with Augur's Wish and what is still more, with Augur's Temper for which double Blessing I desire to be ever thankful.

When we return'd from the North we call'd at Banbury, & there found Robert Page, who had married our Cousin Jane, Daughter of John Franklin; she is dead and left no children. In the Church Yard we found a Grave Stone expressing that Thomas Franklin was buried there March 24, 1681/2, and also John the son of said Thomas Franklin, who died June 11, 1691, by which I find that our Grandfather remov'd from Ecton in his Old Age to Banbury, perhaps to live with his Son John. His first Wife & Mother of his children, was named Jane; she was buried at Ecton Oct. 30, 1662, but I think he married again, for I find in the Register a Widow Elizabeth Franklin, who was buried at Ecton after his Death. I do not remember ever to [have] heard of her, but suppose my Father nam'd his first Child after her Elizabeth, who is yet living; she was born Mar. 10, 1677. If this widow Elizabeth was our Grandfather's second Wife you probably may remember her.

Dr. Franklin evidently verified this supposition, as we find the following interesting note about the marriages of his grandfather, Thomas Franklin, on his genealogical chart:[3] "A second Thomas (son of Henry Franklin), October 8, 1598, married Jane White, 1636. She was much younger than him, being born when he was at Man's Estate; but he waited for her, she being the Child of a Neighbor & particular Friend. She died & was buried at Ecton Oct. 30, 1662. He married again but had no Children by his second wife, whose name was Elizabeth. He died at Banbury & was buried there, March 24, 1681–2. His widow at Ecton, Sept. 1, 1696."

In reply to Dr. Franklin's letter from London, Mrs. Fisher wrote:

> We are pleased to hear that your Ramble (as you call it) has been agreeable to your Self and Son, and particularly that Mr. and Mrs Whaley gave you so kind a Reception at Ecton. You have taken more care to preserve the Memory of our Family, than any other Person that ever belonged to it, tho' the Youngest Son of five Generations, and tho' I believe it never made any great Figure in this County, Yet it did what was much better, it acted that Part well in which Providence had placed it, and for 200 Years all the Decendants of it have lived with Credit, and are to this Day without any Blot on their Escutcheon, which is more than some of the best Families, *i.e.*, the Richest and highest in Title can pretend to. I am the last of my Father's House remaining in this Country, and you must be sensible from my Age and Infirmities that I cannot hope to continue long in the Land of the Living. However, I must degenerate from my Family not to wish it well; and therefore you cannot think but that I was well pleased to see so fair Hopes of its Continuance in the Younger Branches, in any Part of the World, and on that Acct. most sincerely wish you and Yours all Health Hapiness and Prosperity, and am Dear Sir,
>
> Your most Affectionate Kinswoman
>
> Mary Fisher.
>
> Wellingborough, Augst 14th, 1758

It is pleasant to relate that after Dr. Franklin's visit to his aged relatives he sent them a present of some good Madeira from London. For this present Mrs. Richard Fisher thanks him in a letter from Wellingborough, August, 1758, telling him that the gift was most opportune, as her husband's physicians "have obliged him to drink a greater Quantity of Generous Wine than before he was used to." Mr. Fisher's "ail" was a "Mortification in his Foot," as Mrs. Fisher explained, and was evidently serious, and despite the good medical care, of which she speaks, and the generous wine, Richard Fisher died within ten months of the visit of his American cousin. Mrs. Fisher soon followed her husband, and leaving no will, her estate of about five thousand dollars remained to be divided among her heirs-at-law. Thus Benjamin Franklin, notwithstanding his "Augur's wish and Augur's temper," as one of several own cousins, was entitled to a share of Mrs. Fisher's estate. His share, the Reverend Thomas Holme, Vicar of Wellingborough, expressed a hope that Dr. Franklin would not accept, as two of the other heirs-at-law, Mrs. Anne Farrow and Mrs. Eleanor Morris, were in "poor circumstances." Agreeably to this hope, Dr. Franklin desired that his share, which amounted to £11 8*s.* 4*d.*, be divided between Mrs. Farrow and Mrs. Morris, upon which a pleasant correspondence ensued with Mrs. Farrow, who was appointed administratrix of Mrs. Fisher's estate. This cousin, who was schoolmistress at Castle Thorp, near Stony Stratford, wrote to Dr. Franklin to make her a visit, adding with simple, kindly hospitality, that "I should have joy Without Measure, I having Neither Brothers nor Sisters alive, only a Daughter. I thank God I have a good Bed to Lodge you if you was to come; that is all my Comfort. I live within two Miles of Stony Stratford. My Daughter's Compliments, and mine wait on you and your son though unknown. So I remain your ever affectionate and Loving Coussin to Command."

It is evident that Dr. Franklin did not overlook his mother's family in his genealogical rambles in England, and he more than once spoke with pride of his descent from Peter Folger, quoting Cotton Mather's estimate of him as "an Able Godley Englishman, who was engaged in teaching the Youth, Reading, Writing, and the Principles of Religion by Catechism, being well learned in the Scriptures." In the Franklin treasure-trove at the Historical Society is a letter from Mrs. John Foulger, of Illington, dated Feb^{ye} 5, 1759, which confirms the statement of Mrs. Hinchman[4] and others as to the English habitat of Peter Folger, who went from Norwich, England, to Martha's Vineyard, and later to Nantucket, at which place, Abiah, the mother of Benjamin Franklin, was born. Mrs. Folger says at the end of her letter: "Accept United Comp^{ts} & Dispose of yt [her letter] to your worthy Friend Mr. Franklin, as you express him if agreeable." The genealogical data included is as follows: The orthography is so picturesque, that I give the letter exactly as written.

"John Foulger the Ancestor of our Family came out of the City of Norwich in the County of Norfolk—he married Miriba Gibs in Great Britain and Brought Hir and His Son Peter and one Daughter to new england—the Daughter Married to a Paine on Long island and there is a numerous of Spring from Hir but for Perticulars I know nothing. Peter married with Mary Morrils a young woman that Came from

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[4] "Early Settlers of Nantucket," by Lydia S. Hinchman.

England with Hew Petars, and had two Sons, John and Eleazer and Seven Daughters, namely Johanna married a Coleman, Darcas married a Pratt, Barsheba married a Pope, Patience married Barker, Bethiah married Barnard, Exsperiance married to a Swain, Abiah married Franklin."

To find Benjamin Franklin, in the midst of a life of ceaseless activity, taking time to turn back and trace his own origin to sturdy English yeomen, gives us a sense of comradeship with the great philosopher, inventor, statesman, and diplomat. Our reverence for his distinguished ability never for a moment obscures for us the natural *bonhomie* of the man. We feel that had we lived in his time and known him, we could have sat down and talked to him as he talked to many another person, for much of his knowledge and understanding of human nature came from his association with his kind. We can readily fancy men and women laughing and joking with Franklin, who enjoyed a good story and could tell one with great effect. It is quite evident that his pleasing personality made friends for him in Ecton as well as in Wellingborough, as an interesting correspondence followed this visit, with the Reverend Mr. Whalley, who furnished him with names and dates from the records of Ecton parish.[5]

The rector's wife, a granddaughter of the famous Archdeacon Palmer, Franklin described as a "good-natured, chatty old lady;" who could remember many personal characteristics of members of the family.

When Dr. Franklin and his son made their pilgrimage to the homeland of their ancestors they travelled from Cambridge to Wellingborough, and later to Ecton, a long and tiresome journey by stage or coach. We, being in London, took a train on the North Western to Northampton. Ecton may also be reached from London via Blisworth.

Before setting forth upon our pilgrimage we had had some doubts about securing a conveyance from Northampton to Ecton in these days when horses were so frequently commandeered, and great was our joy when we learned that a

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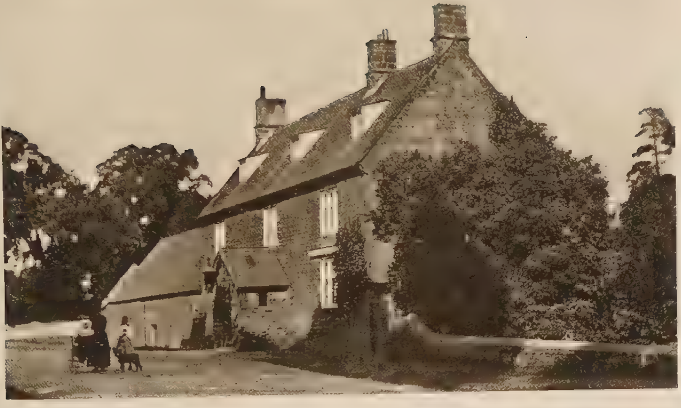
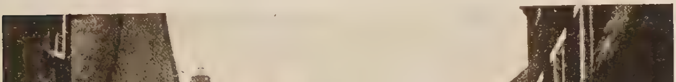
[5] In Mr. Whalley's record, copied from the Ecton register, he gives the name of the family as it appears there, Francklyne, most frequently, again Francklin and in later entries Franklin. The Franklin record according to Mr. Whalley, begins 1563, although the marriage of a Margerye Franklin in 1561 is given on Dr. Franklin's family chart. The earliest date in the Ecton register is 1559.



"THE WORLD'S END," ECTON



THE MAIN STREET, ECTON

motor bus ran from Abington Park at regular intervals to Ecton and Wellingborough. A run of twenty-five or thirty minutes, through a level farming country, now and again rolling off into low hills, brought us to a wayside inn bearing the title of World's End. After a stroll through the picturesque little town of Ecton, with its thatched cottages and pretty courtyards filled with brilliant flowers, we concluded that the inn was not inappropriately named World's End, as we seemed to have suddenly stepped from the life of to-day, with its jarring discords and rapid movement, into the slow-going days two hundred years ago The old verger who was working about in the grounds surrounding the church seemed to lend himself to this fancy. So old was he, and so steeped in the life of the past, that we should not have been very much surprised had he told us that he had seen Dr. Franklin when he visited Ecton in 1758; instead, he showed us the tablet in the church erected to the great philosopher's memory by one of our American patriotic societies. This bronze tablet bears Franklin's head, in profile, and underneath it the simple declaration of faith made by him in his speech at the Constitutional

Convention in Philadelphia in 1787: "I have lived a long time (81 years) and the longer I live the more convincing proof I see of this truth that God governs in the affairs of men." Could anything be more direct and inclusive or more in the spirit of the Franklin of the Autobiography and the writer of the wise sayings of Poor Richard?

The verger evidently took pride and pleasure in our interest in the old church, but he made it quite plain to us that, to him, its crowning glory was the little chapel in the right-hand transept in which were some fine tombs surmounted by effigies of dead-and-gone great folk of the countryside, and a window, soon to be unveiled, the gift of a lady bountiful of the parish. As the window was still shrouded in muslin we naturally felt a curiosity to see it, which desire we were obliged to restrain and to content ourselves with examining the interior of the church, which has some good points architecturally, especially in the arcading of the aisles which are supported by octagonal piers.

As we walked through the long aisles of this church of St. Mary Magdalene, and through the fine arch of the north door, we thought of Dr.

Franklin and of the great interest that he must have felt in visiting the church of his forefathers, and of reading the inscription on the tomb of his Uncle Thomas, for whose memory he seems to have entertained a peculiar affection. In writing to his son about this uncle, some years later, Franklin said: "He died in 1702, January 6, old style, just four years to a day before I was born. The accounts we received of his life and character from some old people at Ecton, I remember, struck you as something extraordinary, from its similarity to what you knew of mine. 'Had he died on the same day?' you said, 'one might have supposed a transmigration.'"

Those tombstones are moss-grown to-day, as in 1758, when Franklin and his son were obliged to scrape off the moss in order to read the inscriptions. We were, however, able to read the names and dates, which agreed with those given in the letter to Mrs. Fisher:

> Here Lyeth
> the Body of
> Thomas Franklin
> who Departed this
> Life January the 6th
> Anno Domini 1702
> In the Sixty-Fifth
> year of his age

And upon a similar memorial stone near that of her husband we read:

Here
lyeth the Body of
Eleanor Franklin
the wife of Thomas
Franklin who departed
this Life the 14th of
March 1711
in the 77th year
of her age

Simple as are these tombstones, they are substantial and dignified, and in the shadow of the church, on this bright September afternoon, with vines and flowers growing over them and a pyramidal cedar standing guard by them, the graves of these dead-and-gone Franklins were not lacking in picturesqueness. Standing in this hallowed spot, the resting place of many generations of English folk, and looking down upon the graves of Thomas and Eleanor Franklin, we were reminded of the grave of their nephew, the greatest of the Franklins, who lies in the Christ Church Burying Ground, in Philadelphia, under a tombstone as simple as these and no less dignified.

Some curious inscriptions we found as we wandered through the old graveyard. One, to which the verger drew our attention, proved so original that we paused to copy it:

This world is a city
Full of crooked streets
And earth's a market place
Where all men meet
If life were merchandise
That men could buy
The Rich would always live
The poor man Die

The quaintness of the wording of this inscription, and the clearness of the outlook upon life of this ancient philosopher, caused us to wonder whether he did not belong to the ancestral line of our epigrammatic American, who composed his own inimitable epitaph in which he likened his mortal frame to the cover of an old book, its contents worn out. The name upon this tomb was Hensman, not Franklin, as we found, and the date as late as 1734, long after the Franklins had departed from Ecton, so it seemed that he who wrote so cleverly may have been some "mute inglorious Milton" of whom the world in which he lived was all unworthy.

From the church we strolled through the

streets of the village, by thatched cottages where roses climbed in at the windows and pears ripened upon trees trained beside them on sunny walls. We wondered, as we made our way to the manor-farmhouse, how the good people of Ecton managed to gain a livelihood. The tidy cottages which we passed suggested simple, thrifty living rather than abject poverty, yet no signs of manufacture or of industry of any productive sort appeared. A few persons were walking at a leisurely pace along the sidewalk, some children were playing in the street. Even the smithy, from which the Franklins chiefly depended for material things, did not appear to be doing a particularly thriving business; indeed, few horses were to be seen in Ecton and the honk of an automobile never once jarred upon our ears.

The little shop opposite the manor-house was the only place where there were evidences of mercantile transactions of any kind and these of the most limited range. When I looked about for something to buy, in return for the good woman's kindness in allowing me to take a photograph of the old house from an upstairs window, the only available article seemed to be penny sticks of chocolate, unless perchance one had a taste for biscuit of exceeding staleness. As I stood by the window, looking down upon the manor-house, vainly trying to focus my kodak so that I could bring the tall chimney into the picture, a tidy-looking maid came to the door as if to prove that the house was still inhabited.

This manor-farmhouse at Ecton, which is sometimes pointed out to curious visitors as the ancestral home of the Franklins, is of doubtful authority, although the records of Ecton show that a stone house belonging to the family was sold to the lords of the manor in 1740. The house, as it stands to-day, is a substantial stone building, with the very high chimneys that mark the dwellings in this part of Northamptonshire.

We longed to step inside, but had we been admitted we should doubtless have found the interior disappointingly modern. We learned afterwards that the famous Hogarths that once adorned it had all been removed. That Hogarths were to be found in this remote and unimportant village is accounted for by the fact that Mr. Whalley, the rector whom Franklin knew, was intimate with the great painter, who paid long visits to his friend in Ecton and spent much of his time in painting.

When Benjamin Franklin visited Ecton an old stone house was still standing, known as the "Franklin House," and was occupied by a school-master. Cole, in his "History and Antiquities of Ecton," says that this house was situated in the lower part of the village. The spot pointed out as the site of the smithy is some distance from the manor-house, near the main street, and not far from the rectory. Dr. Franklin said, in his notes written for his son, that his Uncle Thomas "was bred a smith under his father; but, being ingenious and encouraged in learning (as all his brothers were) by an Esquire Palmer, then the principal gentleman in the parish, he qualified himself for the business of scrivener; became a considerable man in the county; was a chief mover of all public-spirited undertakings for the county or town of Northampton, and his own village." It is reasonable to conclude that Thomas Franklin, a qualified scrivener, and holding the office of clerk to the Commissioners of Taxes, gave up the ancestral forge, and it is more than probable that he lived at the manor-house. He evidently owned a house and considerable property, as in his will he said: "I give to Eleanor my wife in lieu of her third and to my only Daughter Mary, my messuage and all my lands in Ecton aforesaid with their appurtenances." Mary and her husband, Richard Fisher, afterwards sold their property to Mr. Islip, lord of the manor.

Mr. Whalley, in writing to Dr. Franklin from Ecton several months after his visit there, said of his Uncle Thomas: "He had a natural taste & Genius for Musick, he put up the Chimes in our Church, made a House organ, & I am informed by some men in the Parish that remember him, used frequently to amuse himself with playing upon it." Ingenuity and inventiveness, which were among Franklin's distinguishing characteristics, seem to have been part of the family inheritance. The Uncle Benjamin, after whom Dr. Franklin was named, must have been a man of considerable ingenuity, for among the manuscripts and books which came from him to his nephew were some volumes of poems and sermons, copied in a shorthand of his own invention. Another instance of ingenuity, in an earlier member of the family, was related to Dr. Franklin by his Uncle Benjamin, who said that, being of the Protestant faith, the Ecton family was sometimes in danger of trouble on account of their zeal against popery during the reign of Mary.

"They had," he said, "got an English Bible, and to conceal and secure it, it was fastened open with tapes under and within the cover of a joint-stool. When my great-great-grandfather read it to his family, he turned up the joint-stool upon his knees, turning over the leaves then under the tapes. One of the children stood at the door to give notice if he saw the apparitor coming, who was an officer of the spiritual court. In that case the stool was turned down again upon its feet, when the Bible remained concealed under it as before."

"This obscure family of ours," as Dr. Franklin was pleased to call it, "continued all of the Church of England till about the end of Charles the Second's reign, when some of the ministers that had been ousted for non-conformity holding conventicles in Northamptonshire, Benjamin and Josiah adhered to them, and so continued all their lives: the rest of the family remained with the Episcopal Church." Dr. Franklin himself had a pew in Christ Church, which proved that he returned to the faith of his fathers.

As we strolled along the quiet main street of the village, on our way back to the World's End, we had a firm conviction, in view of the few signs of life about us, that everything had stopped here when Benjamin Franklin's father left his native town and emigrated to the new world. Having provided suitable forbears for a man of world-wide renown, Ecton was now, in true English fashion, resting upon its laurels and enjoying a well-earned repose. Thus we meditated from our American point of view, yet it is quite possible that few of the inhabitants of Ecton knew anything about Franklin. To those who gazed upon his tablet on Sundays his name may have conveyed little, and after all Ecton is not different from many another somnolent English town from which the young people have migrated, leaving their elders to their dreams and memories.

At the World's End, where refreshments were to be expected for man and beast, we found ample provision for the latter in a great barn and stable, and for ourselves, the first time in all our English experience, a cup of tea was not forthcoming at a moment's notice. Beer and ale were offered to us galore, perhaps in order to justify Hogarth's old sign which once swung before the door, painted, it is said, in memory of the landlord's good ale and beer. Be this as it may, the Northampton stage overtook the tea and toast and so we were forced to depart without "the cup that cheers," having no desire for the other refreshments, which doubtless proved more cheering to the usual habitués of the World's End.

IV

SULGRAVE, THE ENGLISH HOME OF THE WASHINGTONS

The love of mystery, and a desire to solve the unsolved problem, seem to be inherent in the minds of men, a direct inheritance from the mother of the race who plucked the apple just to see what would come of it. Keen interest among historians and genealogists has for some years centred around Sulgrave, a picturesque hamlet in Northamptonshire, which claimed to be the ancestral home of the Washingtons. When His Excellency, President Washington, said in reply to Isaac Heard's questions about the English origin of his family, that he had always heard that they came from a northerly county of England, he little knew that he was starting genealogists of the future upon a trail as exciting as one of his own Virginia fox hunts. From the days of Washington Irving to our own time, genealogists have engaged, more or less profoundly, in this sport, and we can only wonder that the ingenious and imaginative Weems resisted the temptation of supplying his hero with an appropriate line of ancestors. Colonel Chester, keen genealogist as he was, was thrown off the scent by Washington's own statement that his family came from Lancashire, Yorkshire, or a still more northerly county of England. In this he was quite correct, but he evidently did not know of the removal of the Washingtons from Whitfield, or Tuwhitfield, Warton Parish, Lancashire, to Sulgrave, Northants, prior to the emigration to America, making no allowance for migratory habits among the English who usually stayed where they happened to be born, unless they came to America. Again, as if to further confuse him and his brother genealogists, is the fact that there are quite distinct footprints of the Washingtons in and around Durham prior to their settlement in Lancashire. Near Durham is Washington Hall and the hamlet of Washington, once Washington or "Town of the Wassings," dating back to the days of the Conqueror.[1] This Washington Hall at Durham, now a tenement house, affords another shrine that may some day be visited by curious American tourists; but Sulgrave being nearer in time to the emigration of the Washington brothers is the most interesting spot in England associated with the family.

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[1] We find mention of the Wassingtons as owners of land in Lancashire as early as 1261, when they held half of a village in Carneford, and in 1484 a John Wassington, thirty years of age and upward, is spoken of as son and heir of Robert Wassington, who died December 7, 1483. . . . . . . From Townley's "Abstracts of Lancashire Inquisitions," vol. II, p. 117.

Strange as it may seem, after searches and researches, in which Mr. Waters, Colonel Joseph L. Chester and Sir Henry Drayton engaged for years with ardor such as belongs to a still hunt after a baffling historical fact, only known to those who have followed such trails, a scrap of parchment, found in the parish register of Tring, brought them back at last to the simple statement made by Washington Irving: "The branch of the family to which our Washington immediately belongs sprang from Lawrence Washington, Esquire, of Gray's Inn, son of John Washington, of Warton in Lancashire. The only difference in the treatment of the genealogical puzzle is that Irving seems to have overlooked one generation of the Lancashire Washingtons.

Colonel Chester unfortunately did not live to see the end of this interesting genealogical hunt in which he had engaged with so much ardor. He would doubtless have reached Sulgrave, had he lived a few years longer, as the finger posts were quite plain; but the honor of discovering the missing link in the form of an official memorandum of letters of guardianship, issued to one John Dagnall, in 1649, belongs to Mr. Waters. This letter, referring to the children of the Reverend Lawrence Washington, M.A., of Purleigh, links him with the Sulgrave family and with John and Lawrence, the emigrants to Virginia in 1657. It is not strange, that after many years engaged in this still hunt, Mr. Waters should have been jubilant over his success. The late Moncure D. Conway, who also engaged in this interesting still hunt, said: "Let no man fancy he knows sport unless he has family-treed an ancestor of George Washington. Once, on my pilgrimage to a parish register, I beheld a company of huntsmen—floating islet gules on a field of vert—a scene not without beauty; but it was overcast by the reflection that those poor pursuers of a little beast might never know what it is to beat a De Wessington bush, to start a Washingeto, to leap ditches after an unkennelled Lawrence, have him double on you, but leave you a quarry of curiosities about old England. And as for the anglers, the trout would enjoy repose if their Waltons knew (*pace* Charles Reade) how to troll in streamlets of ink, gliding through old parchment meadows, and get such a rise as Henry Waters got of Washingtons from the parish register of Tring.

"But the pursuit has had its tragedies, too. None who knew the late Colonel Joseph L. Chester, as did the present writer, and how assiduously he gave himself to this search for more than twenty years, can forbear a sigh that death overtook him just a step short of success."

Colonel Chester unfortunately trusted the examination of the register at Tring to a less skilful hand than his own, and thus missed the little scrap of parchment that Mr. Waters found. The line, as traced by Mr. Waters in 1888 or '89, is practically the same as that given in Burke's General Armory of 1878, as that of "the George Washington who led the army in the North American Rebellion in the reign of George III."[2]

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[2] Such harsh words as "rebellion" are no longer used by English writers in connection with the American Revolution. A distinguished Canadian, the Honorable Wallace Nesbitt, K. C., in an address, delivered in 1911, referred, with great delicacy, to "some small unpleasantness at a place called Bunker Hill about one hundred and thirty-five years ago."

Some years ago, while travelling from York to London, an English lady, who happened to be seated near me in the railway compartment, spoke authoritatively of Sulgrave as the ancestral home of the Washingtons, and wondered that Americans interested in the history of their country should not more frequently visit this old town. At that time so many doubts had been thrown upon Sulgrave that I felt disposed to reserve my enthusiasm until I could be quite sure of having found the true goal of pilgrimage, recalling the story told of a patriotic visitor to Mt. Vernon, who was found shedding tears over the old ice-cave, under the impression that he was weeping over the tomb of the *Pater Patriæ.*

The connection between the Virginia Washingtons and Sulgrave Manor having been authoritatively established long before 1907, when I was again in England, I set forth with a patriotic friend to visit this interesting historic shrine. Being in Oxford, and misled by the fact that the university town and Sulgrave lie near each other on the map, my friend and I set forth upon what seemed to be a short journey. I believe, however, that one can make more changes of train in twenty-five miles in England than anywhere else, and although we left Oxford at nine in the morning, we did not reach Sulgrave until long after noon. We changed cars at Banbury, immortalized in nursery rhyme, and, finding that the connection between Woodford and Helmdon involved a wait of nearly two hours, we secured a brougham, and so, between hedges of hawthorn, and in rain and sunshine, we drove to Sulgrave, via Culworth. Upon this visit we saw the church, the Washington tablets and the manor-house; but on the whole, the visit was unsatisfactory, as we had no intelligent guide. Just before leaving Sulgrave, we met the Vicar, who told us many interesting things about the church and the manor-house, but regretted the absence of his sister, who had, he said, made a study of the Sulgrave Washingtons. At the Vicar's suggestion, I afterwards corresponded with this intelligent Englishwoman, who offered to answer all my questions; but at the same time she urged me to come again to Sulgrave. "Come talk to me, my dear lady," she wrote, "I am the romantic one of the family; come as soon as you can." This, you will admit, was a sufficiently enticing invitation, as romantic people are usually enthusiastic, and nothing in the world is so contagious as enthusiasm! Being practical also, and thrifty, a list of trains and connections was appended to the letter, with a minute table of expenses, down to the last penny, after the delightfully exact English fashion.

By far the most direct route to Sulgrave is from London by the Great Central to Helmdon; but being in Oxford, in October, 1909, I again made my journey from there. As the weather was quite hopeless on the morning of the one day that remained for this expedition, and having a foolish American prejudice against visiting rural landmarks in a pouring rain, I waited for the noon train to Helmdon, and so again journeyed by winding ways, but fortunately in sunshine, which never seems quite so beautiful as in England. Gray clouds still overhung the meadows of emerald-green, as green as June fields in America; the woods that skirted the meadows were of a darker shade, with a suggestion of October in the scarlet of the rose hips on the hedges and of the rowan-berries, with here and there a touch of russet-brown. The land swells gently from the dead level of Oxford northward, for not far away are the Basset Hills and Edgehill, where the first battle was fought between the royalists and the parliamentarians, in which struggle George Washington's English relatives took part on the royalist side. At Banbury we exchanged the railway train for an electric train to Woodford, where we took still another train to Helmdon. All these changes, although the distance is not over twenty-five miles! I wired *en route,* as directed by my English friend, to James Watson, carrier, Brackley, this last being the post village nearest to Helmdon. No carrier's wagon was to be seen when I reached Helmdon, a charmingly picturesque little village, where everyone knows the business of his neighbor. As in Barrie's "Thrums," it would have been impossible for Lawyer Ogilvy's servant, Cassieky, to have gone to the T'nowhead farm for extra milk without Jess and all her neighbors knowing there was to be company at the Ogilvys and that "they'll be ha'in' a puddin' for supper the nicht." So the station-master, with the air of one in authority, said that he had just seen the carrier's son, who had told him where his father had gone—he could not say how long this errand would delay him—on his return he would find my telegram, and in answer to it he would reach the station at Helmdon "sometime during the afternoon." This information not being entirely satisfactory, and as it was then three o'clock and Sulgrave and its treasures lay only two miles away, we set forth to walk, but were soon overtaken by the carrier himself, who entertained me during the drive with the agricultural and social affairs of the countryside, although quite ignorant about Sulgrave Manor, the chief object of interest to us.

Sulgrave appears in the Lewis Topographical Dictionary as a parish in the union of Brackley, containing 560 inhabitants. As we drove through the little straggling hamlet, with its one shop that is also the post-office, I wondered where the over five hundred souls were lodged—the houses are so few and so small. The parish is large, however, including two thousand acres, and at one time was probably much larger, as it was divided into three holdings. Way back in the reign of Edward III (1331), the Prior of St. Andrews, in Northampton, and Stephen de Trafford were lords of Sulgrave by the service of an annual payment of 20*s.* toward the guard of Windsor Castle. The manor, or a portion of it, was later held by a Robert de Ardenne, who sold it to Richard Danvers, Esq., of Culworth. The third manor, which was held by the Priory of St. Andrew, was surrendered to the crown upon the dissolution of the monasteries, and in the 30th of Henry VIII (1539) it was granted to Lawrence Washington, Gent., of Northampton.[3]

To the west of the little church of St. James, with its square tower so common among early English churches, is Castle Hill, around which many traditions cluster; but the crowning glory of the sleepy little town of Sulgrave, its title to distinction even in the English mind, is that it was the home of the ancestors of the great American. Perhaps, also, back of the glory, in the minds of these thrifty villagers, is the hope of possible revenue accruing to Sulgrave from the open hands of patriotic American tourists coming here to do honor to the ancestral home of Washington. For, however genealogists may have queried and doubted and wandered far afield on a false scent after Washington's ancestors, even to Scandinavia, to Ireland, and later to Yorkshire and Middlesex, the family at the vicarage, where the living has been held by the

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[3] "History of Northamptonshire," by Francis Whellan, p. 457.

Ardennes for several generations, seems never to have wavered in its belief that Sulgrave Manor was the home of the ancestors of George Washington. Tradition may go wrong in certain details, but it is not likely to go far astray in the framework of an historical structure.

As we had been invited to stay over night at the vicarage, the afternoon, all that was left of it, was ours, and between showers, with a cheering regale of tea and plum-cake sandwiched in between trips, our enthusiastic and intelligent *cicerone* conducted us to the church and the manor-house. The church came first, early English in architecture, the beautiful north door, with its carving dating back to 1350, other parts of the building being of later date, about 1650. As if to guarantee the antiquity of the Sulgrave church, there is in the chancel a leper's squint, which belongs only to very ancient churches, while carvings in stone of Edward III and his wife, Philippa, on one side of the church, go to prove that it was built or rebuilt during the reign of that monarch. In the pavement of the south aisle is a stone slab bearing effigies of Lawrence Washington, his wife, Amy, or Amee, and their four sons and seven daughters. The inscription in black letters is dated 1564. When Washington Irving visited Sulgrave, prior to 1855, the brasses of the slab were still intact. Since then, some vandal, supposed to have been an American, has despoiled most of the effigies of their glory. A member of the Washington family in England has placed a tablet on the east wall, near the Washington pew, and has had the remaining brasses on the slab securely fastened to the floor. The wall tablet bears the following inscription, a copy of that on the floor:

> Here lies buried ye bodies
> of Lawrence Washington, Gent. and
> Amee his wife by whom he has
> issue IIII sons and VII daughters.
> He Lawrence dyed the—day of
> An° 15—and Amee the VI day
> of October 1564.

Lawrence Washington survived his wife, Amee, more than twenty years, and the date of his death, October 19, 1585, was evidently not added to the inscription, although he was buried in the Sulgrave church. Both wall tablet and slab bear the Washington arms in color—argent, two bars gules, in chief three mullets of the second. Hither from Sulgrave Manor came Lawrence Washington to sit in the family pew with his wife, Amee, whose effigy with those of her eleven children once shone forth in memorial brass. Fortunately, drawings of these figures have been preserved, which represent the four sons in frock coats—the old coat that was really like a frock—and the seven daughters in close caps and long gowns, the mother in the costume of a woman of rank in Tudor times, while the father, Lawrence Washington, appears in the long fur-bordered robe of a mayor. This Lawrence Washington, the original grantee of Sulgrave Manor, was the son of John Washington, of Warton, Lancashire, and of Margaret Kytson. As Lawrence Washington's maternal uncle was one of England's foremost merchants, it is reasonable to suppose that the nephew was attracted to commerce by the success of his kinsman, who was known as "Kytson, the merchant." Another reason for Lawrence Washington having engaged in trade which led to his becoming a successful wool merchant in Northamptonshire, is that his neighbor, Sir John Spencer, with whom he was connected by marriage, was the foremost patron of the wool trade in the Midlands. This first Lord Spencer, knighted by Henry VIII, is said to have aspired to possess twenty thousand sheep, but never could count more than nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine at one time.

Lawrence Washington, of Gray's Inn, lived in or near Northampton before his removal to Sulgrave, and besides being a successful wool merchant, was evidently a man of some importance in the community, as he was twice Mayor of the town and one of the original trustees of the Free Grammar School. It was not from Lawrence Washington's eldest son, Sir Lawrence that our Virginians were descended, but from his second son, Robert. This Robert married Elizabeth Light, of Warwickshire, and through her Sulgrave Manor came into the family, being already vested in her father-in-law, Lawrence, the Mayor. Robert Washington and his wife lived at Sulgrave until 1610, when he and his son, Lawrence, sold the Manor to Lawrence Makepeace, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn.[4] Although Robert Washington did not own Sulgrave Manor after 1610, he desired that his body should be buried where his father was buried, in front of his pew in the church, under the same stone. Lawrence Washington, son of Robert, died before his father and was buried at Brington in 1616. His son, the Reverend Lawrence, of Purleigh, born in 1602, was the father of the John Washington who came to Virginia about 1657.

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[4] Lawrence Makepeace, the purchaser of Sulgrave, was a grandson of old Lawrence Washington, the Mayor; so that although the Washington Manor passed out of possession of those of the Washington name, it still belonged for some years to those of Washington blood. It was in the family, all told, for a hundred and twenty years.

The eldest son of Lawrence Washington, of Sulgrave, according to Mr. Waters, was Lawrence Washington, of Gray's Inn, Register of High Court of Chancery, who married Martha Meuce, of Hadham Magna, Herts; their son was Sir Lawrence Washington, Knight, of Newbury, Bucks, and Garsdon, Wilts, also Register of High Court of Chancery, who married Anne, daughter of William Lewyn, Esq., D.C.L., and sister of Sir Justinian Lewyn, Knight. In the church of Garsdon, which is about two miles north and east of Malmesbury, are the tombs of five members of the Washington family, and a memorial tablet to Sir Lawrence Washington, who died in 1643.

The frequent recurrence of the name of Lawrence in the Washington line is most confusing, and has led some genealogists to believe that there was a marriage in very early times between the Lawrences and the ancestors of General Washington. Such a connection in the ancestral line of our first President has not been proved, although there was a marriage in 1252 between James Lawrence, son of Sir Robert Lawrence, of Ashton Hall, Lancashire, and Matilda de Washington, daughter and heiress of a John de Washington. The grandfather of this James Lawrence, the founder of the Lawrence family, Robert Lawrence, was knighted, after the siege of Acre, by Richard Cœur de Lion, whom he accompanied to the Holy Land.[5]

Leaving the church and its epitaphs, we turned to more cheerful memorials of the Sulgrave Washingtons, and, walking down Church Street, soon reached the old manor-house. By crossing a field we entered the court upon which kitchen and side door both open. The house is of limestone, in fairly good preservation, and either a portion of the old house has been removed, or it was never completed according to the original plan, which makes it appear odd in style and architecture. The court from which we entered is not the front of the house, as the great door is on the other side, facing the southeast, and leads into what was once a large hall, now divided into dairy and living-room. When Washington Irving visited the manor-house he noticed the Washington crest (the raven or eagle wings) in colored glass on a window of what was then used as a buttery. He says that another window, on which the entire family arms were emblazoned, had been removed. Sir Henry Drayton, a local genealogist of repute, referred to two similar compositions in the possession of Lady Hanmer, and at Fawsley Church, which are known to have come from the manor-house at Sulgrave.

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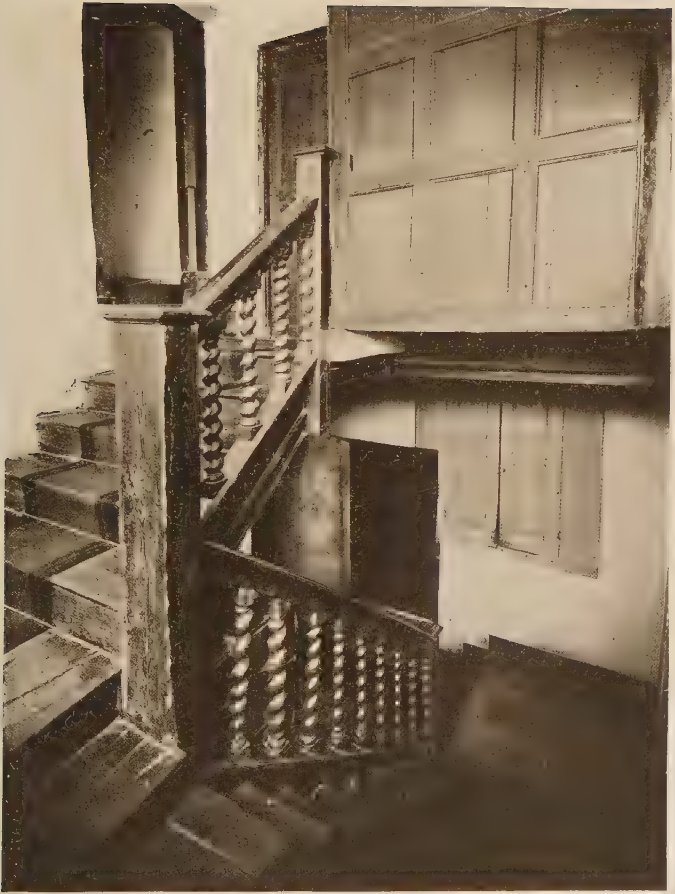
[5] "The Genealogy of the Family of John Lawrence, of Wisset, in Suffolk, England."

Sulgrave Manor is now little more than a farmhouse and is sadly in need of repair, yet there are indications that it was a building of size and importance in its day. Over the front entrance is a shield embossed in plaster, now quite indistinct, said to have once borne the Washington arms. Above this shield in the gable are the royal arms, with a lion and griffin or dragon as supporters, and in the same embossed plaster-work are the initials E. R.—Elizabeth Regina. In the two spandrels of this principal door are the Washington arms, with



Photograph supplied by Topical Press, London

THE OAK STAIRWAY, AND CLOSET WHERE IT IS SAID QUEEN ELIZABETH HID, SULGRAVE MANOR

the mullets, or stars, and the bars sunk instead of relieved, and in the apex of the gable the arms again appear above the royal arms. This door leads into the hall, on one side of which is the living-room, with large windows from which the mullions have been removed. On the left-hand side of the entrance we noticed a niche which was once used for holy water, as this house was an ancient priory of St. Andrew's before it was discharged by Henry VIII. The present living-room of the house is a large square room, with dark oak beams in the ceiling and a generous fireplace, which has been filled up with some modern heating apparatus; this, with the tasteless furniture, are so out of place in the old room that we were glad to escape from its incongruities and make our way up the handsome dark oak stairway, with its spiral oak balusters, to a fine square room above, simply furnished as a bedroom.[6] It was in this room that Lawrence Washington, son of Robert, and great-great-great-grandfather of George Washington, was born. At the head of the stairway is a spacious closet, which was pointed out to us as of special interest as the place where Queen Elizabeth hid while engaged in a game of hide-and-seek during a visit to the manor-house, when Robert Washington was living there. It is said that this queen, who seems to have had the same talent as our own Washington for sleeping about in different houses, spent a night here while making one of her royal progresses through this part of her realm, and, desiring some light diversion before retiring to rest, engaged with her host and his guests in a game of hide-and-seek. After a suitable time of looking elsewhere, the sportive lady was found in this large closet, and was much praised by her diplomatic host for finding so good a hiding-place. So runs the tale, and whether true or not, it serves to light up the sombre old house, fast falling into ruin, with the light and color that belong to royal progresses and pageants.

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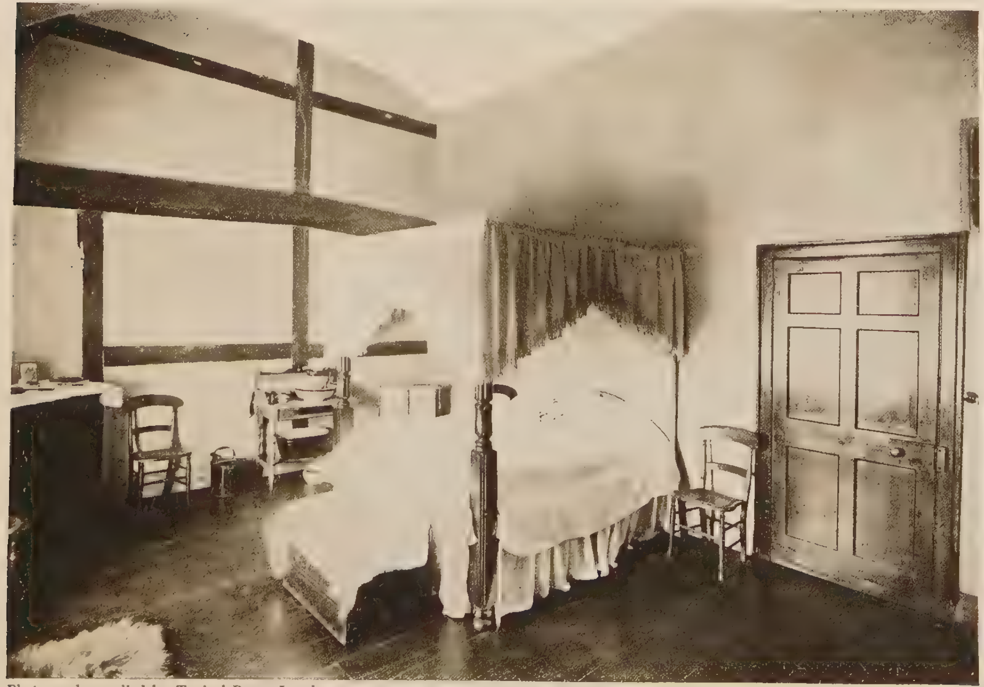
[6] Some of our Patriotic Societies in America are interesting themselves in the furnishing of Sulgrave Manor-house, among these the Colonial Dames of America, which has its headquarters in New York, and the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America, which has its headquarters in Washington, D. C. These Societies, in conjunction with the British and American Committees, will doubtless help to restore the interior of the old mansion in a style befitting its former condition as the home of gentlefolk.

To Americans interested in Old World associations with our first President, I say as my English friend said to me, come to Sulgrave,



Photograph supplied by Topical Press, London

ROOM IN WHICH LAWRENCE WASHINGTON WAS BORN, SULGRAVE MANOR

cross the threshold, so often crossed by the men and women who lived and loved within these walls, sit by the chimney-place where they once sat with their children, and look out of the windows upon the green fields and hedges of the old England that they loved and that we love to-day, and see how the surroundings, sidelights, and village traditions give reality and substance to the story of the Washingtons who lived here more than three centuries ago.

The British Committee for the Celebration of the Hundred Years of Peace between England and the United States, by buying the English home of the family of George Washington, certainly paid a graceful and generous tribute to the character and ability of the former's quondam foe, and by so doing has forged another link in the chain that holds together these two great nations whose language, traditions, and literature are the same, and who claim a common heritage in the great and good men of an earlier time. At a meeting held at the Mansion House, called by the Lord Mayor of London, January 23, 1914, when the keys of Sulgrave Manor-house were handed over to the Duke of Teck, Honorary Chairman of the

Committee, the Archbishop of Canterbury, after touching with inimitable tact and fairness upon former difficulties between England and America, said:

"When an American citizen stood with bowed head in Westminster Abbey or Canterbury Cathedral, his surging thought was—'Those men were my forbears, my chieftains, as well as yours.' The event which directed the great English stream into two channels did not make either branch forgetful of its common source, but the two streams fertilized a far greater tract of the world's life than would have been possible for the undivided stream, even with doubled volume. British people could remember thankfully, with a sense of pride, George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Abraham Lincoln, and their like:

> 'Strong mother of a lion line
> Be proud of those strong sons of thine
> Who wrenched their right from thee.'"

Such expressions as these from thoughtful and patriotic Englishmen are not mere idle words of compliment, and be it remembered that they were spoken months before the great war of 1914, when Great Britain had no need of our sympathy or aid.

The passing years, and our more intimate association with English folk, have taught us that our brothers and sisters on the other side of the Atlantic have come to understand us and to respect us for standing up for rights. We are far enough removed in time from the scene of conflict to view the situation dispassionately. English and American historians are now able to see both sides of the questions involved. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, in his interesting and broad-minded history of the American Revolution, has proved to us conclusively that the best judgment of England was opposed to the stand taken by her toward her American Colonies, while his estimate of the character and genius of Washington, Franklin, Hamilton, and others among our leading men, is quite equal to our own estimate of them. Indeed, as long ago as the days of Wellington the character and ability of Washington were acknowledged by that great general, as appears from a story related by General James Grant Wilson:

"When I entered the Strathfieldsaye drawing-room," said General Wilson, "for the first time, with the second Duke of Wellington, I was surprised and delighted to see one of Gilbert Stuart's noble portraits of Washington occupying the place of honor. 'Where did you find that fine picture?' asked the American. 'Oh,' said the Duke, 'my father hung it there almost half a century ago.' 'Did your father admire our first President?' 'My father,' was the Duke's reply, 'deemed Washington the purest and noblest character of modern time—possibly of all time, and considering the raw troops with which he opposed the trained and veteran soldiers of England, also a great general.' "

V

BRINGTONS GREAT AND LITTLE

INTERESTING as Sulgrave will always prove to the American visitor, his patriotic pilgrimage will be quite incomplete if it does not include Brington, where the Washingtons made their home for some years after they left the manor-house, and also the town of Northampton, in which are some interesting associations with the family of our first President. Having spent the night at the vicarage in Sulgrave, we went to Northampton by the London and North Western, a pleasant ride of eighteen miles, through the Valley of the Nene.

This old town has many objects of interest, among them several old churches; but as our time for general sight-seeing was limited, we devoted the short hour that we had to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, one of the four round churches still to be found in England. This church, with its noble, massive pillars, is said to be of Saxon origin, rebuilt early in the twelfth century by Simon de St. Liz, the first Norman

Earl of Northampton. We longed to spend the whole morning in this church, so similar in its architecture to the Temple Church in London, and we turned reluctantly from its harmonious beauty and charm to make our way back to the centre of the town, by the ancient Sheep Street, where still stands the Doddridge Chapel and the Academy within whose walls the learned Dr. Doddridge once taught "the young ideas" of Northampton "how to shoot."

In the Church of All Saints, once the centre of Puritan "Prophesyings," we came upon the name of Thomas Ball, a Puritan vicar of this church for thirty years, who, according to local tradition, belonged to the family of Mary Ball, the mother of George Washington. From All Saints and the Drapery we made our way to Free School Street, the ancient approach to the Free Grammar School, founded by Thomas Chipsey, a grocer of Northampton. Of this school, Lawrence Washington, the Mayor of Northampton, was one of the original trustees, being thus named in the Deed of Foundation of 1541.

From associations with the sixteenth century, we were suddenly brought face to face with the very modern but exceedingly handsome town hall, with its richly-decorated façade, upon which appear in low relief many historic scenes in the history of Northampton. Here, upon making inquiries about Lawrence Washington, the ancient Mayor of Northampton, we were unceremoniously ushered into the office of the present Mayor, John Brown by name. Fortunately for us, there did not seem to be a great press of business in the Mayor's office at that time, and we were welcomed with courtesy and attention. In answer to my query, in regard to Lawrence Washington, His Honor said very graciously, "You evidently know more about it than I do," and calling upon an attendant, he told him to take us upstairs to see the Mayors' shields. Here, in a long line upon the wall, forming a frieze, are shields bearing the names of the Mayors of Northampton from the eleventh century to the present time. These shields are of oak, the letters in black and gold. Upon two of these oaken shields we found the name of Lawrence Washington, and the dates of his holding office, 1533 and 1546. Although this was in no sense a discovery, we were glad to find positive proof of what we had so often heard.

At the Public Library we were fortunate in finding Mr. George, a local antiquarian, who recalled many evenings spent with Sir Henry Drayton and Mr. Henry Waters, when they were in hot pursuit of the elusive Washington pedigree. "You should have come here then," said this courteous and kindly gentleman, "and talked to Sir Henry and Mr. Waters. I had dinners with them and long talks afterwards." To have associated in a still-hunt with these two enthusiasts must have been a rare delight, and the finding by Mr. Waters of the scrap of parchment that proved conclusively that John Washington, the Virginian emigrant, was the son of the Reverend Lawrence Washington, of Purleigh, Tring, and Luton, and consequently the great-great-grandson of Lawrence Washington, of Sulgrave, was, in Mr. George's opinion, a genealogical event never to be forgotten. Let not those who have never known the joy of the unravelling of tangled skeins of pedigree make light of the triumph of those discoverers!

We found, to our great regret, that the October afternoon was all too short for a drive to Brington, and we reluctantly took the train for London, without seeing the Washington tablets and memorials in the Brington church. Again, in August, 1912, we were in Northampton, en route from Warwick to London, for, as Thomas Fuller quaintly said, one of the advantages of this midland town is that it is "near the centre of England, so all travellers coming hither from the remotest parts of the land may be said to meet by the town in the midst of their journey, so impartial is the situation of it in the navel of the Kingdom."

Sunday gave us all we could desire as to weather; but, to our chagrin, we were told that no person was allowed to drive through Althorp Park on a Sunday. We had hoped to see this handsome country seat, the estate of the Spencers for many generations, and Althorp House, where the young Washingtons frequently visited their kinsfolk. This, however, being the ruling of the house, we were obliged to content ourselves with what proved to be a charming drive through this rich, fertile country, with its well-wooded tracts and fine pasture lands, dotted with farmhouses and little villages, where tidy, thatched cottages and gardens full of flowers, suggested comfort and even plenty. In many meadows and on the hillsides, sheep were grazing, as in the days of that earlier Lord Spencer, whose ambition was to own twenty thousand sheep.

Great Brington is a model English village, its neat, well-built cottages still retaining the charm that belongs to low eaves and moss-grown thatch. In the Church of St. Mary's, which is well situated upon rising ground, are the richly-carved tombs of the Spencers, from the first John Spencer of the Althorp line to those of recent times. Near the arcade, which separates the Spencer Chapel from the chancel, is the tomb of the first Sir John Spencer, who, by his marriage with Catherine, the daughter of Sir Thomas Kitson, allied himself with the Washingtons of Warton, Lancashire. Here also is the tomb of Sir John Spencer, a grandson of the first Sir John, himself a life-long friend of Lawrence Washington, of Sulgrave. One of the most interesting of the Spencer tombs is that of William, Lord Spencer, and Penelope Wriothesley, his wife, whose effigies, in pure white marble, lie upon an altar tomb of black marble. Lord Spencer is represented in state robes, wearing the Order of the Bath, and Lady Penelope in a flowing gown and rich mantle. This Lord

Spencer was a staunch royalist, like all the members of his family, and was honored by a visit from Charles I and Queen Henrietta, at Althorp, in the early years of their reign, when life was a cloudless summer day to the beautiful young Queen and her adoring husband. In later years King Charles was in this region under very different circumstances, at Holdenby, about three miles from Althorp. One afternoon, when the King had ridden over from Holdenby House to play bowls, as was his custom, Cornet Joyce suddenly appeared among those who were watching the game, whereupon the commissioners hurried their royal charge to Holdenby, where he was overtaken and forcibly carried off.

Another Spencer, closely allied with the fortunes of the royal house of Stuart, was Henry, the third Baron Spencer, created Earl of Sunderland by Charles I in 1643. This young nobleman was the husband of Dorothy Sidney, Waller's "Saccharissa." Henry Spencer fell at the battle of Newbury, and Dorothy, Countess of Sunderland, spent the nine years of her widowhood at Althorp, which she improved and beautified, having herself planned the great double staircase, one of the most attractive features of the house.

There is no monument to the Earl of Sunderland in the Brington Church, although his heart, encased in a heart-shaped leaden casket, is buried there. In 1684, Dorothy, Countess of Sunderland, was laid to rest in the Spencer Chapel, where the heart of the husband of her youth had reposed for forty years.

Having done justice to the noble tombs of the Spencers, we turned to Washington memorials. The tomb of Lawrence Washington, son of Robert Washington, of Sulgrave, is under the stone floor of the chancel. Over this tomb the Washington arms, the mullets and bars, are impaled with the three covered chalices of the Butlers, Lawrence Washington having married Margaret Butler in 1588. The Washington and Butler arms are handsomely cut in the stone, and are carefully protected by a glass covering. The words of the epitaph are quite distinct.

> Here lieth the bodi of Laurence Washington, sonne and heire of Robert Washington of Soulgrave in the countie of Northampton, Esquire, who married Margaret, the eldest daughter of William Butler of Tees in the countie of Sussexe, Esquire, who had issue by her 8 sons and 9 daughters, which Laurence deceassed the 13 of December A. Dni. 1616.
>
> Thou that by chance or choyce of this hast sight,
> Know life to death resigns as day to night,
> But at the sunns returne revives the day
> So Christ shall us, though turned to dust and clay.

In the nave is the tomb of Robert Washington and his wife, Elizabeth, who both died in the same year, 1622, having, as the brass tablet records, "lived lovingly together many years in this parish." Here also are the Washington arms carved in the stone, with the crescent in sign of cadency, indicating that Robert Washington was a younger son. After seeing the mullets and bars, so like our Stars and Stripes, upon the Washington tombs at St. Mary's, Brington, we did not wonder that many persons have attributed to this source the design for the flag of the United States, a quite natural supposition and one that has never been disproved. On the seal and book plate used by General Washington, the arms are given as upon the tomb of Lawrence Washington at Brington, except that the Butler goblets are omitted. The story in the Washington family is that a seal ring, which had been for some years in the possession of an aunt of the Rev. Lawrence Washington, of Purleigh, was given to him by her, and in turn given by him to his son, John, the immigrant to Virginia. As the early settlers of America did not trouble themselves much about heraldic symbols or quarterings, the three goblets of the Butlers were probably not missed by John Washington, and the seal, as it stood before it was quartered by the Butler marriage, was used by the Virginia Washingtons. This tradition in the family is proved by the will of Mrs. Elizabeth Washington, whose tomb we saw at Brington. The will reads, "I doe give unto my Cosen, Lawrence, who is now at Oxford, my husband's seal ringe." It is evident that this bequest was made to the Rev. Lawrence Washington, who was really her husband's nephew; the mistake may have been due to carelessness in the person who drew up the will, which was made only ten days before the good lady's death, or may be due to the fact that the term cousin was not used in a very strict sense in olden times.

A drive of less than a half mile brought us to Little Brington, another charming midland village, with a spacious green, and pretty thatched cottages, and well kept, as are all the houses upon the Spencer estate. The Earls Spencer seem to be model landlords, and are held in great esteem by their tenants, if we may judge from the terms in which they were spoken of by the villagers. Here we saw another Washington house, evidently used by some members of the family after they left Sulgrave. This house, standing directly upon the village street and on a level with it, is superior in size and style to the cottages surrounding it. Although it has a thatched roof, like the other homes of Little Brington, the four lower windows upon the street are mullioned, and there is a good, square-headed doorway on which is a stone slab, bearing the devout inscription:

> The Lord Geveth
> The Lord Taketh
> Away Blessed be the
> Name of the Lord
> Constructa 1606.

If the date upon the tablet were a little later, it might be attributed to the Washingtons' loss of worldly gear; but as there is no evidence that they built this house, we can only conclude that they fell heirs to the pious resignation of the earlier occupants of the premises. There is no garden or lawn to separate this house from the village street; but at the back there is quite a stretch of cultivated land, in which there stands a sun-dial, bearing the initials $\overset{\text{W.}}{\text{R. L.}}$, and the Washington arms with faint indications of a crescent, or sign of cadency, which would seem to establish the fact that Robert Washington lived in this house. What the L., which is on a line with the R., stood for, is not known. Mr. Story has an ingenious theory that it refers to Elizabeth, the wife of Robert Washington, 'Lizabeth being a common abbreviation of Elizabeth. The date on the dial is 1617, and it seems more probable that the L. is in memory of Robert's son, Lawrence Washington, who died the year before, six years after the manor-house at Sulgrave was sold to Lawrence Makepeace. It is quite plain that the Washingtons had fallen upon evil days, and the removal of Robert and his son to Brington was doubtless in consequence of the family connection with Sir Robert Spencer through the Kitsons and Pargiters. That this nobleman befriended his Washington kinsfolk is proved by the fact that Mistress Lucy Washington held a position as "lady housekeeper" in the Spencer family. This position was not infrequently occupied by English women of good family in those days.

The names of the young Washingtons, brothers of Lucy, the housekeeper, appear upon the registers of Althorp as frequent guests of the house. There is also some evidence in favor of Robert and Lawrence Washington having lived at Wormleighton, another of the Spencer estates, lying over the Warwickshire border, for a short time after they left Sulgrave. Sir Robert Spencer, a friend and benefactor of the Washingtons, was created Baron Spencer of Wormleighton in 1603. Through his wife, Penelope, who was of the Kitson family, he was again connected with the Washingtons.

Lawrence Washington married Margaret Butler; their tomb we saw in the church at Great Brington.

The Margaret Butler whom Lawrence Washington married belonged to an ancient and noble family, being descended from the Ormondes, and tracing her line back through the De Bohuns to King Edward First of England. Mr. Henry Taylor, of Chester, England, Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquarians of London, in his monograph, "A Flintshire Royal Princess," tells us that the ancestress of the Butlers, the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Edward First and his Queen, Eleanor of Castile, was born at Rhuddlan, Flintshire, in August, 1282. This royal lady married, first, in 1297, John, Earl of Holland and Zealand, Lord of

Friesland, and secondly, Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex. From a daughter of this second marriage, Alianore, who married the Earl of Ormonde, are descended the Butlers, Talbots, Needhams, the Lewis family of Llysdulas and the Hughes of Kinmel. It is interesting to note that the youngest son of this Countess Alianore, William, Earl of Northampton, was the great-grandfather of King Henry Fifth, the hero of Agincourt. His widow, Katherine, the French princess, whose wooing Shakespeare describes so charmingly, married secondly Owen Tudor, from which union sprang the Royal House of Tudor. Some enterprising genealogist will some day trace the exact degree of kinship between our George Washington and England's Elizabeth Tudor.

Lawrence and Margaret Butler Washington left a large family, among them Sir William Washington, of Packington, who married Ann Villiers, half-sister of the Duke of Buckingham; and Sir John Washington, who lived at Thrapston, Northants, having married a daughter of Philip Curtis, of Islip, near Thrapston, Northants, and for a second wife, Dorothy Pargiter, once more connecting the Washingtons and Spencers. Another son, Thomas Washington, was in the service of Prince Charles, afterwards King Charles I, and was in his suite, as page, when he went to Spain in 1623 to woo the Infanta, or, as Buckingham suggested to the Prince, to carry off and bring home his lady himself, and so put an end to all formalities, which he thought would be a gallant and brave thing for his Highness to do.

"Steenie and Baby Charles," as King James was pleased to call the Duke and his son, although Charles was then over twenty-two years of age, chose to travel upon this romantic mission, under the prosaic names of Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown. At Madrid, their titles were, of course, known; but, despite the exchange of rich gifts and a number of impossible promises made by the English prince the mission was unsuccessful. Charles left Spain without his bride, although, according to a chronicler of the time, the King showed his good-will by bestowing upon him twenty-four horses with crimson housings, and mares and colts of Cordova galore. The Prince returned these favors by distributing jewels, rich and rare, to the Queen and royal children, and ladies in waiting; but her little

Serene Highness, the Infanta Maria, was not to be won by the young Prince from fairyland, even when tempted by a string of two hundred and sixty large pearls, worth more than two hundred thousand ducats.

In the midst of all the exchanging of gifts and compliments, a sad event occurred, which James Howell, Esq., Clerk of the Privy Council, related in a letter dated from Madrid, August 15, 1623.

"Mr. Washington, the Prince's Page is lately dead of a calenture, and I was at his burial, under a fig-tree behind my Lord of Bristol's house. A little before his death one *Ballard* an *English* Priest went to tamper with him: and *Sir Edward Varney,* meeting him coming down the stairs of *Washington's* chamber, they fell from words to blows, but they were parted. The business was like to gather very ill blood and come to a great height, had not Count Gondamar quasht it; which I believe he could not have done, unless the times had been favourable, for such is the reverence they bear to the church here, and so holy a conceit they have of all ecclesiastics, that the greatest *Don* in *Spain* will tremble to offer the meanest of them any outrage or affront."

An elegy written by a Britisher, who evidently had no love for Spain, gives young Mr. Washington's age at the time of his death as eighteen:

Now nothing but thy goodnes left of thee.
If I forget thee thus, let my scorn'd herse
Want a true mourner and my tomb a verse,
May I unpittied fall, unwisht againe,
And (to sume uppe all curse) fall sick in Spayne,
A Curse wch hadst thou scap't, noe aire had bin
So cruel to haue strucke thee at eighteene.

Inquire not his desease or paine
He dyed of nothing els but Spayne.[1]

This Thomas Washington, who died in Spain, Colonel Chester identified as the sixth son of Lawrence Washington, of Sulgrave and Brington, the fifth son being the Reverend Lawrence Washington, of Brasenose, Oxford, a lecturer in the college, and later proctor, apparently by order of Charles I. "Here, then," said Mr. Moncure Conway, "are evidences of a brilliant university career. But suddenly it all ends. In March 1632–3, he receives or obtains from Jane Horzmander the position of Rector of Purleigh, in Essex." Mr. Waters, with indefatigable industry, gathered together a number of old documents, which serve to throw light upon the rector's romance. In one of these, the will of Sir Richard Anderson, of Penelley Manor, near Tring, is the following bequest: "to my cousin Lawrence Washington, of Brasenose, and to Mr. Dagnall, of Pembroke College, to each of them forty shillings."

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[1] "An elegie upon the death of Mr. Tho: Washington the Princes Page who dyed in Spayne 1623."

It may have been when visiting Mr. Dagnall, who lived at Tring, only fifteen miles from Oxford, or upon the estate of Sir Edmund Verney, that Lawrence Washington met his future wife, Amphillis Rhoades, the daughter of Sir Edmund Verney's bailiff, John Rhoades, to whom his employer was evidently much attached. Whether or not this marriage with the bailiff's daughter, Amphillis Rhoades, was a *mésalliance,* it was evidently so regarded by Lawrence Washington's aristocratic brothers, Sir William and Sir John, as no mention is made of him or of his family after this, nor does Lawrence Washington benefit by any of the wills of his well-to-do brothers. It is a rather odd coincidence that it was through the will of the stepfather of Amphillis, Andrew Knowling, that an important link was found in the chain connecting the Sulgrave family with the Virginia immigrants.

The scrap of parchment about three inches long, doubled or folded upon itself, and covered with writing, which Mr. Waters found at Tring, proved conclusively that the Reverend Lawrence Washington, who was born at Sulgrave, was the father of John, the immigrant, and the direct ancestor of George Washington, of Mount Vernon, Virginia. Thus the Amphillis Rhoades, who met with a cool reception in the Washington family, was the ancestress of the man who was destined to be recognized, in the final analysis, as its most distinguished member. Considerable worldly gear she also brought into her husband's family, as her stepfather, Andrew Knowles, made Amphillis Washington and her children heirs to the bulk of his estate, naming "Lawrence, the Younger," who was his godson, his executor and residuary legatee. The paper found by Mr. Waters proved that the Reverend Lawrence Washington appeared before the Archdeacon's Court, Whethampsted, Herts, January 29, 1649, to protect the interest of his wife and six children, all of whom were beneficiaries under the Knowling will. Money was much needed in Lawrence Washington's family, at this time, as his good living at Purleigh had been sequestered in consequence of unjust and unfounded charges made against him.

The wording of the charges made against this worthy clergyman are so remarkable that I give them in full:

''The Benefice of Lawrence Washington, Rector of *Purleigh* in the County of *Essex* is sequestered, for that he is a common frequenter of Ale-houses, not only himselfe sitting dayly tippling there, but also incouraging others in that beastly vice, and hath been oft drunk, and hath said, *That the Parliament have more Papists belonging to them in their Armies than the King had about him or in his Army, and that the Parliaments Armie did more hurt than the Cavaliers, and that they did none at all;* and hath published them to be Traitours that lend to or assist the Parliament.''[2]

The foregoing charges made against the Reverend Lawrence Washington would be quite unworthy of consideration, were it not that the accusation of conduct unbecoming a clergyman is tied up with some remarks against the parliament attributed to him, probably one with as little foundation as the other. The head and front of his offending evidently was that he was a plain and outspoken royalist in common with all the members of his family. John Walker, in his "Sufferings of the Clergy," rises gallantly to the defence of Lawrence Washington.

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[2] "Genealogical Gleanings in England," by H. F. Waters.

"Washington, Lawrence, A. M., Purleigh, R., one of the best Livings in these parts: To which he had been admitted in March, 1632, and was Sequestered from in the year 1643, which was not thought Punishment enough for him, and, therefore, he was also put into the Century, to be transmitted to Posterity, as far as that Infamous Pamphlet could contribute to it, for a *Scandalous* as well as a *Malignant Minister,* upon these weighty considerations: That he had said, 'The Parliament had more Papists belonging to them in their Armies than the King had about him or in his Army, and that the Parliament's Armie did more hurt than the Cavaliers, and that they did none at all;' and hath published them to be Traitours that lend to or assist the Parliament.

"It is not to be supposed that such a Malignant could be less than a Drunkard. . . . . Altho' a Gentleman (a Justice of the Peace in this County) who personally knew him assures me that he took him to be a very Worthy, Pious man; that as often as he was in his Company he always appeared a very Moderate, Sober Person; and that he was Received as such by several Gentlemen who were acquainted with him before he himself was: Adding withal that he 'was a Loyal Person, and had one of the best Benefices in these Parts; and this was the only cause of his Expulsion, as I verily believe.' After he subjoyns, That Another Ancient Gentleman of his Neighborhood agrees with him in this Account. Mr. Washington was afterwards permitted to Have and Continue upon a living in these Parts; but it was such a Poor and Miserable one, that it was always with difficulty that any one was persuaded to Accept it."

It seems well worth while to state the facts in the case of Lawrence Washington, because charges made in the heat of political campaigns are apt to be unjust, and we all know that "a lie well stuck to" and allowed to go unchallenged often "makes history."

Purleigh, in Essex, Tring, near which the Roseberys and Rothschilds have country seats, with its beautiful church and vicarage, and Luton, may all be considered as shrines of pilgrimage, as in all of these parishes the Rev.

Lawrence Washington held the livings. The church and baptistery of Luton are especially beautiful and worthy of a visit; but Purleigh is of more intimate Washington interest, as the parish in which the Rev. Lawrence Washington lived longest, and the one in which most of his children were born.

Two most interesting English hunting grounds for the genealogist remain practically unexplored by those in quest of Washington associations: Washington Parish, Durham, and Warton Parish, Lancashire. Mr. Henry Waters would doubtless have pursued his researches in these counties had he lived, as there is evidently much interesting material not yet unearthed.

In the History and Antiquities of the County Palatinate of Durham, we find the following paragraph, which proves that the Washingtons were interested in the chase early as well as in later times.

"To the south of Yarrow lies the parish of Washington: the manor is mentioned in the Bolden Book, wherein it is said Will. de Hertburn held the same, except church and the lands thereto appertaining, in exchange for the vill of Hertburn, rendering four pounds, serving in the great chace with two greyhounds, and paying one mark to the palatine aid, when such happened to be raised. At the time of making Bishop Hatfield's Survey, the resident family had assumed a local name, and W. de Wessyngton, Knight, then held the manor and vill.[3] On the inquisition taken at his death, in the twenty-second year of that prelate, it appears that in his service he was to provide three greyhounds for the chace, and if he took any game in his way to the forest, it should be to the bishop's use, but what he got on his return was to be taken for his own benefit."[4]

Just when the Washingtons migrated from Durham to Lancashire is not definitely known; it is evident that some members of the family stopped in Westmorelandshire, as a Robert de Wessington, of the Lancashire line, owned land in Milbourne, Westmoreland, prior to 1301. We know that the Washingtons, or Wassingtons, were early landowners in Lancashire, as is proved by Townley's "Abstract of Lancashire Inquisitions," where they are spoken of as holding half the village of Kerneford, or Carnforth. This property appears to have come into the family by right of the wife of Robert Washington, according to the accompanying genealogical chart on page 136.[5]

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[3] The family surname is given in Durham records as Wessyngton, Wassington and later as Washington. In Warton Parish the name is found as early as 1261 written Wassington and Washington.

[4] Inq. p. m. Will de Wessyngton, 22 Bishop Hatfield, cor. W. de Menevyll, vic.

There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of this chart, which is made from "Inquisitions of Lancashire," and from wills, especially as the later entries agree with the notes of Mr. Henry F. Waters.

It is evident that the Washingtons were large landowners in Warton for many years, as we read in a post-mortem inquisition in 1484 that Robert Washington held "tenementum vocat Intwhitefeld" (Tewitfield) in Warton from the King as the Duke of Lancaster, by military service and five pence from Castleward; also five burgages in Warton and much land elsewhere.

All that now remains to mark the former tenure of the family is a carved shield on the church tower, which bears the same arms as

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[5] "History of County of Lancaster," by Edw. Baines, vol. 5, p. 520.

Washington of Warton, County Lancaster, of Sulgrave, County Northampton, and of Mount Vernon, Virginia, U. S. A.

Robert, son & heir of Robert de Wessington, or Washington, lord of Milburne, co. Westmoreland; had lands in Kerneford (Carnforth) co. Lancs. in right of his wife; living 30 Edward I (1301). = Amicia, dau. and heir of Hugh de Keenford, lord of Kerneford, co. Lancaster.

Robert Washington; an adherent of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster. = Agnes, dau. & heir of Adam Derling, named in Inq. p. m. 48 Edw. III (1374); then a widow.

John Washington of Warton, in Lonsdale; living 10 Richard II (1386). = Alianora, dau. & heir of John de Warton; executrix to the will of Wm. de Lancaster; living 10 Richard II (1386).

John Washington, of Warton, son and heir; living 4 Henry IV (1403). = Joan, d. of....of....

John Washington, of Warton, son and heir; accompanied Henry V to the war in France; wounded at Agincourt, October 25, 1415. = ...dau. of.......

Robert Washington, of Intwhytefeld or Tuwhitfield in Warton; a juror, 1450 and 1460; died December 7, 1 Richard III (1483). Inq. p. m. taken at Lancaster, April 22, 1 Richard III (1484). = ...dau. of.......

Robert Washington, of Tuwhitfield, in Warton. = (1) Elizabeth, dau. of Ralph Westfield, of Westfield.
(2) [..........]
(3) [..........]

John Washington, of Tuwhitfield, son & heir. = Margaret, dau. of Robert Kitson, of Warton, & sister of Sir Thomas Kitson, Knt. of Hengrave Hall, co. Suffolk, alderman of the city of London, and sheriff 1533; commonly called "Kytson the merchant."

those of the Durham Washingtons. The Tewitfield estate has upon it a farmhouse only, and of comparatively modern date. There is, however, in Tewitfield, a house called the Washington House, which is said to have been built by a Lawrence Washington in 1611, long after Lawrence Washington, son of John Washington and Margaret Kitson, or Kytson, had migrated to Northampton.

The arms of the Durham Washingtons are the same of those of the Sulgrave family: "Argent two bars gules in chief, three mullets of the second. Crest out of a ducal coronet, or, a raven or an eagle, wings endorsed, sable." Both raven and eagle are given for the crest. The eagle seems best suited to the American family and to its most distinguished scion.

In view of all that is known of the Washington family in England, and has been known for some years, it is odd that no less an authority than Mr. Worthington Chauncey Ford should have arrived at the conclusion that the family of our first President came from a middle-class family of England, "one," as he added, "that could not boast of high blood or public service;

and it was exactly this description of settler that was needed in America."

This is, after all, not a question of what America needed, but of what she actually received, in the way of settlers. It might possibly have been more to General Washington's credit, if the word may be used in this connection, to have raised himself to the position he held from the ranks of middle-class ancestors. We are proud to know that Abraham Lincoln came from the people, the common people, whom, he was wont to say, God must have loved because he made so many of them. We cannot, however, in view of all known facts, claim that the Washingtons belonged to the great middle-class of England. My Sulgrave correspondent waxed eloquent in answer to my query on this subject. "You will sometimes see in English papers lists of the nobility, clergy (this, of course, includes bishops, deans, beneficed clergy and gentry). Lawrence was one of the landed gentry, as was his family before him, for he was a gentleman who had the right to bear arms. Have the scorners over with you any idea what this means? In England, the younger sons of county magnates, instead of taking a title like Austrian and French nobility, sank into gentry. The young Washingtons, who emigrated, the sons of Lawrence the clergyman, had titled uncles, among them Sir William Washington, of Packington, and Sir John of Thrapston, and as to public service, we find the sons of Sir William Washington serving their country with distinction in the royalist army. Sir Henry, an own cousin of the Virginia immigrant, distinguished himself at the siege of Worcester."

Courage and loyalty to whatever cause they espoused seemed to be an inheritance among the Washingtons. It matters little to us to-day upon which side they fought in the civil wars in England—it is enough for us to know that they were loyal to the cause to which they gave their allegiance, and I must confess to a distinct thrill of enthusiasm when I learned that Sir Henry Washington, own cousin to the Virginia emigrants, refused to surrender Worcester to the parliamentarians, even when menaced by greatly superior numbers, with lack of ammunition and food staring him in the face, because, as he loyally stated, he "awaited his Majesty's commands."

General Washington's high courage and

loyalty in the darkest days of the Revolution seem to have been hereditary traits. The old motto of the family was in his blood as well as upon his arms—*The end crowns the work,* or, as the even more apposite legend of his Butler ancestors reads, *Persevere, never despair.* No commander ever persevered more valiantly in the face of overwhelming difficulties than George Washington, as if to prove, as his first biographer said in this connection, "Hereditary rank may be an illusion, but hereditary virtue gives a patent of innate nobleness beyond all the blazonry of the Heralds' College."

VI

PENSHURST AND PENNSYLVANIA

TRAVELLERS are wont to dwell with enthusiasm upon the picturesque beauty of Italian hill towns, and as they rise rugged and gray from the green *campagna* under the blue of the sky they possess a charm and an atmosphere all their own, and with their beauty there is always a suggestion of the adventurous, mediæval life of Italy of which they formed an important part, as the strongholds of princes and great nobles. These towns, especially those by the sea, give us pictures in which colors grave and gay are blended as no painter on earth can blend them. This happy combination is largely due to the softness of the Italian atmosphere, which produces a mysterious and indescribable charm that may be likened to the effect of a light veil thrown over the face of a beautiful woman, which serves to enhance rather than obscure her loveliness. This, and much more, we grant to the towns of Italy, rich with subtle beauty and filled to the brim with historic associations, and yet for enduring and satisfying qualities I find myself, like Price Collier, turning more and more to the tidy thatched cottages, the trim gardens, and the climbing roses and fuchsias of the English village. There may be less of the glamour of romance in these country towns of England, but there is a suggestion of home life, and of comfort, thrift, and cleanliness, that appeals strongly to those whose ancestry reaches back to the land of the Anglo-Saxon, and for picturesqueness there are few Italian towns that rival such English coast towns as Lynton, Lynmouth, Porlock, Boscastle and Trevenna.

Among inland villages, a dozen or more rise before me, whose outlines are softened by the use of many centuries and hallowed by the associations that belong to them. Such an English village was the object of our quest one pleasant morning in August. Our village, like the chosen one of Price Collier, is of hoary antiquity, and crowned by an ancient castle, not built like his, by the daughter of a great King, but by a valiant Knight, Sir John de Pulteney. This village of Penshurst, interesting as it is, with its timbered houses and ancient church, might have been quite neglected in our English wanderings had not its fourteenth-century castle been associated with an important event in our American history. Here, at Penshurst Place, lived the great English liberal, Algernon Sidney, the friend and counsellor of William Penn, who had a hand in drawing up the famous "Frame of Government" for the Province of Pennsylvania.

There are many routes from London to Penshurst, as it is only twenty miles from the metropolis, and in Kent, where railways wind about accommodatingly, and the roads are also fine for motoring. One of the most interesting ways is by Knole Castle and the quaint little village of Seven Oaks; but as we wished to stop at Reigate, en route, we took a train from Charing Cross that would allow us an hour or more in this pretty little Surrey village. Reigate has a distinct old-time charm of its own, with its winding lanes, set about with hedges of hawthorn and holly, and its quaint timbered houses whose overhanging upper stories, with their red-tiled roofs, almost meet above the narrow streets.

While strolling along Slipshoe Street, with that delightful feeling of having the day before us dear to the heart of the traveller who values impressions more than sights, we learned that an omnibus left Reigate every half hour for Redhill Junction. This convenient arrangement gave us time for luncheon at a quaint little tea-house, after which a short trip by coach landed us at Redhill, where a train on the South Eastern picked us up and bore us through a fertile, gently rolling country to Penshurst Station, from whence, as Murray well expressed it: "a pleasant tree-shadowed road, a mile and a half, leads to one of the great Kentish shrines." By this road, shaded by fine trees, we drove to Penshurst Place. Rich meadows were on either side, with sleek cattle grazing, and stubble fields, where coveys of quail were fattening upon the aftermath of the wheat harvest; and to further remind us that we were in fertile Kent, we could see the outlines of the more distant hop vines, and the red-roofed hop kilns which dotted the green fields on all sides.

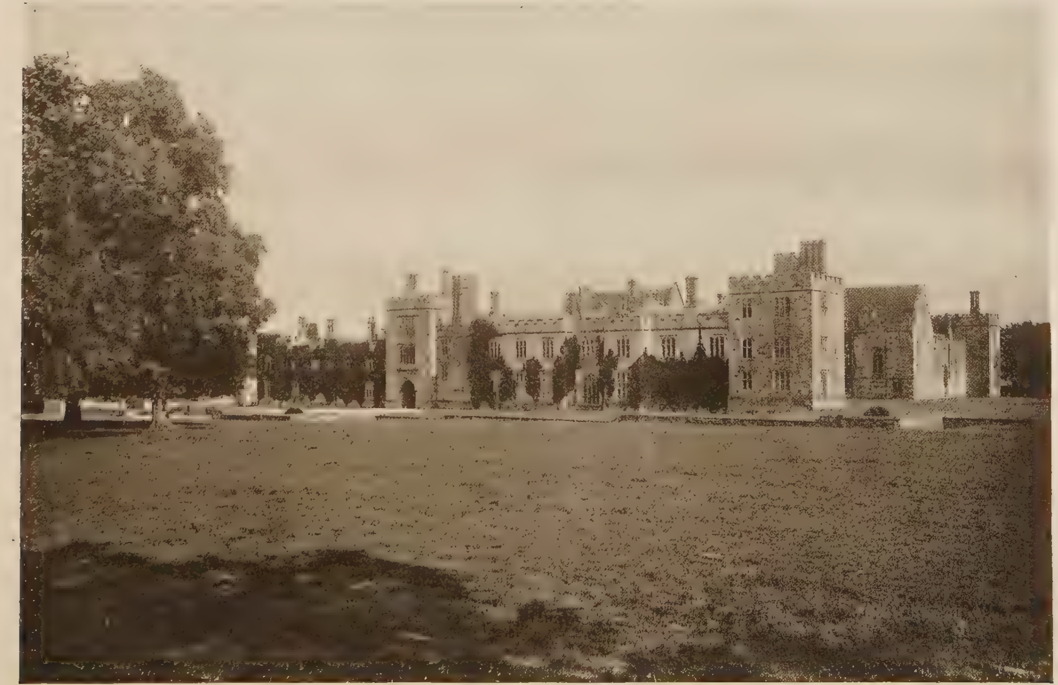
The half-timbered cottages and post-office of Penshurst village take us back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, for there is no modern note in this picturesque hamlet, and this because of the wise ruling of the lords of the manor who insist that any house upon the estate becoming unfit for habitation the building replacing it shall bear exact likeness to the one whose site it occupied. The trees, it is needless to say, have been cherished and protected as well as the houses, and the giant oak that stands guard by the post-office, as it reaches out its gnarled and twisted limbs, looks as if it might have been planted by the earliest Penchester of Penshurst.

We entered the castle grounds by an ancient lych-gate upon which we read the devout inscription, "In my flesh shall I see God," and on through the church-yard to the Gothic church of St. John the Baptist, a portion of which dates back to the reign of Henry III, and was probably built by an ancestor of Sir Stephen de Penchester whose effigy adorns the Sidney chapel. Here also is an altar tomb to the memory of Sir William Sidney upon which it is recorded that he was "the firste of the Name being Lord of the Manner of Penshurst, which estate was granted to him by the young King Edward VI." On the sides of the tomb, which is in "late perpendicular style," are the escutcheons of the arms of his four daughters and their husbands.

Other Sidney tombs are in the church, and in a stone chest are the remains of Algernon Sidney, the following inscription being engraved upon a silver plate:

> Here lyeth the body of the
> Hono. Algernon Sidney
> Esq. second son to Ye Right
> Hono. Ye Earl of Leicester,
> Who departed this life
> On the 7th Day of December,
> In the 61th year of his age,
> Annoque Dom. 1683

The park may be entered from the churchyard or by a foot-path nearby. Standing near the gate and lodge, which are embowered by the foliage of great trees, we had our first view of the long, irregular building of the castle, whose architecture bears the impress of successive generations of owners, who have added to it from time to time. The oldest part of the building belongs to days as far back in English history as the reign of Edward III, and its halls and galleries, which we may tread to-day, once echoed to the voices of barons who attended the Parliaments of this King and his successor, and here later were heard the strident tones of great Elizabeth herself, as well as the more tuneful



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PENSHURST PLACE, KENT

voices of Spenser, Ben Jonson and Edmund Waller.

Whatever royal or noble guests were entertained at Penshurst, its chief claim to distinction to-day is that under this ancient roof, and beneath these trees, grew from gracious childhood "to manhood without spot" the two Sidneys,—Philip, who was counted one of the glories of a reign that claimed many noble and knightly figures, and Algernon Sidney, no less worthy of honor and fame, although a less romantic personage than his grand-uncle, that Philip for whom all England mourned as for the "President of nobleness and chivalry," dead in his prime. It was because of the associations that linked the name of Algernon Sidney with the history of our own country that we twentieth-century Americans made our pilgrimage to Penshurst Place. Although Queen Elizabeth gave to Sir Philip, under her hand and seal, a right royal gift of several hundred thousand acres of land in America which were in truth not hers to bestow, she never permitted this "chiefest jewel of her times" to set foot upon the soil of the New World. Nor to Algernon Sidney was it granted to behold the land of promise beyond the seas, or to know of the success of Penn's "Holy Experiment" in Pennsylvania. That the "Frame of Government" was revised at Penshurst, as has been repeatedly stated, is more than doubtful, as Sidney's several biographers tell us that he was not living at his old home after his father's death; but there is no doubt that Algernon Sidney was consulted by Penn with regard to its terms, as a warm friendship existed between these two men, and they were closely associated in English politics at the time that the young Quaker was preparing to administer affairs in his American Province. Just how much the "Frame of Government" for Pennsylvania owes to Algernon Sidney we may never know; but it is reasonable to believe that this code, one of the most liberal that was given to the New World, owes much to the wisdom and mature thought of the great Englishman, whose plea was ever for the rights of the individual, and his protest against a one-man despotism, whether under the rule of a King or a Lord Protector. It was of Algernon Sidney that we thought as we stood before the castle, although its massive grey stone walls belong to a much earlier period, and still remain to prove that Sir John de Pulteney was empowered by King Edward III "to strengthen the walls of his dwelling house with chaulk and stone and to embattle it." Whatever additions have been made to Penshurst Castle nothing more picturesque or impressive is to be found than these fine embattled walls of Sir John de Pulteney, and in perfect harmony with this fourteenth century architecture is the tower or gate-house erected by Sir Henry Sidney in 1535. This gate-house is in memory of his father, the first Sidney of Penshurst, a valiant gentleman who led the right wing of the Earl of Surrey's army at the battle of Flodden Field, and in consequence was made a knight banneret by Henry VIII. He was with the King at his famous meeting with Francis I on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and as his son has recorded on a stone tablet above the gate-house, he was "the trustye and welbeloved servant of the most Religious and Renowned Prince Edward the sixt, Kinge of England, France and Ireland from the time of his birth unto his Coronation," for which good services he was granted "this House of Pencester, with the Mannors, Landes and Appurtenances thereunto belonginge." This was in 1522, when the park contained over 1200 acres.

The permanence of this deed of gift has been realized, in this instance, more literally than in the case of many estates, as Penshurst is still held by descendants of Sir William Sidney, the present owner being Philip, Lord de Lisle and Dudley, which title was conferred upon his ancestor, Philip Sidney, a namesake of the celebrated Philip Sidney, by William IV in 1835.

It was Sir Henry Sidney, who built the gatehouse, whose name is most closely associated with Penshurst Place, as Sir William lived only one year after he came into its possession. Through this gate we passed into the Porch, with its vaulted roof and oak seats, and from thence into a stone passage called "the Screens." On the left are the buttery and kitchens and, separated from the stone passage by a screen of carved oak panels, is the Great Hall, the glory and wonder of the castle, with its open timber roof, its minstrels' gallery, its "dais" reaching across the end of the hall, on which was placed the table for the Lord of the Manor and his guests. The tables and benches for the retainers stand along the sides under the windows. All of these primitive details served to bring back to us feudal times in Old England and to make

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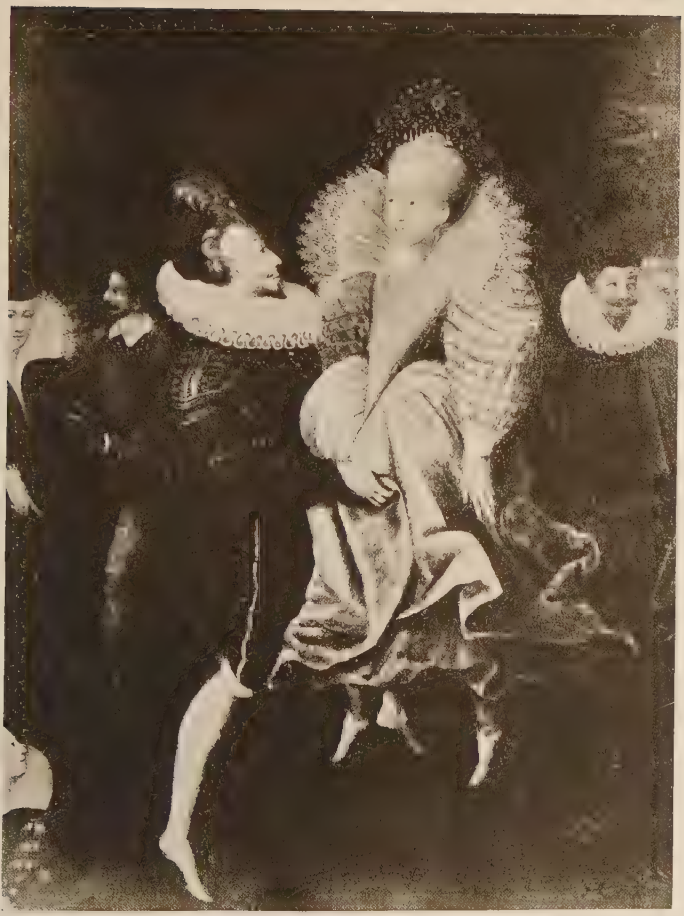
BARONIAL HALL, PENSHURST PLACE

THE POST-OFFICE AT PENSHURST

more real Scott's description of the banqueting hall of Cedric the Saxon, except that now the floor is of brick, instead of earth strewn with rushes, as in that early time. In the centre of the hall is the most remarkable feature of the castle, the hearth with its andirons, against which great logs of wood are stacked to-day as if ready for the lighting of a fire. Even with the "*smoke louvre,*" or opening in the roof for the escape of the smoke, we may well believe that the noble and royal eyes of Sir Henry's guests, often and again, wept tears of anguish before the insidious smoke found its way to the lofty oak arches and through the *louvre* at the top.

From the banqueting hall some steps lead up into what was once the "Solar," or upper chamber, used by the lord and lady of the castle as a withdrawing room after dinner. This spacious room is now furnished in modern style, although it retains the hooded fireplace of ancient times, and in the wall is a narrow slit through which the master was wont to look down upon his retainers, after he and his family had left the hall, and could thus keep check upon their too-riotous proceedings. So steeped in the life of the olden times is this ancient castle that, as we passed from room to room, it seemed quite natural to find ourselves in the high company of lords and ladies of the court of Queen Elizabeth, and those of an even earlier time. Here in the Buckingham Building, with its steep gabled roof, are the state apartments of Queen Bess, and among the many pictures that adorn the walls is a large painting, which represents the Queen, herself, dancing with the Earl of Leicester, while the assembled guests are grouped around the hall in evident admiration of the high-stepping of the royal lady and her favorite courtier. Modern tangos, fox-trots, and one-steps may well hide their diminished heels before the aërial flights and unusual prowess of the doughty knights of the sixteenth century, for what dancer of to-day possesses the strength and agility to lift even to his knee his partner, as Lord Leicester lightly lifted his liege lady, who bore upon her brow the weight of the crown of three kingdoms?

Whatever affection we may have for the associations of this ancient castle with William Penn and Algernon Sidney and their friendship, which bore fruit in the law-making of one of our American colonies, we were forced to



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LEICESTER DANCING WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH
From the painting at Penshurst Place

admit that the most picturesque period of the life of Penshurst was that of "the spacious times of great Elizabeth." Sir Henry Sidney's wife was the daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, a sister of Elizabeth's favorite, Robert Dudley, Lord Leicester, and also of that unhappy Guilford Dudley, who married Lady Jane Grey, and suffered with her the dire consequences of his father's conspiracy to place her upon the throne of England. This young couple were both condemned to death, as the seventeen-year-old bride said upon the scaffold, "Not for grasping a sceptre, but for not refusing it when it was offered."

Lord Leicester was naturally a frequent visitor at Penshurst. How often the Queen was here is not known; her suite of apartments is pointed out to visitors to-day, and, as she was a royal lady much addicted to visiting her subjects, we believe that she stopped more than once under the roof of her Lord Deputy for Ireland. Sir Henry Sidney was close to the throne during the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, and of that of their father also, as he thus quaintly recorded: "I was, by that most famous King (Henry VIII) put to his sweet son, Prince Edward, my most dear master, prince and sovereign: my near kinswoman being his only nurse: My father being his chamberlain: my mother his governess: my aunt in such place as, among meaner personages, is called a dry nurse. As the prince grew in years and discretion, so grew I in favor and liking of him.''

When apparently unsurmountable difficulties in Ireland confronted her, the Queen called to her aid Sir Henry Sidney ''as she could think of no statesman so prudent and wise to send thither.'' For the arduous task of settling ancient feuds and bringing about a satisfactory condition of affairs in this troublesome portion of her kingdom, Sir Henry received the niggardly compensation of 13s. 4d. per diem, with much unmerited blame thrown in, as well as grievous hardships and the loss by shipwreck, as he said, ''of the most of my household stuff and utensils, my wife's whole apparel, and all her jewels, many horses and stable stuff.''

A doubtful honor was Sir Henry's Irish appointment, for more reasons than one, as Elizabeth was ever a hard task-mistress, bestowing gifts and privileges with no generous hand, while of chidings and reproaches she was ever free. When Sir Henry returned from his Irish service in 1571, broken in health and fortune, the Queen received him coldly, removed him from his dignity as Lord Deputy and appointed his brother-in-law in his place. To add to the sorrows of the Sidneys, Lady Mary, through her close attendance upon the Queen during an attack of small-pox, contracted the loathsome malady, which seriously impaired her beauty, or as Sir Henry wrote with pathetic frankness: "I left her a fair full lady, in mine eye at least, the fairest; and when I returned I found her as foul a lady as a small-pox could make her."

Despite sharp words and apparent want of appreciation of his services, we find the Queen again appointing Sir Henry Sidney as her Lord Deputy for Ireland in 1575, and he, according to his own account, was "kissing her sacred hands, with most gracious and comfortable words from her."

Thus gratefully and abjectly did this able and well-endowed subject accept favors at the hands of his royal mistress, serving her three distinct times in Ireland, although, as he said quite frankly, "neither liking nor liked."

Between these several Irish appointments, his presidency in Wales and missions to France and Scotland, to which latter country he bore, as a gift to the ''Skott's Queene,'' three dozen arrows, Sir Henry had some years of peace and domestic happiness at Penshurst, with his good wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. It was during one of these sojourns at home that he built the gate house and the façade of the castle looking north and west as far as the Buckingham Building. The quadrangular space, surrounded by the buildings on three sides, is still called the President's Court, from the inscription on the tower, which relates that the tower was built by ''Sir Henrie Sidney, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Lord President of Wales, and the Marches of the Same.''

In these years the Sidney children were brightening the old castle and garden with their happy faces and joyous laughter, and Philip, the eldest son of the house, was, under the guidance of his wise and judicious parents, growing to a manhood so rare and fine that words seem to have failed those who knew him to express the charm of his personality, and the deep and lasting impression made by his high and noble character.

In the lovely grounds and gardens of Penshurst, and "Beneath the broad-beech and the chestnut shade," which Jonson pictured as the "Dryad's resort," we may believe that young Sidney spent many happy hours, drawing inspiration from the peaceful Kentish scenery for the pastorals and love-songs that have linked his name forever with the poetry of England. Although the *Arcadia* was written at Wilton, the home of his sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke, his thoughts evidently turned to his own home while conducting his characters through a mysterious and involved romance, as we find him describing the house of Kalander, where Musidorus was entertained, in terms suited to Penshurst: "The house itself was built of fair strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinary fineness as an honorable representing of a firm stateliness." And *Arcadia* seems to image the garden county of England in which the poet spent his early years. "There were hils which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble vallies whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadowes enamelled with all sorts of eie-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade were witnessed so too, by the cheerfull disposition of many well-tuned birds: each pasture stored with sheep feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dammes comfort: here a shepheards boy piping, as though hee should never be old: there a yong shepheardess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voyce comforted her hands to worke, and her hands kept time to her voice music. As for the houses of the countrey (for many houses came under their eye), they were all scattered, no two being one by th'other, and yet not so farre off as that it barred mutuall succor: a shew, as it were, of an accompaniable solitariness, and of civill wildnesse.''

If, like Horace Walpole, we find it impossible to wade through ''the jungle of pastoral sentiments and heroical adventures,'' of the *Arcadia*, in *Astrophel and Stella* we find life and love, and in their expression some lines of rare beauty. How could it be otherwise, this long poem being the outpouring of a poet's heart and of a mind richly endowed by nature and generously cultivated? To Stella, Penelope Devereux, whom he loved in her girlhood and for whom, after her marriage with Lord Rich, he still cherished a strong if hopeless passion, Sidney dedicated his muse:

> To her, he vow'd the service of his daies
> On her, he spent the riches of his wit;
> For her, he made hymes of immortall praise
> Of only her, he sung, he thought, he writ.

Golden-haired and fair of face was this Stella, we are told, and all due allowance being made for a lover's partial pen, and the exaggerated compliments of courtiers of the day, we may believe that she was beautiful to look upon and "fortified with a ready wit," as Sidney tells us. Upon the charms of the adored one her lover descants in the following lines:

> Queen Virtue's Court, which some call Stella's face,
> Prepar'd by Nature's choicest furniture,
> Hath her front built of alabaster pure;
> Gold is the covering of that stately place.
> The door, by which, sometimes, comes forth her grace,
> Red porphyr is which lock of pearl makes sure;
> Whose porches rich (which name of cheeks endure)
> Marble, mix'd red and white, do interlace.

From what contemporaneous writers have told of Stella's later career, as the wife of Lord Rich, it does not appear that the likening of Stella's face to "Queen Virtue's Court" was especially appropriate; but the tongue of slander may have been too busy in its attack upon the character of Lady Rich. Whatever faults and failings may have been hers, she has the honor and glory of having been the star of Sidney's youth and the first and only love of a pure and noble life.

Unhappy love affairs piqued curiosity then as now; but the world has never known, and probably never will know, why the loves of Penelope Devereux and Philip Sidney were not crowned and blessed by a happy marriage, and the old castle of Penshurst brightened by the presence of their children. The Countess of Pembroke, Sidney's devoted sister, who permitted his love-poems to be published, has thrown no light upon the subject. These poems first appeared with her own corrected version of the *Arcadia.* All that is known with certainty is that Penelope Devereux became the wife of Lord Rich in 1581, much against her will, and that most of the poems in Astrophel and Stella were written after this marriage. That these true lovers were held to be above reproach is abundantly proved by the esteem in which Sidney was ever held by the great men of his time, and by Ben Jonson's lines:

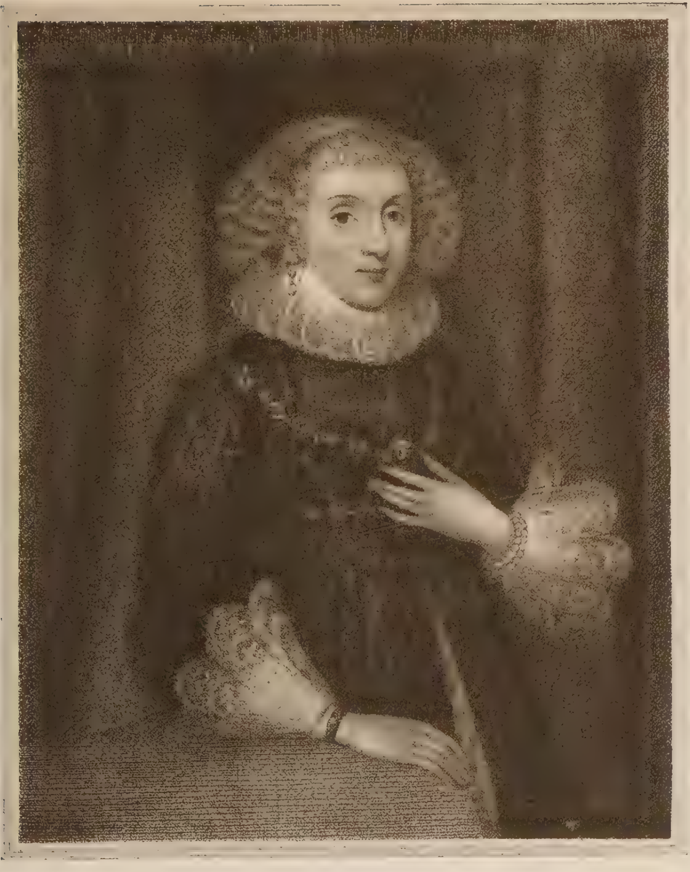
Hath not great Sidney Stella set
Where never star shone brighter yet?

In 1582 Sir Philip Sidney was married to Frances, daughter of his old friend and patron, Sir Francis Walsingham. This is said to have been a loveless marriage, although a touching little story is told of Sidney's parting from his wife before he left England never to return: "When riding away from Penshurst to Gravesend en route for Holland, there to meet his fate at Zutphen, he galloped back before quitting the park because, on looking round to wave a final farewell to his wife and child, he saw tears standing in Lady Sidney's eyes. Scarcely restraining his own grief, he gave her one more fond embrace, and then rejoined his followers."

Events followed each other rapidly between Sir Philip's marriage and the ill-fated expedition to Holland in 1585; Sir Henry Sidney died the same year and his "old Moll," as Lady Mary was wont to call herself, did not tarry long to mourn her devoted husband. Sir Philip heard of this fresh sorrow soon after his success at Axel. Of his mother, he said with tenderness and veneration, "that, for his own part, he had had nothing but light from her." On the twenty-second of the next month, while leading a cavalry charge against Zutphen, Philip Sidney received the wound that ended his short and useful life. It was while being borne from the field that the touching incident occurred, so often repeated but never told with a pathos and simplicity equal to that of his friend, Fulke Greville: "Being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for a drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle, which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.' And when he had pledged this poor soldier, he was presently carried to Arnheim."

Reading again this simple story, we realize that it was not only her soldier, statesman and poet whom all England mourned; but the man Sidney, who in the hour of mortal anguish could forget his own need in his desire to help a brother soldier in extremity.

In the grief of Spenser, Jonson and other great spirits of the age, we perceive, says Sidney's latest biographer, "what magic spell it was that drew the men of his own time to love and adore Sidney. They felt that they had



MARY SIDNEY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE
From the original of Mark Gerhards

lost in Sidney, not only one of their most hopeful gentlemen and bravest soldiers, but something rare and beautiful in human life, just when all men's eyes turned with certainty of expectation on the coming splendors of his maturity.''

To his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, her brother's death was an irreparable loss, and during the months that followed it she seems to have found no solace from her grief save in the editing of his poems.

This lovely lady, the congenial companion of Sidney's youth, was, in point of time, the first English authoress of repute. She and her brother together translated the Psalms of David into various lyrical metres. ''Learned, fair and good,'' as she was, Mary Sidney's fame to-day rests upon the fact that she was celebrated in the well-known epitaph as ''Sidney's sister,'' and as the honored mother of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, the friend and patron of Shakespeare. It was to Pembroke that Shakespeare wrote the lines:

> Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
> What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?

As Sir Philip Sidney's only child was a daughter, his title and estates, including Penshurst, reverted to his younger brother, Robert, and a few years later, by the death of the Earl of Leicester and his brother, Robert Sidney became heir-at-law of his two uncles and the sole representative of the powerful house of Dudley. Hence the device of the Dudleys, the Bear and Ragged Staff, which is to be seen in much of the carving and decoration of the rooms at Penshurst. Sir Robert Sidney was later advanced to the dignity of the Viscount Lisle, and in 1618 he was created Earl of Leicester. In 1584 he married Barbara Gamage, a Welsh heiress, who brought a substantial dower to Penshurst. This marriage was objected to by the spinster Queen, who opposed, on general principles, most alliances among the lords and ladies of her court. Her royal command fortunately reached St. Donats too late to obstruct the course of true love, as the ceremony had already been performed when the Queen's messenger arrived upon the scene. This marriage proved a singularly happy one, despite the royal disapproval. Barbara Gamage, though said to be possessed of an exacting disposition and somewhat shrewish temper, was a devoted wife and mother, and a clever, capable woman, managing affairs at

Penshurst with much ability during her lord's absences from home. Her skill as a housekeeper has been celebrated in Ben Jonson's poem upon Penshurst. Tradition relates that King James and his son, while hunting in Kent, were attracted by the lights of the castle and stopped at Penshurst for shelter one night. Although the *châtelaine* was absent at the time, the royal guests were sumptuously entertained, everything being in readiness and she

> therein reap'd
> The just reward of her high huswifry,
> To have her linen, plate and all things nigh,
> When she was far: and not a room, but drest,
> As if it had expected such a guest.

A room in the gate-house, richly furnished, with elaborate silver ornaments, still goes by the name of King James's Room.

Sir Robert Sidney, Lord Leicester, built the picture gallery at Penshurst, in which there hangs a portrait of him by Vansomer, in his court robes. There is also a very quaint picture in this gallery of Barbara, Lady Leicester, surrounded by her six daughters; all of the group, even the baby girl, appear in the stiff and unbecoming costume of the time, with high hoop, farthingale and stomacher. Eight daughters and three sons blessed the marriage of Robert Sidney and Barbara Gamage, the youngest son, Robert, being the father of Algernon Sidney, whose name and fame had drawn our pilgrim feet to Penshurst Place.

Although reared in the atmosphere of a court, and belonging to a family that had basked in the sunshine of royal favor, Algernon Sidney was a liberal of a pronounced type for the days in which he lived. Whether in Parliament, or out of it, which was his case most of the time, he did not hesitate to define his platform, which was the securing for England of a fairer and better form of government than had entered into the schemes of monarch or protector. That Sidney was equally unpopular under the monarchy and the protectorate is not to be wondered at. He kept his seat in Parliament until 1653, when, disappointed and chagrined by certain despotic acts of the Protector, and by the consequent overthrow of the form of republicanism that he had endeavored to establish, he retired to Penshurst and took no more part in political affairs until after the death of Cromwell. It was during this period of retirement that Sidney gave a representation of Julius Cæsar, at Penshurst, in which he played the part of Brutus, into whose lines he interpolated several speeches that reflected upon the Protector. Royalists and extreme Republicans were equally pleased, although his brother, Lord Lisle, heartily disapproved of Sidney's attack upon the reigning power, and wrote to Lord Leicester a furious reproof for allowing such radical sentiments to emanate from his house. Relations between the brothers were strained ever after, although we hear of no further demonstrations from Sidney during his subsequent life at Penshurst. Upon the death of the Protector, he returned to public life and resumed his seat at Westminster. He was soon after sent to Copenhagen to mediate between Sweden and Denmark. This mission was satisfactorily accomplished, its success being largely due to the influence and ability of Sidney; but as his name was excepted from the general amnesty declared by Charles II at the time of the Restoration, he could not return to England. The years of his exile, Sidney improved by extensive travel upon the Continent, during which time he devoted his leisure to the study of government in all its phases. A profound treatise upon this subject, written by him, caused the learned Bishop Burnet to say that "He hath studied the history of government more than any man I know."

In 1666, in consequence of the declining health of his father, Sidney was permitted to return to England, and had a few months with him at Penshurst before his death. Within a year of his return, Sidney was urged to stand for Guilford. To this he consented, William Penn, who possessed some influence in the town, coming to his assistance. By a quite unworthy device the date of the election was changed, and Algernon Sidney was not returned. "His candidature had a remarkable supporter," says Sidney's biographer, Mrs. Blackstone. "William Penn, the famous Quaker, was a great admirer of Sidney's. He had increased in intimacy with Sidney in some business affairs connected with his Chancery suit, and the two men seem to have been mutually attached to each other." This friendship seems most natural, the aims and aspirations of these men being so similar. When William Penn gave his opinion that "Governments rather depended upon men than men upon governments," his view differs only in wording from Sidney's well-known declaration that "Parliament is not for the King but for the people."

In writing to Sidney of his defeat at Guilford, Penn said: "I hope the disappointment so strange . . . does not move thee; thou (as thy friends) had a conscientious regard to England, and to be put aside by such base ways is really a suffering for righteousness; thou hast embarked thyself with them that seek and love and choose the best things; and number is not weight with thee."

From these and other expressions, it is evident that Penn fully appreciated the high purposes and noble unselfishness of Sidney's life. A defeat, or a series of defeats, meant little to him, since he was working for the best interests of humanity and still had hopes of success before him. To men, like these, who dream dreams and see visions, there is always given the invincible courage and indomitable spirit that are needed by those who fight against heavy odds. Again Sidney was urged by Penn to stand for Parliament, this time as a member from Bramber, which was only a few miles from Penn's seat, Worminghurst, and in the same county. Here Sidney was again defeated, this time by his own brother.

Although the young Quaker had lived at Basing House, Rickmansworth, soon after his marriage, his home was at Worminghurst in Sussex during the years previous to his first visit to America. It was in these years that William Penn and Algernon Sidney turned to each other for sympathy and counsel in the difficult tasks which they had set for themselves. Both were working for the rights of man and a broader development for the individual; Sidney for his countrymen in the England that he knew and loved, while Penn hoped to expand his ideals of civil and religious liberty upon the shores of the New World. To discuss with William Penn his code of laws for the Province of Pennsylvania was, says the family historian, a work after Sidney's own heart, and many were the conferences that the friends held together at Penn's Sussex home, where Sidney was a frequent and welcome guest. We like to think of the two friends walking and talking together under the great beeches of Saccharissa's Walk at Penshurst; but it is probable that most of their consultations were held at Worminghurst, during the canvass for Bramber, which was nearer to the scene of action.

In a letter written by William Penn to Algernon Sidney October 13, 1681, he says: "This made me remember the discourse we had together at my home. And also that I took my pen and altered the terms, so that they corresponded (and I truly thought, more properly) with thy sense. Upon this thou didst draw a draft as to the frame of government, gave it to me to read, & we discoursed it with considerable argument. It was afterwards called back by thee to finish & polish; and I suspended proceedings in the business ever since."

The conversation to which Penn refers was evidently held at Worminghurst. In this happy home, presided over by Gulielma Penn, or Guli, as her friends called her, who is described by all who knew her as the loveliest of Quaker women and beautiful beyond compare, Algernon Sidney found sympathy and rest from the strife of tongues. Later, nothing daunted, he stood for Amersham, in Penn's own County of Bucks. Here again Sidney was defeated, indeed success, as the world counts success, never crowned his efforts. During William Penn's absence from England, upon his first visit to America in 1683, the darkest hour of trial came to Algernon Sidney. He was implicated in the Rye House plot, arraigned before a court presided over by the infamous Judge Jeffreys, and without the aid of counsel or witness was convicted on the evidence of Lord Howard of Escrick, whom Evelyn calls in his Diary "that monster of a man."

Noble in the last moments of his earthly life as in all the record of his days, Algernon Sidney's last words were worthy of the God-fearing man and the liberty-loving patriot: "I have made my peace with God, and have nothing to say to man!"

When the executioner held the gleaming axe above his head, and asked, "Will you rise again, Sir?" he replied, "Not until the general resurrection; strike on." So perished the noblest of the long and noble line of the Sidneys of Penshurst. Beautiful and beyond all praise as was the life of Philip Sidney, who was cut off in the flower of his youth and the height of his fame as courtier, poet and statesman; in his long labors for England, and in view of the wider liberty that came to her later from the earnest efforts of such patriots as Algernon Sidney, we, to-day, realize that he was the greatest of his race, and one of the great men of all time.

The day following the execution, the remains of Algernon Sidney were taken to Penshurst and buried in the family vault, and the year after his brothers, Philip and Henry, obtained a reversal of his attainder;—a satisfaction to the family this may have been; but it was not needed, as the world knew Algernon Sidney to be guiltless.

Several portraits of Penshurst's two heroes hang in her galleries. One of Sir Philip in armor is full of dignity and strength, although this portrait by Zucchero lacks the charm of Oliver's earlier miniature. Among the portraits of Algernon Sidney is one painted in maturity; keen and earnest, in which his eyes seem to be looking into the future, with sad prophetic vision. Another and earlier portrait represents Algernon and his brothers in their happy boyhood, when they were living together in amity at Penshurst, roaming over its broad acres, fishing in the streams, or teasing their beautiful elder sister, Dorothy, about her numerous suitors. It was during these years that the classic shades of Penshurst resounded to the love songs of Edmund Waller:

Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchless dame
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart.

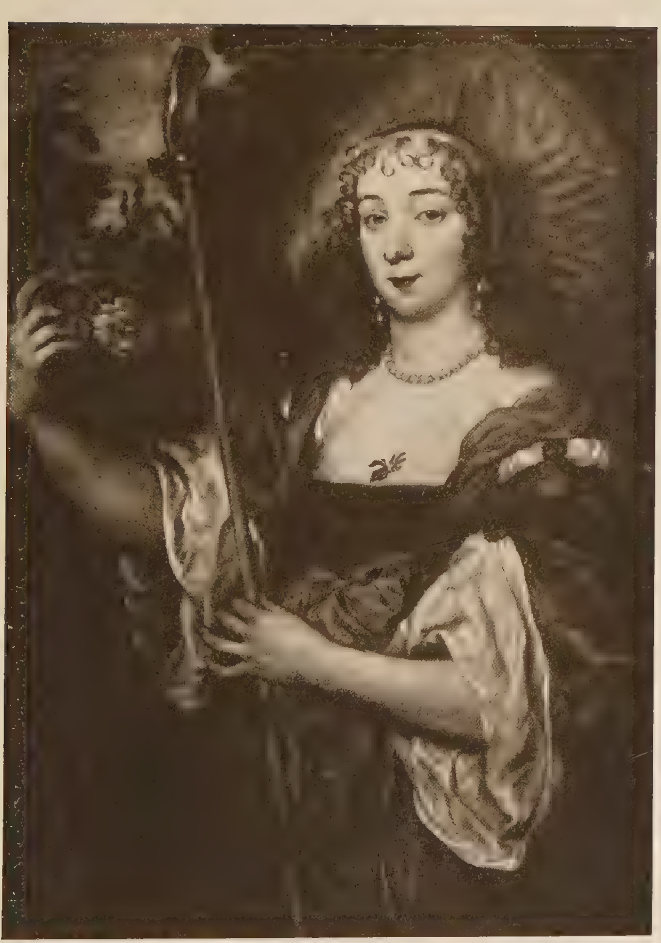
While in this park I sing, the listening deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear.
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.

Thus did Edmund Waller's muse address itself to Lady Dorothy Sidney, whom he was pleased to name his "Saccharissa." This fair and unrequiting lady was the daughter of the second Earl of Leicester, and consequently the grand-niece of Sir Philip Sidney. Beautiful and worthy of a poet's love was Lady Dorothy, if we may judge from her portrait and miniature at Penshurst. The latter represents her in a pale blue gown, wearing a white rose in her hair, a shy young beauty in the first blush of her sweet maidenhood. The poet, Waller, touched by the sight of her girlish loveliness, plucked a rose from the garden and gave it to her, with the well-known lines:

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Other love songs followed, in rapid succession, until Saccharissa's Walk, under the great beeches, became a veritable Court of Love.

That the poet Edmund Waller ever assumed the position of Lady Dorothy's lover is disclaimed by the family historian, the Honorable Mary Sidney, yet in some of the verses there are



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DOROTHY SIDNEY (SACCHARISSA)
From the painting at Penshurst Place. By special permission of Lord de Lisle and Dudley

strains of tenderness and pathos so exquisite that it seems as if they could have emanated only from the heart of a lover, as in the "Lines on a Girdle":

> A narrow compass! and yet there
> Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair
> Give me but what this ribbon bound,
> Take all the rest the sun goes round.

Although the Honorable Mary Sidney repudiates Edmund Waller as a suitor for the hand of Lady Dorothy, another family chronicler, Philip Sidney by name, treats the affair more seriously; he says that "the poet politician fell at first sight a victim to the charms of the Lady Dorothy, and quickly evinced signs of laying siege to her heart." There is no reason to believe that Mistress Dorothy ever returned Waller's affection, although she was doubtless not averse to having charming verses written in her honor by a leading poet of the day; but as a lover she would have none of him, in which she showed her good judgment. "They who read his [Waller's] character will not much condemn Saccharissa," said Dr. Johnson, "that she did not descend from her rank to his embraces, nor think every excellence comprised in wit."

That Edmund Waller's pretensions to the

hand of the fair Dorothy were serious seems probable in view of the bitterness of his expressions at the time of her marriage to Lord Spencer of Althorp, and also from a retort made, years after, when age had laid its hand upon the charms of the quondam beauty and toast. In answer to the lady's query as to when he again intended to dedicate verses to her, Waller replied with cruel candor, "When you are young again, Madam, and as lovely as you were then!"

Soon after Dorothy Sidney's marriage to Lord Spencer he was created Earl of Sunderland. The brief, happy married life of this young couple was passed at Althorp, and there Lady Sunderland spent the long years of widowhood, as the husband whom she deeply loved, and who was well worthy of her devotion, fell at the Battle of Newbury. The Countess of Sunderland mourned her noble young husband nine years, and then, to the surprise of her friends and family, married Sir Robert Smythe, of Sutton-at-Hone and Boundes, in Kent. This second marriage may have been fairly happy, but for some reason Dorothy's friends and her biographer have little to say about it. She survived her husband many years, and to her came great sorrows; not the least of these was the unjust sentence passed upon her younger brother, Algernon, and his execution, which soon followed. The sister's grief over this family tragedy, and the loss of a dearly loved brother, must have been intensified by the fact that her son, the Earl of Sunderland, although at that time in high favor with the King, seems to have raised no hand to save his uncle's life. Dorothy, Countess of Sunderland, as she was still called, survived her brother Algernon only three months.

If we may dream backward instead of forward, which is about as disturbing a mental process as indulging in *esprit d'escalier*, we may fancy a very different ending to the life of Algernon Sidney, had he turned his back upon the England that was unworthy of him, and with his friend, William Penn, set his face towards the New World across the Atlantic of which he and the young Quaker had dreamed their fondest dreams. In this State, "where peace and justice were destined to reign, and where the lives and liberties of the people were not at the mercy of a tyrant's ambition," Sidney might have lived for years, useful, happy, honored, and beloved.

VII

A PENN PILGRIMAGE

Our pilgrimage really began in London at the Church of Allhallows, Barking-by-the-Tower, at the end of Great Tower Street, as in this ancient sanctuary William Penn was baptized, nine days after his birth. Admiral Sir William Penn and his wife, Lady Margaret Penn, lived on Tower Hill, then a fashionable locality, now quite given up to business. Of the home in which William Penn was born, October 14, 1644, nothing remains, and of George's Court, in which the house stood, only a fragment of the London wall, which once formed part of the east wall of the court, is left. It chanced that Admiral Penn was ordered to join his ship two days before the birth of his son and, according to Mr. Granville Penn, his vessel had dropped down the Thames some distance when news was sent to him that the precious little craft, destined to be known to the world as William Penn, the Founder of Pennsylvania, had cast anchor in the safe harbor of his home on Tower Hill. The name of the Admiral's ship, the *Fellowship,* seems prophetic of what the little life that had come into his home was to stand for in its out-reach toward the brotherhood of man and the higher ideals of humanity. From the records on the log of the *Fellowship,* she appears to have been detained in the Thames a fortnight or more, during which time Admiral Penn was back in London, making the acquaintance of his son and heir, and carrying him to Allhallows, Barking, to be baptized in the faith of his fathers. According to records of this church, "William, Sonne of William Pen & Margaret his wife of the Tower Liberty was baptized October 23rd, 1644." From this record it appears that others besides Mr. Samuel Pepys were given to writing the name of the distinguished Admiral in an abbreviated fashion.

The Church of Allhallows, Barking, has several claims upon our interest and is not without architectural charm, as it has a fine door in decorated style and the old ironwork in some parts of the church is especially beautiful. We stopped before the altar beneath which were laid to rest the remains of Archbishop Laud, the staunch champion of the Book of Common

Prayer, who was buried here only a few months before the baby Penn was baptized in the font near by, he who was destined in later years to draw many of his compatriots from their allegiance to this same ritual. As we stood by this font we naturally thought of that baptism, two hundred and seventy years before. Whether the child behaved well or ill is not recorded by any of his biographers; but being a strenuous man, who knew how to take his own way when the occasion seemed to warrant it, we may believe that he was not a passive and unresisting infant, whatever his preachment to that end may have been in later years.

Near the baptismal font is the handsome bronze tablet erected by the Pennsylvania Society in the city of New York, in memory of one who, as the president of the society, Colonel Robert M. Thompson said, in his opening address on the occasion of the unveiling of the tablet, was "a great Englishman and a great American." As nothing now remains of the house in which William Penn was born, the Pennsylvania Society chose the Church of Allhallows, Barking, for their memorial, as the place most closely connected with the infancy of the Founder of the

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. On this tablet, erected in honor of one who, as it records, was an "Exemplar of Brotherhood and Peace, Lawgiver and Lover of Mankind," his own theory of justice and fair dealing is inscribed:

"I shall not usurp the right of any, or oppress (so to injure) his person. God has furnisht me with a better resolution and has given me grace to keep it."

The world knows how faithfully this pledge was kept, not only with the white settlers but with the children of the forest, who were wont to call this man of fair-dealing, the "Great White Truth-teller."

It seems a far cry from Allhallows, Barking, and the babyhood of William Penn to Rickmansworth, the next stage on our pilgrims' way. In between came the happy years of Penn's childhood in his father's house, the Chigwell schooldays, life at Oxford, and finally expulsion from that college. This is evidently the time to which the gossiping Pepys referred, when he wrote under the date, January 25th, 1661:

"Sir W. Pen did come to me, & did break a business to me about removing his son from Oxford to Cambridge to some private college."

This is a more delicate manner of stating the difficulties of the Admiral than was to be expected of one who could on occasions wield a scandalous pen, and evidently found keen delight in retailing unsavory gossip about his acquaintances, as when he later said of Sir William Penn that he had just heard that "he was a devilish plunderer."

Although he enjoyed drinking a glass of wine with the Admiral or going to the play with him, Pepys is always ready to say some ill-natured thing of him, and upon occasions he expressed his animosity in no measured terms as when he wrote under date of July 5, 1662: "As for Sir W. Pen, who I hate with all my heart, for his base treacherous tricks, but yet I think it not policy to declare it yet."

It is probable that the key-note to Pepys's dislike to "Sir W. Pen" is that he interfered with Pepys in some way in his enjoyment of the pickings of his office.

Whatever foundation Mr. Pepys may have had for his strictures upon Admiral Penn, he was undoubtedly a man of distinguished ability, as he rose to the rank of rear-admiral at twenty-three, and at twenty-nine was vice-admiral of

England. " At the age of twenty-one," says Mr. Dixon, " he was a fine specimen of an English sailor; he was fond of good living—enjoyed lively conversation—had a taste for cool clarets, but indulged in no unseemly prejudice against the warmer juices of the south. His frame was strongly built—his face bold and noble in expression—his manners had an air of courtliness, and his whole bearing was that of a man born to rise in the world."

Admiral Sir William Penn's portrait by Sir Peter Lely represents a more than ordinarily handsome man in the prime of life, with something noble and fine in the expression of his face.

Of William Penn's mother, it is to be regretted that we have no authentic portrait. She was a daughter of John Jasper, an opulent merchant of Rotterdam, hence Pepys's remarks about her being "a fat, short old Dutch woman." He did, however, add, "but one that has been heretofore pretty handsome, and is now very discreet, and I believe hath more wit than her husband. Here we stayed talking a good while, and very well pleased was I with the old woman."

From all that we know of Lady Penn, and

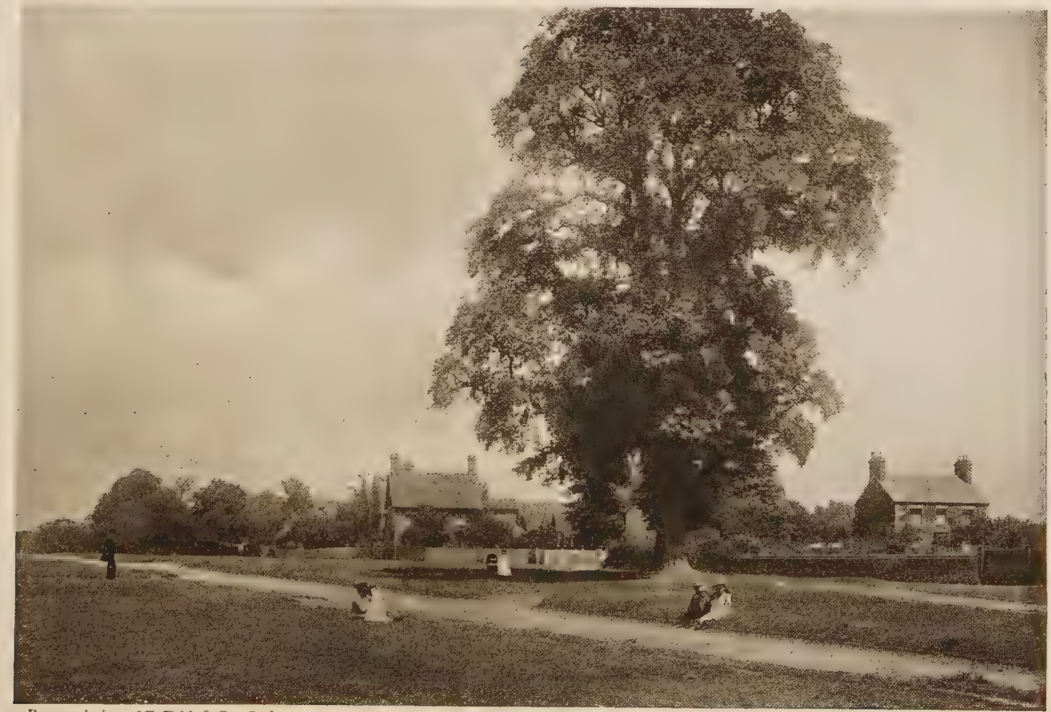
from her son's devotion to her, we may believe that she was a good woman and possessed of considerable force of character. She seemed to understand her son better than his father and more than once interceded on William's behalf.

It was after young Penn's revolt against certain religious forms and ceremonies at Oxford that a serious difference with his father occurred. In this revolt he was joined by Robert Spencer and other young men of spirit and ability and left Oxford in good company. This fact did not reconcile the Admiral to what he considered a disgraceful episode and for a time he treated his son with cold and silent anger. Finally a reconciliation was effected and William was sent to France, as his father thought, to distract his mind from serious subjects. For a time he enjoyed the gay life of Paris, and then suddenly decided to turn his footsteps to Saumur, where he placed himself under the tuition of Moses Amyrault, the celebrated president of the Protestant college there. William Penn afterwards travelled in Italy and finally returned to England, "a most modish person, grown a fine gentleman," according to Mrs. Pepys. Young William Penn was no doubt fitted out by a French tailor in a style suited to his age and quality, but it is doubtful that at any time in his life he troubled himself much as to the cut of his coat or the set of his doublet. Soon after his return from France he fell again under the influence of Thomas Loe, and from that time, despite persecutions and imprisonments, he was a Quaker at heart, never swerving from the principles of the Society to which he had given his allegiance.

Chalfont, Bury Farm and King John's Farm belong to an earlier period in the life of William Penn than Rickmansworth, where he spent the first years of his married life, but as this little town upon the Chess seemed to fit more conveniently into the earlier stages of our circular tour, we made this our first stopping place.

The English country never seems more beautiful than when, leaving the great world of London behind us, we gradually emerge from its smoke and dust into the freshness and verdure of well-watered meadows and hedge-bordered lanes. This contrast was especially marked upon a dull day in August, 1914, when we steamed out from the blackness of Marylebone Station into the open. As we sped past sunlit fields and happy valleys, it seemed as if we had left behind us the war, that had seemed so near in London,—which is, after all, quite the correct thing to do when bound upon a Quaker pilgrimage. For this one day, at least, we made a vow to forget the war as far as possible, and not to speak of it while making our journey in the footsteps of such lovers of peace as Penn, Ellwood and Penington.

Rickmansworth, Herts, is one of the charming towns upon the outskirts of London that help one to understand why so many people live upon the edge of the great city rather than within it. The old home of the Penns, Basing House, is still standing, but so obscured by a high wall and a row of trees behind the wall that very little of it is to be seen from the village street. We comforted ourselves with the thought that the house had been so modernized and changed that disappointment would follow a nearer view, and so were content to stroll through the town and admire the lovely Village Green, shaded by its beautiful trees. It was to Basing House that Gulielma and William Penn came after their marriage at King John's Farm, in the spring of 1672, and here they lived for several years. We



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RICKMANSWORTH GREEN

may well believe that at Basing House, in the company of his beautiful and beloved Gulielma, and with many congenial friends nearby at Chalfont and Amersham, the young Quaker, to whom many sorrows and anxieties were to come in later years, drank deeply of the cup of human happiness. Of this ideal honeymoon, William Penn's biographer, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, wrote: "The spring and summer came and went, but Penn still remained with his young and lovely bride at Rickmansworth; neither the flatteries of friends nor the attacks of foes could draw him away from his charming seclusion. During these summer months he neither wrote nor travelled; that very instinct of activity and that restless and aggressive spirit which were the sources of nearly all his usefulness were, so to say, touched with the wand of the enchantress, and laid to rest. Since his expulsion from his father's house he had never known such repose of mind and body. Seeing him surrounded by all that makes domestic happiness complete—a charming house, a beautiful and loving wife, a plentiful estate, the prospect of a family, and a troop of attached and admiring friends—those who knew him only at second-hand imagined that the apostle of civil and religious liberty was now about to subside into the quiet country gentleman, more interested in cultivating his paternal acres than with the progress of an unpopular doctrine and the general enlightenment of mankind. But those who reasoned so knew little of William Penn, and perhaps still less of the lady who had now become his wife. Guli would herself have scorned the man who, through infirmity of purpose, could have allowed himself to sink into the mere sloth of the affections, and who, by his outward showing to the world, would have represented her alliance as bringing weakness to his character instead of strength. Penn was not that man. His interval of rest over, the preacher again resumed his work."[1] Even this ideal married life was not free from sorrow, for while at Rickmansworth the first-born children of William and Gulielma Penn died in infancy and were laid to rest in the burying grounds at Jordan's, recently consecrated to "the peace of death."

It has been related, upon the authority of one of the oldest inhabitants, that he had seen a pane of glass in one of the windows at Basing

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[1] "Life of William Penn," by William Hepworth Dixon, pp. 121, 122.

House on which William Penn had written his name with a diamond, and the date 1677. This writing on the window pane must have been over an earlier date, as the Penns evidently settled at Worminghurst, or Warminghurst, as it has become the fashion of some writers to call it, as early as 1676. Mrs. Isaac Penington recorded in her *Autobiography* that she and her husband spent a part of the autumn of 1676 at Worminghurst, her daughter's new home. It was while living upon this estate in Sussex, which is said to have been a part of Guli's inheritance from her father, that William Penn matured his plan for the settlement of Pennsylvania. The Worminghurst house is the one of all others most closely associated with the history of the Province of Pennsylvania, for here he evidently drew up the Frame of Government and here it is that Algernon Sidney, whom William met during his travels abroad, was ever a welcome guest. It is to be regretted that nothing is left of the mansion at Worminghurst, which was beautifully situated in the Sussex Weald overlooking the South Downs. This house, that would naturally be of so much interest to Americans, was torn down in 1805, when the estate came into the hands of the Duke of Norfolk, who turned the park into farming land. Nothing of the Penn residence now remains except a small meeting-house built by the Proprietary at Coolham, four miles from the Worminghurst mansion. This meeting-house bears the singular and inappropriate name of *The Blue Idol.*

The drive from Chorley Wood, which place we reached by train from Rickmansworth, to Chalfont, King John's Farm and Jordan's, is said to combine more literary interest and rural charm than any drive or walk of the same length in England. Time failed us to visit all of the wayside shrines, one of the most interesting being the church at Stoke Pogis, where the writer of the Elegy once dreamed his beautiful dreams and now sleeps in the quiet churchyard beneath a tomb erected to his memory by John Penn of Stoke Park, whose country seat on a neighboring hillside is well worth a visit. The lawn at Stoke Park contains a portion of the old elm tree at Shackamaxon under which the Penn treaty was signed.

In the church at Stoke Pogis a very large Penn pew is still shown, a pew so spacious that it is like a room, and has a stove in it. In this pew Thomas Penn and his wife, Lady Juliana, sat with their many children.

Aside from all its interesting associations, it would be impossible for a lover of nature to pass through this happy valley without feeling deeply its rural charm. The smiling meadows, skirted by fine trees, and bits of woodland so dense and dark that deer may well hide beneath their leafy coverts, made us think of what William Morris said of the miniature perfection of English landscape:

"A little land, little rivers, little plains, swelling, speedily changing uplands, all beset with handsome, orderly trees, little hills, little mountains, netted over with the walls of sheep-walks. All is little, yet not foolish and blank, but serious rather, and abundant of meaning for such as choose to seek it; it is neither prison nor palace, but a decent home." Not meaningless, surely, is this countryside, so filled is it with the associations of the men and women who have helped to make history and literature, and with a homelike side, too, dotted over as it is with pretty rustic cottages shaded by great beeches, none of these more charming than

Milton's cottage at Chalfont St. Giles. This "pretty box" is little changed since Thomas Ellwood came hither to read to the blind poet, his own modest cottage being half way between Milton's cottage and the Grange at Chalfont St. Peters, where his friends, the Peningtons, lived. It was while Milton was living in his "pretty box," with its overhanging eaves and latticed windows, that Ellwood read the manuscript of *Paradise Lost* and found it so excellent a poem that he pleasantly said to the writer, "Thou hast said much here of *Paradise Lost,* but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found?*" Later, and in London, Milton showed the young Quaker his second poem, called *Paradise Regained,* saying, "This is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of."

There was naturally a strong bond of interest between the Puritan poet and the Quaker Peningtons, as they all belonged to that large body of Englishmen who, under different names, Brownist, Separatist, Puritan, or Quaker, were making their protest against a state that proposed to eliminate religious freedom in life and thought, or as the blind poet himself expressed his own and his friends' convictions:

He who receives
Light from above, the fountain of all light,
No other doctrine needs.

It was while the Peningtons were living at Chalfont that Thomas Ellwood visited here with his father, and renewed the acquaintance with his old playmate, Gulielma Springett, the daughter of Sir William Springett, a Puritan soldier, who died soon after the taking of Arundel Castle. Lady Springett some years after married Isaac Penington, and during her life in London had made the acquaintance of the Ellwoods. Thomas Ellwood, in his memoirs, tells of having played with Guli Springett, and of having been often drawn with her in her little coach through Lincoln's Inn Fields by Lady Springett's footman.

At the time of his visit to Chalfont, Ellwood had not joined the Society of Friends and, somewhat disturbed by the changes in the household of his old friends, he turned to Guli for congenial companionship, with what success his own words reveal:

"For my part I sought, and at length found, means to cast myself into the company of the daughter, whom I found gathering flowers in the garden, attended by her maid, who was also a Quaker. But when I addressed myself to her after my accustomed manner, with intention to engage her in some discourse which might introduce conversation, on the ground of our former acquaintance, though she treated me with courteous mien, yet, young as she was, the gravity of her look and behaviour struck such an awe over me, that I was not so much master of myself as to pursue any further converse with her. Wherefore, asking pardon for my boldness in having intruded into her private walks, I withdrew, not without some disorder of mind."

On the whole his visit seems to have been a disappointing one to the younger Ellwood who, as he said, missed "the free, debonair, and courtly sort of behaviour, which we formerly had found them [the Peningtons] in, to so strict a gravity as they now received us with." Serious as was the Penington household, Ellwood admitted that "the dinner was very handsome and lacked nothing to recommend it but the want of mirth and pleasant discourse."

Although at the time of his first visit to

Chalfont he seems to have had scant admiration for Quaker simplicity, Thomas Ellwood not long after joined the Society, became a devoted Friend, and suffered imprisonment for conscience' sake. It was soon ater his release that Ellwood came again to Chalfont, where he was engaged as tutor to the young Peningtons. This position, in which he was naturally much in the company of their half-sister, Gulielma, must have increased "the disorder of mind" which had followed his first interview with her. She was, he said, "completely comely" endowed with rare mental gifts, and "with an outward fortune which was fair, and which with some hath not the least place;" but fortunately for his own peace of mind this wise young man seems to have gradually realized that this pearl of womanhood was not for him, or, as he quaintly expressed it, "she was reserved for another."

At the time when Thomas Ellwood was arguing with himself as to the hopelessness of his suit, and governing himself, as he said, "with a free yet respectful carriage" towards Guli Springett, whose beauty, high-bred charm and fair fortune drew many suitors to her side, she and her future husband had met but once, at the house of a friend in London. When William Penn came to Chalfont later, it was as the valued friend of her step-father, and as one of the foremost champions of the religion to which she and her family had given their allegiance.

Handsome, and distinguished in bearing and address, we can imagine the young Quaker a lover not unworthy the beautiful Gulielma, nor at this period was the garb of the sect of a character to detract from the personal attractiveness of the wearer. Mrs. Gummere says: "'Quakers and Puritans under the Protector were more distinguished for differences of opinion than differences of garb. Penn, the diplomat and cavalier, followed the fashions in the cut and style of his dress, adopting the full-skirted coat of the sovereign, and wearing as many as four wigs in one year."[2]

Mr. Dixon also tells us that when young Penn returned from Ireland, where he had been attending to business connected with the Shangarry estate, his father was much relieved to see that his son "was still dressed like a gentleman and wore lace and ruffles, plume and rapier," although he frankly avowed that he was then a Quaker. What seemed to trouble Sir William Penn especially, at this time, was the question of the hat. "Was he to believe that his own son would refuse to uncover in his presence? The thing was quite rebellious and unnatural. And to crown all, — how would he behave himself at Court?" How this question was answered we may learn from an incident which occurred some years later, when Penn was summoned to a council in the presence of the King. As the Quaker stood bonneted in the royal presence, he observed that the King removed his hat; at which, if the story be true, he said, "Friend Charles, why dost thou not keep on thy hat?" To which his Majesty, who, with many other engaging qualities, possessed a keen sense of humor, replied, laughing, "It is the custom of this place for only one person to remain covered at a time." The story is almost too good to be true; we do not for a moment doubt that William Penn kept his hat on, as that was a matter of conscience with him; but versed as he was in usages of the court, it was not in keeping with his habitual courtesy and tact to remark upon anything that the King saw fit to do. That Charles made his witty sally we can readily believe.

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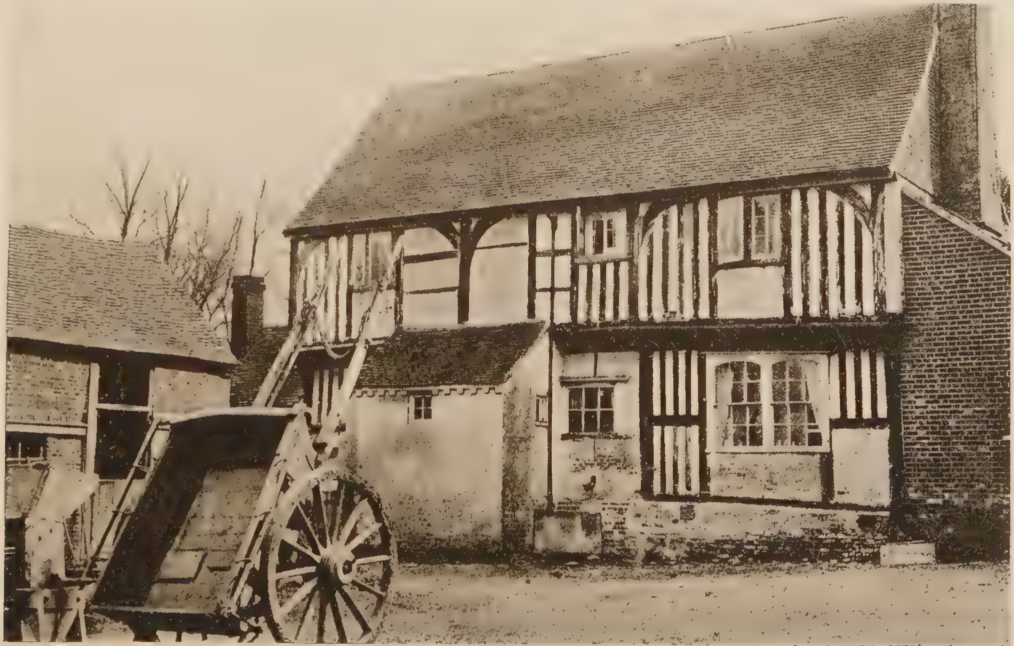
[2] "The Quaker, A Study in Costume," by Amelia Mott Gummere, p. 16.

The courtship of these two highly favored young people was not without its vicissitudes, as an imprisonment of some months from which William Penn was released to hasten to his father's bedside, the death of the Admiral, and a journey to Holland, intervened between the engagement and the marriage. It was at King John's Farm that William Penn and Gulielma Maria Springett took each other to be companions for life, after the simple and not unimpressive usage of Friends. Why the Penns were married at King John's Farm none of the authorities seem to know. In the record at Jordans William Penn is described as of Walthamstowe, which may have been his mother's residence at the time; but why Gulielma is described as of Tiler's End Green, no one seems to know, unless her mother, Mrs. Isaac Penington, was living there while building her home at Amersham, five miles from Tiler's Green. At the time of the wedding the bride's step-father was in Reading jail, another instance of England's futile attempt to make good Christians by rule and measurement.



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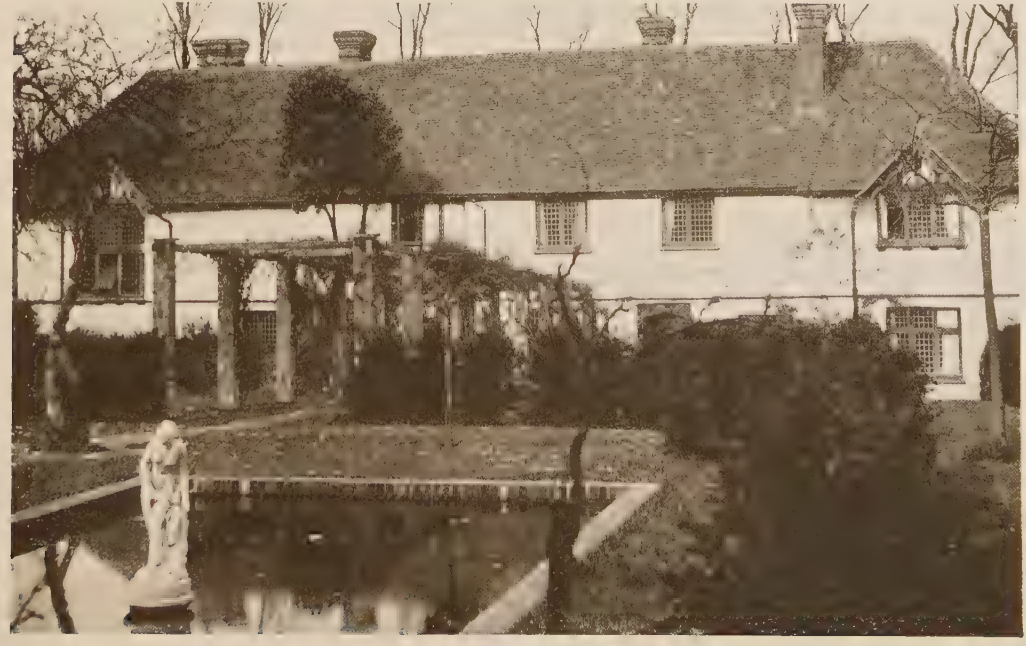
KING JOHN'S FARM, WHERE WILLIAM PENN WAS MARRIED

Before restoration

King's Farm, which is said to have been a hunting-box of King John, is in Hertfordshire, a half mile from the Buckinghamshire line, and near Chalfont, Amersham, and all the neighborhood associated with the bride's happy girlhood. The house at King's Farm, as we saw it, is very different from that in which the Penns were married in April, 1672, as the present owner has not only restored but added to the old building. Wings on each side of the house now enclose a very attractive court, in which there is a fountain. These additions made by the present owner are not out of harmony with the old building, and the room in which the marriage was solemnized is probably little changed, as it has a fine spacious fireplace, with a hood, and a large mullioned window looking out upon what was then the front of the house, and an oak ceiling, whose great beams may have been restored but not changed. The front of the building is timber framed with large double windows on the first floor. The large barn, which is quite near the house, is solidly built and strengthened by numerous buttresses, and is said to have been fortified by an outpost during the civil wars. Loopholes then pierced the walls which, although bricked up a few years since, are still plainly visible from the interior. With its lovely garden and court, and surrounded by fine trees, King's Farm is a most attractive residence, and will always be of interest on account of its associations with the young people who were married here.

It is pleasant to know that good Thomas Ellwood had, before this time, so far recovered from his "disorder of mind" caused by the charms of Guli Springett, that he had wooed and won a fair neighbor, Mary Ellis by name, and was now happily married and living at Hunger or Ongar Hill, not far from Chalfont. We longed to visit Ongar Hill, and Bury Farm, Amersham, which is quite near, but Jordans beckoned to us, and the afternoon shadows warned us that we had no time to tarry by the wayside.

Thomas Ellwood, who held the monthly business meetings of Friends at his home for forty years, wrote a rhymed invitation to his hospitable home, which is so quaintly worded that we naturally wished to see if the sign posts were still plainly visible:



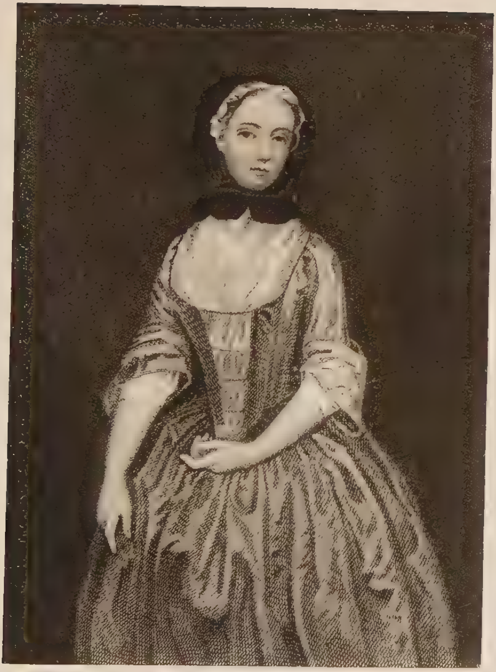
KING JOHN'S FARM
As restored

Two miles from Beaconsfield, upon the road
To Amersham, just where the way grows broad,
A little spot there is called Larkin's Green,
Where, on a bank, some fruit trees may be seen;
In midst of which, on the sinister hand,
A little cottage covertly doth stand;
"Soho!" the people out, and then inquire
For Hunger Hill; it lies a little higher.
But if the people should from home be gone,
Ride up the bank some twenty paces on,
And at the orchard's end thou may'st perceive
Two gates together hung. The nearest leave,
The furthest take, and straight the hill ascend,
That path leads to the house where dwells thy friend.

It is to be regretted that none of the friends present have left a description of the wedding of the Penns, or told us what the bride and groom wore. A line from some old-time gossip would be most welcome describing this handsome couple, even one from the sometimes acrid pen of Pepys; but his *Diary* had unfortunately come to an end several years earlier, and it is doubtful whether a welcome would have been accorded this worldly old gossip in the Quaker community at Chalfont or Amersham. When Admiral Penn's daughter was married to Andrew Lowther, Pepys, evidently ill-pleased that there was not more of a rout over the wedding, wrote:

"Feb. 15, 1666–7.—Pegg Pen is married this day privately; no friends, but two or three relations of his and hers. Borrowed many things of my kitchen for dressing their dinner. This wedding private is reputed to its being just before Lent, and so in vain to make new clothes till Easter, that they might see the fashions as they are like to be this summer; which is reason good enough. Mrs. Turner tells me she hears Sir W. Pen gives £4500 or £4000 with her."

A handsome portrait of William Penn in his youth has come down to us; but the only picture of his first wife that has any claim to authenticity is the one used by Maria Webb in her Penns and Peningtons. This picture, made from a painting on glass, may have been painted about the time of the wedding, especially as there is a companion portrait of William Penn, also painted on glass. The costume of the young Quakeress in this picture is graceful, and not at all severe in its simplicity. The brocaded gown is short and very full at the hips, the pointed, laced bodice is cut low in the neck but modestly filled in with a kerchief of soft muslin, the elbow sleeves, which show to advantage the beautifully formed arms and hands, are turned back with a large loose cuff, beneath which are under-sleeves



GULIELMA PENN
From portrait painted on glass

of delicate muslin. The hood of dark silk or velvet, which the fair Gulielma wears upon her head in the portrait, was doubtless discarded indoors, as beneath it the edge of a delicate muslin cap appears. "It is probable," says Mrs. Gummere, "that her dress does not represent the costume of the plainest Friends of her day, any more than did that of her distinguished husband."

But the dress of contemporary modish ladies, with which we are able to compare it, is so vastly more elaborate than "Guli's" that we at once recognize the Quaker moderation, combined with taste and good sense, such as we should expect in the daughter of Lady Springett.[3]

The costume worn by Mrs. Joseph Gurney, in a portrait painted some years later, is so like that of Mrs. William Penn as to have led to some confusion as to the identity of their subjects.

After comparing the two pictures, Maria Webb came to the reasonable conclusion that the heads and busts of both portraits were genuine, as there are individual characteristics in each one, but the costume in the Gurney portrait, she thinks, was copied from the earlier portrait of Guli Penn, with the exception of the hood in Mrs. Gurney's picture, which is quite different. The latter picture was circulated for some years under the title of the "Fair Quakeress," but, to my thinking, the face lacks something of the sweetness and charm which belongs to that of Guli Penn, although Mrs. Gurney is always spoken of as "a surpassingly handsome woman."

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[3] The history of these portraits of the Penns has never been satisfactorily ascertained. Gulielma, Penn's only daughter, Mrs. William Aubrey, left no children to inherit them, consequently they seem to have passed into the hands of the strangers who owned them at the time that Maria Webb secured the portrait of "Guli" for her book.

Having already visited Rickmansworth, where the Penns spent the first years of married life, we drove from King's Farm to Jordan's meeting-house, thus bridging over twenty-two years in the life of this devoted couple, for here, in 1694, the beloved Gulielma was laid to rest. In 1682, before setting forth for the New World, and upon what then seemed a perilous voyage, the Proprietary wrote to this dearly loved wife:

"Remember thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life—the most loved as well as the most worthy of all my earthly comforts; and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellences, which yet were many. God knows and thou knowest I can say it was a match of his making.'' Could any sweeter or nobler words have been written to a wife after ten years of married life?

A Friends' meeting-house we naturally think of as a place of quietness and peace, and Jordan's, situated in a little valley at the foot of long steep hills, is peace personified. That peace was not always to be found here, we know from the accounts that have come down to us of the first gatherings of Friends held at Old Jordan's, which were not infrequently broken into by constables and informers, who sometimes made their arrests with quite unwarrantable cruelty and violence. With such thoughts in our minds, we were quite ready to believe in the object of the ''secret chamber'' which the caretaker was at some pains to show us. This little room is said, by some writers, to have been designed for the protection of the women folk in times of persecution, but we doubt not that the men folk sometimes found it useful. We did not, however, shock the caretaker by the utterance of such unorthodox sentiments, and followed her up the steep winding stairs into the "secret chamber," which is really well concealed by the sliding panels that form a part of the unvarnished oak panelling of the wall. The historian of Jordan's, Anna Littleboy, gives a quite different reason for the panels and shutters:—

"The principal bedroom," according to her account, "is divided from the meeting-house by shutters only, so that when the house was crowded, the accommodation could be increased by lowering the shutters, and turning the room into a sort of a gallery." As Jordan's meeting-house was built in 1688, after the Declaration of Indulgence of James II, when the direct persecution of Friends and other Non-conformists was pretty well over, the latter explanation is probably the correct one, even if less interesting. Trap doors and secret panels, for some reason, make a stronger appeal to the average man and more especially to the average woman than ordinary exits and entrances, and guides and caretakers having learned, through years of experience, the stimulating effect upon the imagination of such contrivances, usually know how to tell their tales. The caretaker at Jordan's, being a very discreet person, and having

Mrs. Littleboy's pamphlet on sale, did not work upon our imaginations unduly.

From the meeting-house, with its high-backed benches and simple furnishings, we turned to the lovely little church-yard, shaded by great trees, where rest so many faithful Friends. Here are the graves of William Penn and Gulielma and of his second wife, Hannah, with their children around them. This sweet and secluded spot, "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," where the violets and primroses bloom over the graves in the springtime, and the birds sing in the branches overhead during the long summer days, seems a fitting place for the last, long sleep of such apostles of peace as our great Founder and his friends, Isaac Penington and Thomas Ellwood, who here rest from their labors.

Beyond and around Jordan's are meadows and farms. We passed the little gate in the wall of the enclosure and sauntered over the fields to Jordan's Inn. This new building, in its simplicity, is quite in keeping with the old meeting-house, and must be a most convenient stopping place at yearly meeting time. Here we found a number of tourists having tea in an outbuilding at the end of the lawn. In this plain and unattractive building, which we cannot by any stretch of the imagination call a marquee, we were served with a delicious afternoon tea, and although we had to share our jam with the wasps and yellow-jackets, we ate with the keen appetites with which pilgrims are usually blest.

As we drove towards the railway station, in the soft light of the late afternoon, with the deepening shadows gathering around us, we one and all proclaimed this day, in the footsteps of the Founder of our Commonwealth, the most delightful of our many pilgrimages. In talking of Penn and his family on our homeward journey, the genealogist of our party said that William Penn belonged to the Penns of this County of Bucks with which his life was so closely associated, although directly descended from Sir Giles Penn of Penn's Lodge in the County of Wilts, quoting as his authority Granville Penn, who, in his memoirs of Admiral Sir William Penn, said that this relationship was always claimed and acknowledged by the two families. The arms of the Penns of Minety which were used by the Proprietary—argent, on a fesse sable three plates—are the same as those of the

Penns of Penn in Buckinghamshire, according to the Heralds' visitation of that county, 1564–1620.

Of this we found confirmation some weeks later in the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol. In this beautiful church, which Queen Elizabeth called "The fairest, goodliest and most famous parish church in England," we saw a tablet erected to the memory of Admiral Penn on the interior wall of the tower, and hanging above it are his arms and armor. Here, heading a long list of distinguished services rendered his native land, are these lines:

> To ye Just Memory of Sr Will Penn Kt and Sometimes
> Generall, borne at Bristol An 1621, son of Captain Giles
> Penn severall years Consul for ye English in ye Mediterranean
> of ye Penns of Penns Lodge in ye County of
> Wilts & those Penns of Penn in ye C of Bucks & by
> his Mother from ye Gilberts in ye County of Somerset.
> Originally from Yorkshire,

"This inscription," says Mr. Jenkins, "it is fair to presume was made with adequate knowledge. The author of it was doubtless William Penn, the Founder. His intelligent acqaintance with his father's career and devotion to his memory (shown afterwards in his 'Vindication'), his ability in composition, and his right as eldest son, heir, and executor, make it unlikely that the work would be intrusted to any other hands.'"[4]

The concluding lines of this very long and elaborate inscription are so beautifully worded that they seem to confirm Mr. Jenkins's surmise that they were from the pen of the Admiral's distinguished son:

> He Took Leave of the Sea, His old element, But Continued still His other Employs Till 1669 at what Time, Through bodely Infirmitys (Contracted by y^e^ Care and fatigue of Publique Affairs) He Withdrew Prepared & Made for His End: & with a Gentle & Even Gale In much Peace Arived and Ancord In his Last and Best Port, at Wanstead in y^e^ County of Essex y^e^ 16 Sept: 1670 being then but 49 & 4 Months old.

The verger, finding that we were from America, took great pleasure in showing us the Penn tablet, and also a memorial in another part of the church to John Cabot, who, although of Italian birth, lived in England for some years, and made his first voyage of discovery to the land beyond the sea from Bristol. This was in May, 1497, a patent having been given by King Henry VII the previous year. By this document he granted to his "well beloved John Cabot, citizen of Venice, to Lewis, Sebastian,

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[4] "The Family of William Penn," by Howard Jenkins.

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ST. MARY REDCLIFFE, BRISTOL, WHERE ADMIRAL PENN IS BURIED

and Santius, sonnes of the said John, full and free authority leave and power upon theyr own proper certs and charges to seek out discover and finde whatsoever islands, regions or provinces of the heathen and infidels, which before this time have been unknown to all Christians."

Great and overmastering must have been John Cabot's love of adventure to have made him willing to accept a bargain as one-sided as this, the King, of course, to share any profits resulting from the expedition; but a love of adventure and a desire to sail the seas in search of it was a prevailing germ in Europe in the fifteenth century, and John Cabot followed close in the wake of Columbus, when he discovered the northern coast of America, and took possession of it in the name of the King of England. The fact that he mistook Cape Breton and the other islands for the north-eastern coast of Asia, does not in any way detract from the fame of this bold and brave adventurer. Tardy recognition of his services was accorded, in 1897, by the erection of a Cabot Memorial Tower, which we saw later. The foundation stone of this tower, which crowns Brandon Hill, was laid upon the four-hundredth anniversary of John Cabot's first sight of the Continent of North America.

After showing us the tablet in honor of John Cabot, the verger conducted us through the beautiful wrought-iron gates and up a narrow stone stairway to the muniment room, which must ever be of interest to lovers of literature, whether American or English. Here it was that the boy Chatterton dreamed his dreams and wrote out his wonderful fancies. Although to Chatterton has been attributed the vandalism of having destroyed the records of St. Mary Redcliffe, history has removed from his name this stigma, as the oak chests, which contained records dating back to the Wars of the Roses, had been broken open long before the boy was born and their valuable contents scattered, his father, the sexton of the church, having carried off the last bits of parchment in the sweepings of the muniment room. It was a bit of one of these old parchments, that the boy's mother used as a silk winder, which suggested to his vivid imagination the idea of weaving his weird tales of an older time; the thought of passing them off as veritable chronicles may have come to him later. Be this as it may, *The Rowley*

Poems, The Battle of Hastings and other manuscripts, for which the young poet could not in his lifetime obtain enough money to buy his daily bread, are now preserved in the British Museum, among the cherished possessions of a land that failed to support this child of genius. We all know the pitiful story of the proud, gifted, starving boy, Chatterton, of whom Rossetti wrote:

> With Shakespeare's manhood at a boy's wild heart,
> Through Hamlet's doubt to Shakespeare near allied.

We turned from the old stone muniment room to the very poor statue of the boy poet, east of the church, and then to the little home nearby where he was born and lived with his widowed mother.

We had come to Bristol in search of associations with William Penn, but we failed to find the house in which he lived after his second marriage with Hannah Callowhill, the daughter of a Bristol merchant. The Penns' residence here was short, as the Proprietary and his wife sailed for Pennsylvania about two years after their marriage. If not the love of William Penn's youth, as was Gulielma Springett, Hannah Callowhill was his devoted and valued helpmate, friend and counsellor, through the most trying period of his life. "She was a great woman in business," wrote Isaac Norris, "and after her husband's death she became, in effect, our governor, ruling us by her deputies, or lieutenant-governors, during all the time of her children's minority."

Thomas Penn, of Stoke Pogis, was a child of this second marriage—his wife was Lady Juliana Fermor, daughter of the Earl of Pomfret—and from this couple is descended Dr. Stuart, who became Bishop of Armagh. Their only daughter, Hannah, married Thomas Fraeme, and in the name of her daughter they honored the town founded by her great-grandfather, naming her Philadelphia Hannah. This daughter afterwards married Lord Cremorne.

From William Penn, junior, the son of Gulielma Penn, came the Penn Gaskills, who are now represented in Pennsylvania by the family of Penn-Gaskill-Hall.

Upon the occasion of the unveiling of the William Penn Memorial Tablet, at Allhallows, Barking, in 1911, a number of the English Penns were present; among them were the Earl of Ranfurly, Lady Constance Milnes Gaskill, a number of members of the Gaskill, Stuart, Alexander, and Grant families, among them Mrs. Colquhoun Grant, who has written one of the later lives of her distinguished ancestor, under the title of "William Penn, Quaker and Courtier."

Although the descendants of William Penn are more identified with England than with America, and though only about four years of his life was actually spent in the Province of Pennsylvania, so much of his time and thought were given to this New World child of his hopes and of his dreams, and so deeply did he impress himself upon its life that England unites with America in calling him an American. Adverting to this circumstance, the Honorable James M. Beck said, in his address, made on the day of the unveiling of the tablet: "When it was first suggested that this tablet should be erected in that Valhalla of the English-speaking race, Westminster Abbey, we were courteously advised by the authorities that its limited space was necessarily restricted to the greatest of England's sons and could not for this reason be extended to the great men of other countries."

VIII

VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND LANDMARKS

The north country of England and the county of Lincoln, which gave birth to the Pilgrim Fathers, and to other important nation builders, was also the early home of Captain John Smith. He was born at Willoughby, Lincolnshire, and was baptized on January 6, 1579, being the eldest son of George and Alice Smith, who were tenants of Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby.

The grammar school at Louth, Lincolnshire, has lately been honoring the memory of John Smith who was a scholar there, by placing there a bust, given by Sir Baden-Powell, who claims not only to be a descendant of the captain, but to have held him up as a model whereby to shape his own adventurous and successful career. It seems a rather odd coincidence that John Smith should be honored, in this century, in a school from whose ministrations he tried to escape more than three hundred years before. Even if he played truant, sold his school books and made for the sea, which was destined to bear him later to the stirring adventures of his life, it is evident that he received some education, otherwise he could not have written as he did. He says himself that he was "a Scholer in the two Free-schooles of Alford and Louth," he does not mention what is a self-evident proposition—that spelling had not entered into the curriculum of these schools; but what is correct spelling in comparison with the rich variety of John Smith's life? His tastes, indeed, seem to have been those of a scholar and thinker, as we find him, between his several terms of service in the Low Countries and his adventures with the Turks, improving his mind by studying the wise sayings of Marcus Aurelius, and Machiavelli's *Art of War.*

After many adventures and hairbreadth escapes, which have lost nothing in the telling, Captain John Smith set sail from Blackwall on the nineteenth of December, 1606, for the scene of his most interesting adventures, with "Captaine Christofer Newport as Marriner, well practised, for the Western ports of America and Master Hunt our Preacher" with divers others, the company being provided with three ships, one of one hundred tons, another of forty and a pinnace of twenty tons.

For some years it was the fashion to disparage the achievements of Captain John Smith; but, as time passes and more is revealed of his life and services, we have come to realize that if he may not be called the hero of Virginia colonization, he was one of its ablest and most judicious administrators in the early and difficult days of the Jamestown settlement.

Exaggeration there may well be in John Smith's remarkable narrative, as much of it was written years after the occurrences which he describes and tales are wont to gain in the telling and re-telling. How much or how little of it is true may never be known. Portions of the narrative have been proven to be correct. If, however, the writer of these experiences by land and sea invented but half of the tale, as it appears in his "Travels and Works," we must credit him with an imagination and a creative power that entitles him to rank with Cervantes, Scott, Dumas, Stevenson and other great writers of the novel of adventure.

"Whether we suppose that Smith in his writings unduly exalts his own work or not," says Dr. Fiske, "one thing is clear. It is impossible to read his narrative without recognizing the hand of a man supremely competent to deal with the barbarians. No such character as that which shines out through his pages could ever have been invented. To create such a man by an effort of the imagination would have been far more difficult than to be such a man. One of the first of Englishmen to deal with Indians, he had no previous experience to aid him; yet nowhere have the red men been more faithfully portrayed than in his pages, and one cannot fail to note this unrivalled keenness of observation, which combined with rare sagacity and coolness to make him always say and do the right things at the right times. These qualities kept the Indians from hostility and made them purveyors to the needs of the little struggling colony.

"Besides these qualities Smith had others which marked him out as a leader of men. His impulsiveness and plain speaking, as well as his rigid enforcement of discipline, made him some bitter enemies, but his comrades in general spoke of him in terms of strong admiration and devotion. His nature was essentially noble, and his own words bear witness to it, as in the following exhortation: 'Seeing we are not born for ourselves, but each to help the other, and our abilities are much alike at the hour of our birth and the minute of our death; seeing our good deeds and our bad, by faith in Christ's merits, is all we have to carry our souls to heaven or hell; seeing honour in our lives' ambition, and our ambition after death to have an honourable memory of our life; and seeing by no means we would be abated of the dignities and glories of our predecessors, let us imitate their virtues to be worthily their successors.' So wrote the man of whom Thomas Fuller quaintly said that he had 'a prince's heart in a beggar's purse,' and to whom one of his comrades, a survivor of the Starving Time, afterwards paid a touching tribute:

"The arrival of Lord Delaware in June, 1610, was the prelude to a new state of things. The pathetic scene in which the high-minded nobleman knelt in prayer upon the shore at Jamestown heralded the end of the chaos through which Smith had steered the colony."[1]

Alexander Brown, in his valuable *Genesis of*

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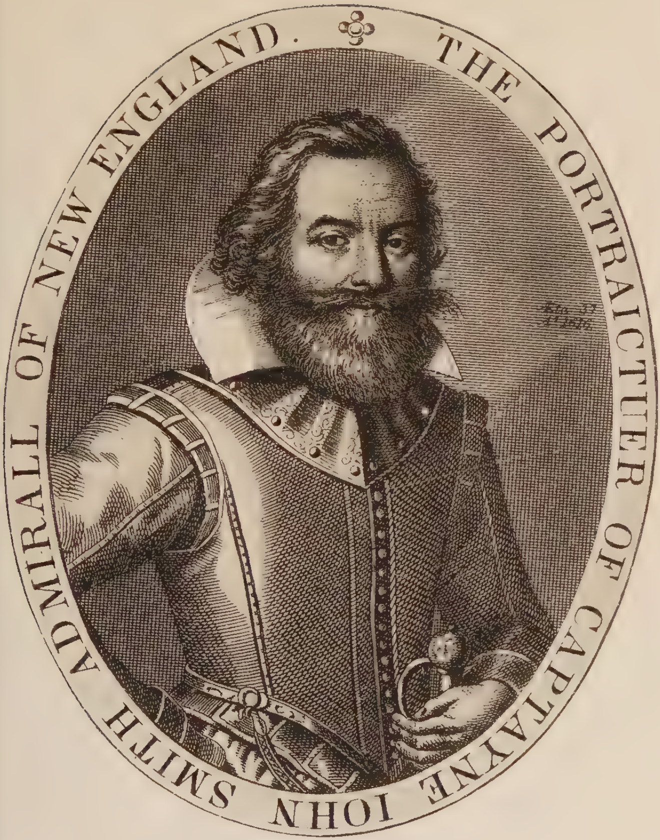
[1] "Old Virginia and her Neighbors," by John Fiske, pp. 157, 158.


THE PORTRAICTUER OF CAPTAYNE IOHN SMITH ADMIRALL OF NEW ENGLAND.
Æta. 37
A° 1616

the United States, throws much discredit upon Captain Smith's story of his rescue by the Princess Pocahontas. He, however, gives the letter in full in which the account appears. The tale, as told by Smith in his letter to Queen Anne, is so touching in its quaint simplicity that I give it in his own words. This letter, or "Little Booke" as the writer called it, was sent to the Queen in June, 1616, before the arrival in England of the Princess Pocahontas, then Madam Rolfe.

"So it was," writes Smith, "that some ten yeares agoe being in Virginia, and taken prisoner by the power of Powhatan their chiefe King, I received from this great Salvage exceeding great courtesie, especially from his sonne Nantaquaus, most manliest, comliest, boldest spirit, I ever saw in a Salvage, and his sister Pocahontas, the King's most deare and well-beloved daughter, being but a childe of twelve or thirteene yeeres of age, whose compassionate pitifull heart, of my desperate estate, gave me much cause to respect her: I being the first christian this proud King and his grim attendants ever saw: And thus inthralled in their barbarous power, I cannot say I felt the least occasion of want that was in the power of those my mortall foes to prevent, notwithstanding al their threats. After some six weeks fatting among those Salvage Courtiers, at the minute of my execution, she hazarded the beating of her own braines to save mine; and not only that, but so prevailed with her father, that I was safely conducted to Jamestown: where I found about eight and thirtie miserable poore and sicke creatures, to keepe possession of all those large territories of Virginia; such was the weaknesse of this poore commonwealth, as had the Salvages not fed us, we directly had starved. And this reliefe, most gracious Queen, was commonly brought us by the Lady Pocahontas.

''Notwithstanding all these passages, when inconstant Fortune turned our peace to warre, this tender Virgin would still not spare to dare to visit us, and by her our jarres have beene oft appeased, and our wants still supplyed; were it the policie of her father thus to imploy her, or the ordinance of God thus to make her his instrument, or the extraordinarie affection to our Nation, I know not: but of this I am sure; when her father with the utmost of his policie and power, sought to surprize mee, having but eighteene with mee, the darke night could not affright her from coming through the irkesome woods, and with watered eies gave me intelligence, with her best advice to escape his furie; which had hee knowne, hee had surely slaine her.

"James towne with her wild traine she as freely frequented, as her fathers habitation; and during the time of two or three yeeres, she next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this colonie from death, famine and utter confusion; which if in those times, had once been dissolved, Virginia might have line [lain] as it was at our first arrivall to this day."[2]

Although the veracity of this tale of the saving of John Smith's life by the young Indian girl, so dear to our childhood, has been questioned by other able historians as well as by Alexander Brown, there seem to be some good reasons for accepting it, and Dr. Fiske, in his *Old Virginia and her Neighbors* rises gallantly to its defense. One of the chief objections made to the story is that the detailed account of Smith's adventures was not the one given when he first returned to Jamestown from the camp of The Powhatan, escorted by four Indians. If John

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[2] "Travels and Works of Captain John Smith," edited by Edward Arbee, F. S. A., 1910, pp. 530, 531.

Smith did not give a detailed account of his experiences, which has not been proved, it must be remembered that he had dangerous enemies in England as well as in Virginia. His reticence may have been from motives of prudence. When he spoke more fully, it was to ensure a warm welcome for his benefactress, and it was quite natural that in his letter to the Queen he should describe the tragic incident in the camp of The Powhatan as he wished to bespeak her royal favor for the little Virginia Princess.

"There were then," as Dr. Fiske says, "several persons in London, besides Pocahontas herself, who could have challenged this statement if it had been false, but we do not find that anybody did so. In 1624, when Smith published his 'General History,' with its minutely circumstantial account of the affair, why do we not find, even on the part of his enemies, any intimation of the falsity of the story? Within a year George Percy wrote a pamphlet for the express purpose of picking the 'General History' to pieces and discrediting it in the eyes of the public; he was one of the original company at Jamestown. If Smith had not told his comrades of the Pocahontas incident as soon as he had escaped from The Powhatan's clutches, if he had kept silent on the subject for years, Percy could not have failed to know the fact and would certainly have used it as a weapon. There were others who could have done the same, and their silence furnishes a very strong presumption of the truth of the story."[3]

Whatever may be said for or against the dramatic tale of the part that Pocahontas played in saving the life of Captain John Smith, there is no doubt that but for her friendly services on more than one occasion all that were left in the little English settlement would have perished during the "starving time." From John Smith's own account it appears that after it was decided to spare his life, The Powhatan went through some very remarkable ceremonies, having disguised himself in the "most fearfullest manner and making the dolefullest noyse, with two hundred more as black as himself came into him and told him how they were friends, and presently he should go to James towne, to send him two great gunnes, and a grynd-stone, for which he would give him the County of *Capahowosick,* and forever esteem him as his sonne *Nantaquoud.*"

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[3] "Old Virginia and her Neighbors," Vol. I, by John Fiske, pp. 104, 105.

These nerve-racking ceremonies in the stronghold of The Powhatan evidently meant that John Smith was formally adopted into the tribe, and the next time that he visited Werowocomoco, The Powhatan proclaimed him a "werowance" or chief of the tribe.[4]

"Now every once in four or five days," wrote Smith, "Pocohontas, with her attendants, brought him so much provision, that saved many lives that els for all this had starved with hunger.

> Thus from numbe death our good God sent relief,
> The sweet assuages of all other grief.

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[4] There are indications that the family of Indians to which Pocahontas belonged was of a strain superior in intelligence to some of the surrounding tribes, and it has been stated that her people were not of Virginia, but from Jamaica, from whence they escaped from Spanish cruelties in that island in an open boat and succeeded in making the mainland. According to this story both Wahunsenacawh and Opechancanough had been in touch with white men before the settlement at Jamestown. The friendly attitude finally adopted by Wahunsenacawh, the father of Pocahontas, may have come from an idea that he could, by fostering the English, make them strong enough to oppose the Spaniards in Jamaica. On the other hand, the hostility of Opechancanough may have been due to a less-intelligent view of the situation, his notion being that the English and Spanish, both being white men, were quite the same.

For her services to the Colonists Pocahontas, or Matoaka, which seems to have been the girl's real name, deserved better treatment than she received at their hands, as it appears that one of their number, Captain Argall, induced certain kinsmen of Pocahontas to bring her to his boat, giving them a brass kettle for their treachery. He took her to Jamestown and kept her there as a hostage. Some good, it appears, resulted from the double dealing of Argall and the kinsmen of Pocahontas, as she was during her detention at Jamestown converted to Christianity, or as an old Virginia historian has related the story:

"After she had been tutored for some time, she openly renounced the idolatry of her country, confessed the faith of Christ and was baptized by the name of Rebecca. But her real name, it seems, was originally Matoax, or Matoaka; which the Indians carefully concealed from the English and changed it to Pocahontas, out of a superstitious fear, lest they, by the knowledge of her true name, should be enabled to do her some hurt. She was the first Christian Indian in these parts, and perhaps the sincerest and most worthy that has ever been since. And now she had no manner of desire to return to her father, neither could she well endure the brutish manners or society of her own nation."

During her detention at Jamestown, Mr. John Rolfe fell in love with Pocahontas, and she with him. Stith, an early Virginia historian, thus tells the tale:

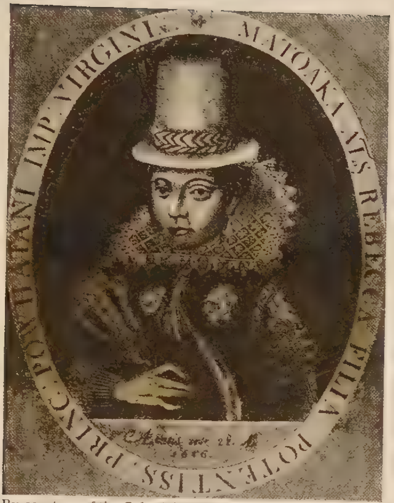
"He [John Rolfe] made the thing known to Sir Thomas Dale, through Dr. Ralph Hamor, and wrote him a letter entreating his advice; and she likewise acquainted her brother with it. Sir Thomas Dale highly approved of it; and the report of this marriage soon coming to the knowledge of Powhatan, it was found a thing acceptable to him, by his sudden consent. For within ten days, he sent Opechancanough, an old uncle of hers, and his two sons, to see the manner of the marriage, and to do in that behalf what they were required, for the confirmation of it, as his deputies. It was therefore solemnized in the beginning of April, 1613; and ever after they had friendly trade and commerce, as well with Powhatan himself, as with all his subjects. All this while, Sir Thomas Dale, Mr. Whitaker, the Minister of Bermuda-Hundred, and Mr. Rolfe, her husband, were very careful and assiduous in instructing Pocahontas in the

Christian religion, and she, on her part, expressed an eager desire, and showed great capacity in learning."

In the spring of 1616, Sir Thomas Dale sailed for England in the *Treasurer,* taking with him the Princess Pocahontas and several other Indians. In London, Pocahontas, now Madam Rolfe, was made much of by being introduced at the court by Lady Delaware, and entertained by the Bishop of London as the first fruit of the English Church among the Virginians. "There is even a tradition," says Dr. Fiske, "that King James was inclined to censure Rolfe for marrying into a royal family without consulting his own sovereign. In the English imagination The Powhatan figured as a sovereign; and when European feudal ideas were applied to the case it seemed as if in certain contingencies the infant son of Rolfe and Pocahontas might become the 'King of Virginia.' The dusky princess was entertained with banquets and receptions, she was often seen at the theatre, and was watched with great curiosity by the people. It was then that 'La Belle Sauvage' became a favorite name for London taverns. Her portrait, engraved by the celebrated artist, Simon Van

Pass, shows us a rather handsome and dignified young woman, with her neck encircled by the broad serrated collar or ruff characteristic of that period, an embroidered and jewelled cap on her head, and a fan in her hand. The inscription on the portrait gives her age as one-and-twenty, which would make her thirteen at the time when she rescued Captain Smith.'' While she was in England, Pocahontas had an interview with Captain John Smith, who had returned from an exploring voyage on the New England coast two years before, when he changed the name of the country from North Virginia to New England, and on his homeward voyage had been captured by French cruisers and carried to Rochelle. When he reached England, and heard that Pocahontas had arrived he called on her. Smith's own account of this interview, when he had addressed her, as did all in England, as Lady Rebecca is quite pathetic.

''Being about this time preparing to set saile for New England, I could not stay to doe her that seruice I desired, and she well deserued; but hearing shee was at Branford with diuers of my friends, I went to see her. After a modest salutation, without any word, she turned about,


MATOAKA ALS REBECCA FILIA POTENTISS : PRINC : POWHATANI IMP : VIRGINIÆ
Ætatis suæ 21. A° 1616

By courtesy of the Colonial Dames in the State of Virginia

POCAHONTAS

ALLELUIA FOR THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, GRAVESEND
Where Pocahontas is buried

obscured her face, as not seeming well contented; and in that humor her husband, with diuers others, we all left her two or three houres, repenting my selfe to have writen she could speake English. But not long after, she began to talke, and remembered mee well what courtesies shee had done: saying,

" 'You did promise Powhatan what was yours should bee his, and he the like to you; you called him father being in his land a stranger, and by the same reason so must I doe you:' which though I would haue excused, I durst not allow of that title, because she was a Kings daughter; with a well set countenance she said,

" 'Were you not afraid to come into my fathers Countrie, and caused feare in him and all his people (but mee), and feare you here I should call you father; I tell you then I will, and you shall call mee childe, and so I will bee for euer and euer your Countrieman. They did tell vs alwaies you were dead, and I know no other till I came to Plimoth (on 12 June 1616); yet Powhatan did command Vttamatomakkin to seeke you, and know the truth, because your Countriemen will lie much.' "

Sad indeed it is that this child of the forest, who had embraced the religion of the white man and married one of them, should have grasped this damaging fact!

" The small time I staid in London, divers Courtiers and other, my acquaintances, hath gone with mee to see her, that generally concluded, they did thinke God had a great hand in her conversion, and they have seene many English Ladies Worse fauoured, proportioned and behavioured; and as since I have heard, it pleased both the King and Queenes Maiestie honourably to esteeme her, accompanied with that honourable Lady the Lady De La Ware, and that honourable Lord her husband, and diuers other persons of good qualities, both publikely at the maskes and otherwise, to her great satisfaction and content, which doubtlesse she would have deseured, had she lived to arrive in Virginia."

Despite the many attentions that she received, Pocahontas longed to return to her native Virginia, and set forth with her husband, he being the Secretary and Recorder General of Virginia, which office was now first created. "But," as John Smith expressed it, "it pleased God at Gravesend, to take Pocahontas to His mercy, in about the two and twentieth year of her age. Her unexpected death caused not more sorrow and concern in the spectators than her religious end gave joy and surprise. For she died agreeably to her life, a most sincere and pious Christian."

In view of the benefits that came to the Colony at Jamestown through the mediation and kindly offices of the little Indian Princess, the descendants of the early settlers of Virginia certainly owe a debt of gratitude to her memory. This indebtedness has, with the past year, been very gracefully acknowledged by the Colonial Dames of America in the State of Virginia, who have erected two beautiful windows in St. George's Church, Gravesend, bearing the figures of Rebecca and Ruth. In the window on the right of the chancel is a graceful figure of Rebecca, that being the baptismal name of Pocahontas, and under the figure the scene of her baptism is portrayed. The other window, in the left of the chancel, represents Ruth, bearing sheaves of wheat in her arms, and typifies the constant devotion of the young Indian girl to the settlers at Jamestown, and also her willingness to follow her husband and his people to a strange land. In presenting these windows to the Church of St. George, July 16, 1914, the Honorable Walter Hines Page, American Ambassador to Great Britain, said:

"There have been many paintings and sculptures of the rescue scene, which is sure to outlive all the controversies of all the historians. For it has planted itself firmly in the sentimental interest of all mankind. It is in great measure the vitality of the story—its gleam of gentle kindness out of the inhospitable forest of savage warriors, against whom the colonists had all these years to watch—that brings us here today. It is the vitality of that story that put the graceful suggestion in the minds of these ladies in Virginia to present these windows, commemorative of Pocahontas, to this church where her bones rest. It is the vitality of this story that will make this church another shrine for Americans who visit England. In the name of the Colonial Dames in the State of Virginia, some of whom are descendants of this Indian Princess here buried, I formally present these windows to this church, with the affectionate compliments of this honorable and gentle body to the Mother Country of their Commonwealth. May peace and good will between these two lands be perpetual."

If the simple child of the forest who breathed her last upon the shores of England had been granted the seer's vision, sometimes attributed to her people, she would have wondered to see great folks from England, and from the State which she helped to found, gathered here to do her honor. As the Mayor of Gravesend said, at the collation which followed the unveiling of the windows:

"From the seats of the mighty they came to honor the Indian girl and to acknowledge a quaint courtesy from the Colonial Dames of America in the State of Virginia—England's eldest child."

The old inscription in the church at Gravesend records that "1616 (1617) May 2d, Rebecca Wrothe wyff of Thomas Wrothe, gent, a Virginia Lady borne, here was buried in ye chauncell."

Rolfe returned to Virginia, where he married a third wife. The son of Pocahontas, Thomas Rolfe, was brought up in England, by his uncle, Henry Rolfe, according to one authority, and according to Captain John Smith, "Her little childe Thomas Rolfe therefore was left at *Plimouth* with Sir Lewis Stukly, that desired the keeping it.'' However this may have been, the son of Pocahontas, at the age of twenty-five, went to Virginia, in response perhaps to something of the same longing that had impelled his mother to start back. There he married and left a daughter. This daughter, the grandchild of Pocahontas, married Mr. Robert Bolling. The Bollings of Virginia and many other families of note are proud to trace their descent from the noble and lovable little Indian Princess Matoaka or Pocahontas. Among these are the Murrays, Giffords, Gays and Robertsons, as well as the branch of the Randolphs to which the famous John Randolph of Roanoke belonged.[5]

An interesting line of descent in the Old Dominion is attributed by Mr. Alexander Brown to another Indian maiden, the Princess Nicketti, a daughter of Opechancanough, the brother and successor of the Powhatan of John Smith's adventure. Hence the Princess Nicketti, whose name signifies ''she sweeps the dew from the flowers,'' was an own cousin to Pocahontas. Opechancanough was murdered, in 1644, while his daughter was still a child. Some years later, when Nicketti had reached maturity, a member of one of the old Cavalier families of Virginia (the name is not given) fell in love with her and she with him and the result was, as Mr. Alexander Brown says, "a clandestine marriage," and a half-breed Indian girl who married about the year 1680 a Welshman (others say a native of Devonshire, England) named Nathaniel Davis, an Indian trader, and, according to some accounts, a Quaker; and from this alliance many notable people in the East and in the West have descended. Their daughter, Mary Davis, born in 1685, married Samuel Burks, of Hanover (the ancestors of the Burks family of Virginia) and their daughter, Elizabeth Burks, married Captain William Cabell, the ancestor of the Cabells; Martha Davis, another daughter, married Abraham Venable, the ancestor of the Venables.

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[5] Meade's "Old Churches and Families of Virginia."

Another daughter, Abigail, married William Floyd and from that couple are descended the important branch of the Floyd family in Virginia, but not the Floyds of the Eastern Shore of Virginia; and also the distinguished Breckinridges of Kentucky, the Handys of Maryland, and many other well-known families.[6]

The Cabells of Virginia can read their titles clear, to name and fame, to a period far back in English history, how much further back in French history we know not. They seem to have settled in Wiltshire as early as the days of William the Conqueror, a Walter Cabel having come to England at that time with Walter d'Evreau, Earl of Rosmore and Nantu. A white horse appears upon the coat of arms of this English family, and the name, which is spelled variously Caballos, Caballo, Cabalos, was evidently derived from the Latin "Caballus" which is used instead of *Equus* for horse in Domesday Book.

Some men took their names from the arms which they or their ancestors had made illustrious; and the white horse rampant with its bit and bridle of gold, on the warrior's black shield, may signify that a white horse carried its master to the front on some hard-fought field of battle, and thus gave to its owner his name.

The Virginia Cabells seem to have come

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[6] "The Cabells and Their Kin," by Alexander Brown.

from the Cabells of Frome-Selma, in the County of Somerset. The headquarters of this family, Frome, is only a few miles from Trowbridge in Wilts and in the beautiful Church of St. Nicholas, founded by John Cabell in 1517, are four medallions in old glass which contain the armorial bearings of the founder of the chapel, John Cabell, and in three of these medallions appears the horse rampant argent, bitted and bridled or.[7]

Among the numerous representatives of English families of rank who came to Virginia and Maryland in the seventeenth century, no name shines forth with more distinction than that of Lee. For some years the origin of the Lees of Virginia was involved in doubt, as was that of the Washington family; in the case of the former the question was whether the first Richard Lee of Virginia came of the Ditchley or Coton family. When Dr. Edmund Jennings Lee attempted to solve this question he found himself confronted with no less than ten families of Lee in the State of Virginia and twice as many more in England. Through intricate windings of family pedigree, known only to the genealogist, he finally settled the vexed question and traced the family of Richard Lee, the immigrant to Virginia, to Coton Hall in Shropshire. An ancient family were the Lees, holding positions of trusts for centuries in England, and entitled to bear arms, as appears from the register at the Heralds' College for a period of over six hundred years.[8]

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[7] "The Cabells and Their Kin," by Alexander Brown.

Richard Lee immigrated from Shropshire, England, to Virginia about 1642, and obtained the same year an estate which he called Paradise, near the head of the Poropotank Creek, on the York River. He was from the first a man of much importance in the colony, serving as justice, burgess, councillor, and secretary of state. In 1654 we find him described as "faithful and useful to the interest of the Commonwealth."[9] but, as Dr. Edmund Lee says, "it is only fair to observe that this claim was made for him by a friend in his absence;" or perhaps it only means that he was not one of the tribe of fanatics who love to kick against pricks. Certain it is that Colonel Lee was no Puritan, though doubtless he submitted loyally to the arrangement of 1652, as so many others did. There was nothing for the King's men to do but possess their souls in quiet until 1659, when news came of the resignation of Richard Cromwell. "Worthy Captain Mathews," whom the assembly had chosen governor, died about this time. William Berkeley was chosen governor in 1659, but before this, probably in 1658, Colonel Lee seems to have visited Charles II at Brussels, where he handed over to the still exiled Prince the old commission of Berkeley, and may have obtained from him a new one for future use, reinstating him as governor. However this may have been, Governor Berkeley and Colonel Richard Lee at that time issued a proclamation of allegiance to Charles II as "King of England, France, Scotland, Ireland and Virginia." The Assembly, nevertheless, consulted the dictates of prudence in acknowledging obedience to Richard Cromwell. In recognition of its loyalty, Charles afterwards allowed Virginia to quarter its arms with those of England, France, Scotland and Ireland, with the motto "*En dat Virginia quuin-*

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[8] One of the definite instructions given to the Heralds was that any person proving to their satisfaction that his ancestors had borne a particular coat before the battle of Agincourt (1415) was to have his claim allowed.

[9] Testimony of John Gibbon, in "Lee of Virginia," by Dr. Edmund Jennings Lee, p. 60.

tain;" after the union of England and Scotland in 1707, this was changed to *"En dat Virginia quartain,"* "Behold, Virginia makes the fourth." Hence, as stated by the younger Richard Henry Lee, the title of "Old Dominion" often given to Virginia. According to William Lee, his great-grandson, the founder of the Lees of Virginia was a "man of good stature, comely visage, enterprising genius, sound head, vigorous spirit, and generous nature."[10] Qualities that may be recognized in many of his descendants.

From Colonel Richard Lee and of the Lees of Coton, Shropshire, were descended the distinguished Richard Henry Lee and General Henry Lee, known during the War of the Revolution as "Light-Horse Harry." Young Lee was a prime favorite of General Washington's, and is said to have been one of the few people who would venture to make a joke at the General's expense, in proof of which the following story is told:—One day while Lee was dining with him at Mount Vernon the General said that he wanted a pair of carriage horses, and asked Lee if he knew where he could get them.

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[10] Written in 1771 by his great-grandson, William Lee, alderman, of London, and quoted in Dr. Edmund Lee's "Lee of Virginia," p. 49.

"I have a fine pair, General," replied Lee, "but you cannot get them."

"Why not?"

"Because you will never pay more than half price for anything; and I must have full price for my horses."

This bantering reply set Mrs. Washington to laughing, and the parrot perched beside her joined in the laugh. The General, taking this assault upon his dignity in good part, said, "Ah, Lee, you are a funny fellow. See! That bird is laughing at you."

General Henry Lee was afterwards Governor of Virginia, and in his oration upon the death of General Washington is said to have originated the now familiar phrase, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Robert E. Lee, of the Southern Confederacy, was a son of General Henry Lee, and General Fitz-Hugh Lee, who did good service in the Spanish-American War, was his grand-nephew.

From the County of York, bordering upon that which gave birth to the wonder-working

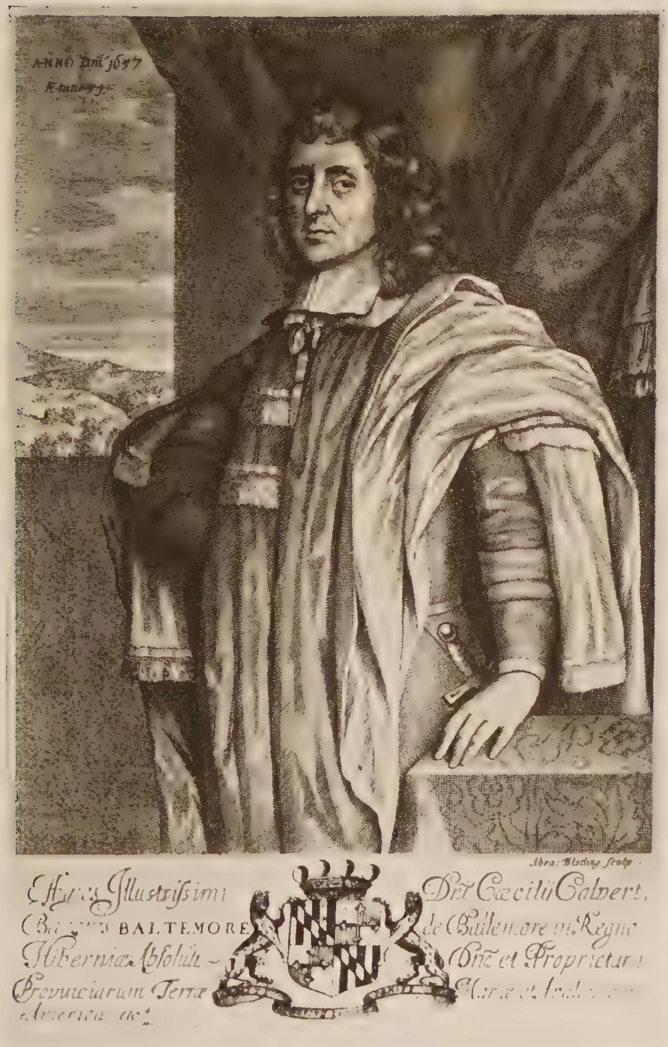
John Smith, came a very different early settler, George Calvert. Associated as he is with his Irish estates which bear the Gaelic name of Baltimore or "large townlands," and deriving his title therefrom, many persons may be surprised to learn that the Calverts were of English birth, and descended from an ancient Flemish family. Leonard Calvert, the father of George, is spoken of as of Danby Wiske, which is not far from Kipling. One authority says that George Calvert was born in the Chapelry of Bolton, in Yorkshire, and as his birthplace is given elsewhere as Kipling, in the Parish of Catterick, it is reasonable to conclude that the Chapelry of Bolton was part of a more extensive parochial district. Nothing now seems to be known of the Calverts in Kipling or at Danby Wiske, the family name and interests being associated with other portions of Great Britain. Young George Calvert matriculated from Trinity College, Oxford, at fourteen, and took his B.A. at seventeen. Before he had reached his twenty-first year, Calvert was travelling on the Continent, where it is probable that he met Sir Robert Cecil, afterwards his patron and the founder of his fortunes.

Fortune smiled upon him early and late. Soon after his return from abroad, Calvert became private secretary to Robert Cecil, who upon the accession of James I had been continued in office as Secretary of State. In 1605, Calvert received his M.A. degree at Oxford, upon the occasion of a visit of James I to Oxford, and was appointed by the King, clerk of the crown and of assize in County Clare, Ireland, an office of importance, resembling that of an attorney-general.

In 1617 George Calvert received the order of Knighthood, being then described as of Danby Wiske, Yorkshire, Knight, which proves that Calvert kept up a proprietary connection with that part of the country throughout his life.

The King, on February 18, 1621, granted Sir George Calvert a manor of 2300 acres in County Longford, Ireland. These lands were held on condition that all settlers upon them should take the oath of supremacy and "be comfortable in the point of religion." When Calvert, four years later, made profession of the Roman Catholic faith, he surrendered his patent and received it back with the religious clause omitted. The Longford estates were then erected into the Manor of Baltimore, from which he took his baronial title. In the next year Calvert had the misfortune to lose his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached. This lady, Anne, daughter of George Mynne, of Hertingfordsbury, Hertfordshire, whom Sir George Calvert had married early in life, died August 8, 1622. A monument erected to her memory by her husband is to be seen in the north side of the chancel in the parish church of Hertingfordsbury. Lady Calvert left a family of ten children, of whom Cecilius, the eldest, was about sixteen years of age. Two younger sons, Leonard and George, afterward had a share in the foundation of Maryland, and both died in the New World.

Several attempts had been made to settle Newfoundland, and at various times the whole or part of the island had been granted to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sir Francis Bacon and others; but the attempts at colonization had gone no further than the establishment of a fishing station. Calvert, in 1620, purchased a plantation on the island from Sir William Vaughan, which he named Avalon, after the consecrated spot to which the pious legend referred the introduction of Christianity into Britain.


ANNO Dni 1657
Abra: Blotling sculp.
Effigies Illustrissimi Dni Cæcilij Calvert,
Baronis BALTEMORE de Baltemore in Regno
Hiberniæ Absoluti Dni et Proprietarij
Provinciarum Terræ Mariæ et Avalon in
America &c.

CECILIUS CALVERT, SECOND LORD BALTIMORE

A number of colonists were sent out by Calvert, and in 1622 he applied for a patent, and received a grant of the whole island of Newfoundland; this, however, was superseded by a regrant in March, 1623, conveying to him the southeastern peninsula, which was erected into the Province of Avalon by a royal charter issued April 7. By this charter, Calvert was given a palatinate or quasi-royal authority over the province, which was held *in capite,* by knight's service, with the condition that he should provide for the King or his successors a white horse whenever he or they should visit those parts.

As kings were not wont to risk their lives upon the Atlantic, the white horse was not likely to be in request, and so was little more than a figure of speech, like the red rose of Manheim and other nominal fees for the tenure of lands.

Previous to his contemplated visit to Newfoundland, Lord Baltimore wrote to Thomas Wentworth in 1627: "I am . . . bound for a long journey, to a place which I have had a long desire to visit, and have now the opportunity and leave to do so. It is Newfoundland I mean, which it imports me, more than in curiosity only, to see, for I must either go and settle the matter in better order, or give it over and lose all the charge I have been at hitherto for other men to build their fortunes upon. And I had rather be esteemed a fool by some for the hazard of one month's journey, than to prove myself one certainly for six years by past if the business be now lost for the loss of a little pains and care.'' Accordingly in June of this year Baltimore visited Avalon in person, arriving at the end of July. Returning after a short time he spent the winter in England preparing for his second visit, which he made in the following summer, taking with him Lady Baltimore, his second wife, and all his family except his oldest son, Cecilius, with about forty colonists, so that the number of souls in the whole colony was raised to about one hundred.

Before this time Lord Baltimore had become a Catholic, as he stated that fact as an objection to taking his seat in Parliament for Oxford. After which, in 1625, James I elevated Sir George Calvert to the Irish Peerage as Baron Baltimore, mentioning among other reasons for conferring this honor his ''singular gifts of mind, candour, integrity and prudence.''[11]

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[11] The original patent is among the Calvert Papers at the Historical Society of Maryland.

James died a few weeks after the issue of this patent; but his successor confirmed it, and it was during the early years of the reign of Charles I that Lord Baltimore made his first journey to Newfoundland. This stay being a short one and in mid-summer, he may have found his new possession all that it had been pictured by an early sojourner who wrote of the delight of June days in Avalon, of the wild strawberries and roses and soft airs of this favored resort.[12] When Lord Baltimore went for a longer stay he realized, by dear-bought experience, that it was not always summer in Avalon. He accordingly wrote to the King of his desire "to shift to some other warmer climate of this new world where the winters be shorter and less rigorous. From the middle of October to the middle of May there is a sad fare of winter upon all this land; both sea and land so frozen for the greater part of the time as they are not penetrable, no plant or vegetable thing appearing out of the earth until the beginning of May, nor fish in the sea; beside the air so intolerable cold as it is hardly to be endured. By means whereof, and of much salt meat, my house hath been an hospital all this winter; of a hundred persons fifty sick at a time, myself being one, and nine or ten of them died.''

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[12] It is not certain whether the name Avalon was given by Baltimore or by one of the earlier adventurers. This settlement was usually called Ferryland, and from hence his letters are dated.

To this sad letter the King wrote, advising Lord Baltimore, for the sake of his own comfort and peace of mind, to give up his arduous enterprise and return to England. Before the receipt of this letter he and his wife and children had already sailed for Virginia, which place they reached in October, 1629. Here they met with a cold reception, a Catholic nobleman in high favor with the King was looked upon as a dangerous visitor. Dr. Pott, a physician, then acting as governor of the colony, very adroit in the compounding of nostrums and pills, skilfully prepared a dose for Lord Baltimore which no good Catholic could be expected to swallow; nothing less was this than an oath recognizing the English sovereign as the only supreme authority throughout the British dominion in all matters, ecclesiastical and spiritual. This oath Lord Baltimore refused to take and as no compromise on his part was accepted he was soon after informed that Virginia, extensive as was its territory, had no room for him. He sailed for England, leaving Lady Baltimore and his children to follow him at a later date.

John Pory, sometime secretary of Virginia, wrote to Joseph Mead, from England, in February, 1629–30: "Baltimore is preparing a bark to fetch his Lady and servants from thence [Virginia] because the King will not permit him to go back again."

It is quite evident to an impartial mind that George Calvert had no idea of infringing upon the rights of the Virginia Company, as his earnest desire was to found a colony in accordance with his own ideas. The Roman Catholics were now, in their turn, suffering persecution in England and to offer those of his own faith a life harbor in the New World was his chief aim. The only practical method of accomplishing this object without antagonizing the Protestant home government was to adopt a policy of universal toleration, something "utterly unknown in that age," says Fiske, "outside of the Netherlands." Thus it came about that the Palatinate of Maryland, like the neighboring Province of Pennsylvania, the one founded by a Roman Catholic, the other by a Quaker, gave to the New World the most striking examples of colonies founded upon religious toleration and freedom of thought.

In an age of much corruption in public and private life the first Lord Baltimore seems to have borne an unblemished reputation. He had the singular good fortune to be respected and trusted without distinction of party. Of the sincerity of his religious feelings one gets a glimpse in such characteristic passages as the following, from a letter to his friend, the great Earl of Strafford: "All things, my lord, in this world pass away; wife, children, honours, wealth, friends, and what else is dear to flesh and blood. They are but lent us till God please to call them back again, that we may not esteem anything our own, or set our hearts upon anything but Him alone, who only remains forever."

In 1632, before Lord Baltimore's grant for the tract of land lying on both sides of the Chesapeake Bay had passed the Great Seal, he died; but his life work was not in vain, as the Charter for Maryland was granted to his eldest son, Cecilius, second Lord Baltimore, in June, 1632. To George Calvert, however, is due the honor of founding the Palatinate of Maryland; his was the vision even if to his son was granted the realization of his dreams.

Lord Baltimore was buried in the Church of St. Dunstan, Fleet Street.

This church was destroyed during the Great Fire of London in September, 1666, and those who revere the name of the first Lord Baltimore look in vain for memorials of his useful life at Kipling the place of his birth, in County Longford, Ireland, where he once owned a large estate, and in London, where he passed much of his time.

Cecilius Calvert, second Baron Baltimore, sent his brother Leonard to represent him in his new domain. For forty-three years Cecilius governed Maryland by deputies, without setting foot in the Palatinate. That his government was wise and just is proved by the fact that he was universally commended for his moderation toward colonists and natives. The second Lord Baltimore married Anne Arundel, in whose honor one of the counties of Maryland was named. Leonard Calvert, who was accompanied on his voyage to Virginia by his brother George, wrote to Sir Richard Lechford under date of

May, 1635, that they sailed November 22, 1634, reached Virginia by way of the Barbadoes in February, and after staying there eight or nine days, "we sayled for Maryland, the country we so long looked for," arriving in the winter the following year. This reckoning is, of course, old style, when the year began in March.

The Calvert family is now represented in the United States by many other surnames beside that of the Lords of Baltimore, as Goldsboro, Peter, Morris, Carter, Johnson, Magruder and Stuart.

Eleanor Calvert, daughter of Benedict Calvert, of Mt. Airy, and fifth in descent from the first Lord Baltimore, married February 3, 1744, John Parke Custis, son of Mrs. George Washington and her first husband, Daniel Parke Custis. This marriage was attended by Colonel Washington, but Mrs. Washington was still feeling the recent death of her daughter too keenly to enter into the gayeties of the hour. By the hands of her husband, she sent the following tender and motherly greeting to the little bride:—[13]

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[13] "Life of Martha Washington," by Anne Hollingsworth Wharton.

My dear Nelly,—God took from Me a Daughter when June Roses were blooming—He has now given me another daughter about her Age when Winter winds are blowing, to warm my Heart again. I am as Happy as One as Afflicted and so Blest can be. Pray receive my Benediction and a wish that you may long live the Loving Wife of my Happy Son, and a Loving Daughter of

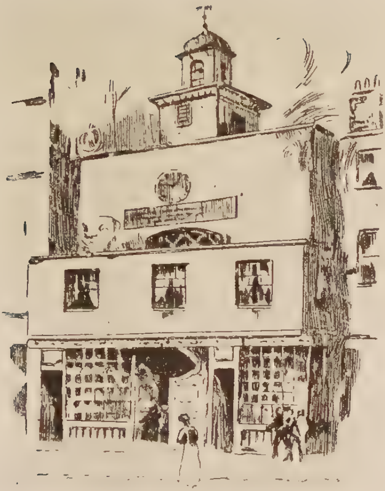
Your Affectionate Mother
M. Washington.

The youngest son of this marriage, George Washington Parke Custis, who was the adopted son of General Washington, married Mary Lee Fitzhugh, and Mary Custis, the only child of this couple became the wife of General Robert E. Lee, thus uniting several old Maryland and Virinia families which had their beginnings far back in English history.

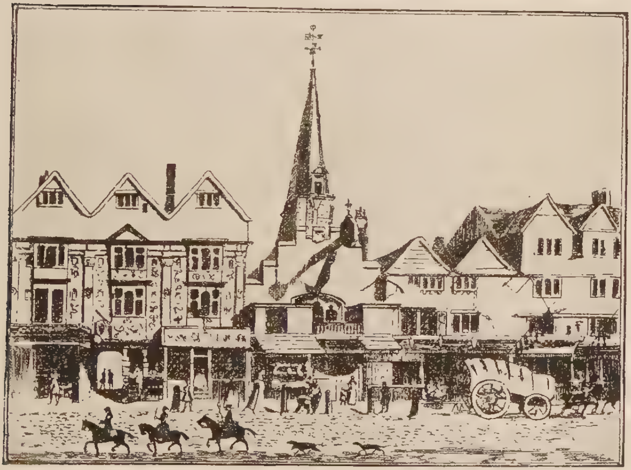
IX

SHRINES IN AND OUT OF LONDON

MUCH of the practical business connected with the early American settlements was transacted in London; but comparatively few of the settlers themselves came from the metropolis. Many landmarks, however, of interest to Americans are to be found in London. Among these not the least interesting is the little church of Saint Ethelburga the Virgin, within Bishopsgate, where Henry Hudson and his crew made their communion on April 19th, 1607, before his first voyage of discovery. The little church of St. Ethelburga is not an easy place to find, so overshadowed is it by larger buildings and so simple and unadorned is its façade, set in, as it is, among shops, cafés, and business houses. We walked up and down Bishopsgate, past the archway that leads to Devonshire House, and by St. Botolph's, the mariners' church, several times before we found St. Ethelburga's. It nestles now, as in the seventeenth century, behind two shops which stand in the very porch of the church, and "conceals itself modestly from the



PRESENT VIEW OF ST. ETHELBURGA'S



View in 1736

CHURCH OF ST. ETHELBURGA THE VIRGIN, BISHOPSGATE STREET, WITHIN, LONDON

notice of the merely inquisitive,'' says the historian of St. Ethelburga's. ''To be found it must be sought, but when found it repays the trouble of the search. In the midst of a hurrying, bustling world it is at peace, and within its walls the weary soul may be as quiet as in a desert.

''Yet it has seen stirring times. It saw the wars waged under Henry VI against France; it was not indifferent to the rise of Lollardry and of the New Learning. One of its rectors went to the gallows at Tyburn rather than admit the supremacy of Henry VIII; another was put in the pillory twice for speaking heinous words against the religion of his daughter, Mary; its bells rang for the defeat of the Armada, and the Restoration of Charles II, and again for the advent of William and Mary.''

We quite agreed with the historian's estimate of the charm of St. Ethelburga's, for after we had discovered it, we found our footsteps turning towards it as to a shrine, a quiet and restful retreat in the midst of the hurly-burly of a London thoroughfare. Upon our first visit, it must be admitted, this contrast was not so marked, as it was on a Sunday morning that we turned from the dreariness of the street with its closed shops and few passengers, dreary as only a London business centre can be on a Sunday morning, to the warm color and harmony within the little sanctuary. Here, with the voices of the choir rising to the timbered roof in songs of praise, and with the rich colors of the windows and of the altar cloths and vestments filling the chancel with light, we could readily picture to ourselves that scene far back in history when Henry Hudson and his company, twelve in all, if we count "John Hudson, the boy," knelt around the altar to communicate before setting forth upon their perilous voyage upon an unknown sea. The names of these valiant mariners are given upon the record copied from the ship's log:

> Anno 1607, April the nineteenth, at Saint Ethelburge in Bishops Gate street, did communicate with the rest of the Parishioners these persons, seamen, purposing to goe to sea foure days after, for to discover a passage by the North Pole to Japan and China: First, Henry Hudson, master. Secondly, William Coliner, his mate. Thirdly, James Young. Fourthly, John Colman. Fifthly, John Cooke. Sixthly, James Benbery. Seventhly, James Skrutton. Eightly, John Pleyce, Ninthly, Thomas Baxter. Tenthly, Richard Day. Eleventhly, James Knight. Twelfthly, John Hudson, a boy.
>
> Divers Voyages and Northerne Discoveries
> of that worthy irrecoverable Discoverer
> Master Henry Hudson
> his discoveries towards the North Pole
> set forth at the charge of certaine
> worshipfull merchants of London
> in May 1607.

It was while Henry Hudson was preparing to set out upon his first voyage in search of the northwest passage to China and the Indies, that *ignis fatuus* of mariners of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that he and his company communicated at St. Ethelburga's, which is practically as it was at that time, save that the north and south windows have been blocked up, a new ceiling added and the galleries removed.

As we know, the first plan of the Mayflower pilgrims was to settle in the new country explored by Henry Hudson, who sailed up the great river which bears his name. The charter of 1620 granted the Pilgrims the territory between the fortieth and forty-fifth parallels of north latitude, or from Philadelphia to St. John's, Newfoundland, and westward from sea to sea. This plan was relinquished when the Mayflower was near Cape Cod, because of the inability or the refusal of the shipmaster to take the vessel further south. We can well imagine what troubles and dissensions would have arisen had the Pilgrims undertaken to settle on the territory of the sturdy Dutch, both Colonies being composed of men who had decided opinions of their own.

From St. Ethelburga's a few steps along Bishopsgate brought us to a quite different place of worship, at Devonshire House. Here we passed through a stone archway to the Friends' Meeting, or rather Meetings, for here are the separate meetings for men and women. The library and records of Devonshire House contain many associations with Friends who emigrated to New Jersey, Pennsylvania and the Lower Counties. We found the good Friends here, although opposed to war on principle, doing valiant service for the women and children in England who were by the war deprived of the support of their men folk. With the charity and human sympathy for which they have always been noted, the good women of Devonshire House were busily engaged in providing for these needy women and children of all nationalities, German and Austrian, as well as the English, French and Russian. Cruel and barbarous as war is and must ever be, it brings in its train of suffering and disaster a wealth of sympathy and unselfish devotion among men and women of all creeds and nationalities.

On our way home from Bishopsgate we passed through those most interesting streets and courts, by Golf Court and Fetter Lane, set thick with associations of Dr. Johnson, and the characters of Charles Dickens, and on by Bartholomew Close. Here Franklin worked at "Palmer's famous printing house," and boylike, spent his earnings, as he said, "at plays and public amusements," in company with his friend, James Ralph. It was here, while working upon Wollaston's *Religion of Nature,* being always of a serious and philosophical turn of mind, that he wrote what he called "a little metaphysical piece entitled, *A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain.*" This pamphlet not pleasing his employer, Franklin set it down as "another *erratum.*" It shows, however, how busily the active, aspiring mind of the young Franklin was employed. He was only eighteen at the time of his first voyage to England. Later, when living at the well-known house on Craven Street, respected, honored and holding an important position, Dr. Franklin must have turned his footsteps sometimes to Bartholomew Close and Lincoln's Inn Fields, the scenes of his early labors and of the care-free Bohemian life of his youth. Passing through Poultry, we walked along Old Bailey and at the

Church of St. Sepulchre, opposite the site of the old Newgate Prison, we came again upon associations with John Smith, for there the redoubtable Captain was buried. In the south aisle, under a tablet, adorned with the three Turks' heads which he is said to have "divided from pagans three," rests the adventurous John Smith, who embarked upon his last and greatest adventure June 21st, 1631, as the tablet records, which was erected "To the living memory of his deceased friend, Captain John Smith, Sometime Governour of Virginia and Admirall of New England." By whom this tablet was erected does not appear, the inscription is almost all obliterated by the wear of passing feet, although the three Turks' heads are still quite distinct. A simpler tablet has been placed on the east wall of the south aisle; but the wording of the old tablet, which has been carefully preserved by an antiquary, is so quaint and descriptive of the life and character of Captain John Smith that we were glad to secure a copy of it from the verger of St. Sepulchre's:

> Here lyes one conquered that hath conquered Kings
> Subdued large territories and done things
> Which to the world impossible would seem
> But that the truth is held in more esteem
> Shall I report his former service done
> In honor of his God and Christendom

How that he did divide from pagans three
Their heads and lives, types of his chivalry
For which great service in that climate done
Brave Sigismundus King of Hungarian
Did give him as a coat of armes to wear
Those conquered heads got by his sword and spear
Or shall I tell of his adventures since
Done in Virginia that large Continent
How that he subdued Kings unto his yoke
And made those heathen flee as wind doth smoke
And made their land being of so large a station
An habitation for our Christian Nation
Where God is glorified their wants supplied
Which else for necessaries must have dyed
But what avails his conquests now he lyes
Interred in earth a prey to worms and flies
O! may his soul in sweet elysium sleep
Until the keeper that all souls doth keep
Return to Judgement and that after thence
With Angels he may have his recompence

St. Sepulchre's being so near Newgate Prison, a bell, which is still preserved in the church, was rung outside the cell of the condemned prisoners by the bellman of St. Sepulchre's, at midnight on the eve of an execution, when he recited the following grewsome verses:

All you who in the condemned hole do lie
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die
Watch all and pray, the hour is drawing near
That you before the Almighty must appear

Examine well yourselves in time repent
That you may not to eternal flames be sent
And when St. Sepulchre's Bell in the morning tolls
The Lord above have mercy on your souls
Past 12 o'clock

The custom originated in a gift or bequest of £50 made by Mr. Robert Dowe in 1605. The above bequest was invested to produce £1. 6s. 8d. annually, to be paid to the sexton. We were glad to learn from him that this horrible custom had been discontinued, and the interest on the bequest transferred by the Charity Commissioners to the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society.

Another curious custom that long obtained at St. Sepulchre's was the giving of a nosegay to every poor criminal on his way to execution at Tyburn. Newgate, where Elizabeth Fry once ministered to "the souls in prison," has long since given place to other buildings. Here were confined such famous prisoners as George Wither, Ann Askew, Daniel Defoe, Jack Sheppard, Titus Oates, Lord George Gordon, who died here of the gaol distemper in 1793, and William Penn. Nearby is Old Bailey, where William Penn and William Mead were tried, in 1676, for preaching to an unlawful assembly in Gracechurch Street. A tablet in the entrance hall of the present "Old Bailey" records this fact and also an even more notable circumstance which was that Thomas Vere, Edward Bushell, and ten other jurymen, were locked up without food for two nights, because they refused to give a verdict against the Quaker preachers, William Penn and William Mead.

An interesting American landmark, not very far from Old Bailey, if one knows how to make cross-cuts through the fascinating old London streets and alleys, is St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Here Benjamin West, one of our earliest American artists, was married to Miss Shewell, who had crossed the ocean with West's father to marry the young artist. A charming romance, including an elopement from a cruel guardian, was this, which ended in a happy married life.[1] It is the fashion now to disparage Benjamin West's work, but he stood high in royal favor at one time, and was the first American President of the Royal Academy in London. One of West's good deeds, which were many, was the befriending of young Gilbert Stuart when he went to London. West was very kind to the rising genius who was destined to outstrip him by many leagues in the field of art.

For Gilbert Stuart's ancestry we must turn to Ireland, although his own birthplace was in Rhode Island, near Narragansett, and not far from his father's snuff-mill. To Ireland, also, we must journey to find the ancestral homes of the Carrolls, of Maryland, one of the ancient and powerful families of that country. The Carrolls, who became famous in the New World for their ability and integrity, were Princes and Lords of Ely from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries, tracing back to the Kings of Munster.

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[1] "Heirlooms in Miniatures," by Anne H. Wharton.

Few buildings in the metropolis have as many associations with American history as the church long known under the names of St. Mary Overy, St. Saviour's and now as the Southwark Cathedral. This church, which is considered the finest mediæval building in London after Westminster Abbey, owes its name, so say the antiquarians, to its situation on the bank of the Thames, *Ofer* in old English signifying a bank or a shore. Thus St. Mary Overeye, its ancient name, would mean a church dedicated to the Virgin Mary situated on "the water-land by the river bank;" the name was afterwards contracted to St. Mary Overy. A church, or a religious house of some sort, stood upon the foundation of St. Mary Overy long before the Norman Conquest. Here, among associations that belong to a period far back in English history, and side by side with memorials of Chaucer, Massinger, Shakespeare, Spenser, and many other British poets, we came across the tomb of a William Emerson, whom the Southwark Cathedral is proud to claim as the ancestor of our American poet and essayist. This tomb has underneath the inscription one of the diminutive, recumbent effigies sometimes seen in English churches, known as an *emaciated cadaver,* a pitiful and unlovely *memento mori!* The simple inscription tells its own tale:

> "Here under lyeth the body of William Emerson, who lived and died an honest man. He departed out of this life the 27th of June, Anno 1575, in the year of his age 92."

Thomas Emerson, grandson of this William Emerson, according to the records of the church, "was a liberal benefactor to the poor of the parish, and his munificence, bestowed in 1620, is still enjoyed by several pensioners of his bounty." Ancestors, these, worthy of their distinguished New England descendant!

If we were able to follow the advice of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and choose our ancestors for ourselves, I doubt if Ralph Waldo Emerson could have found men with reputations more to his liking than those attributed to these good citizens of old Southwark. That he felt the ties of kindred drawing him toward his English beginnings is evident from his writings. Canon Thompson, in quoting from an address made by Mr. Emerson at Manchester, in 1847, says: "He took much pride in the thought of his British origin, and boasted of the virtues of the British race." In the course of this speech Mr. Emerson said:

"That which lures a solitary American in the woods with the wish to see England, is the moral peculiarity of the Saxon race—its commanding sense of right and wrong—the love and devotion to that—this is the imperial trait which arms them with the sceptre of the world. And I must tell you, I was given to understand in my childhood that the British island from which my forefathers came was no lotus-garden, no paradise of serene sky and roses and music and merriment all the year round. No, but a cold, foggy, mournful country, where nothing grew well in the open but robust men and virtuous women."

Another interesting American landmark in the Southwark Cathedral is the Harvard Memorial Chapel, formerly the Chapel of St. John the Divine, on the east side of which is the beautiful memorial window in honor of John Harvard. The central glass of this window represents the baptism of Christ, referring to John Harvard having been baptized in this church November 29, 1607. The figures of two angels are on the side panels, above is a panel of old glass, a remnant of the former window, and flanking it are panels bearing the arms of Harvard University and of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where John Harvard was graduated.

The first suggestion of a memorial window seems to have been made by Mr. Henry F. Waters, who wrote after a visit to St. Saviour's: "As I passed through this venerable edifice, I noticed that the great window of the south transept was of plain glass, as if Providence had designed that some day the Sons of Harvard should place there a worthy memorial of one who is so well entitled to their veneration."

It was quite natural that Mr. Waters should be interested in a memorial to John Harvard as it was through his painstaking research that the founder of Harvard College and the child baptized at St. Saviour's, November 29, 1607, were proved to be one and the same.

Through intricate and elusive ways, known to the genealogist alone, Mr. Waters followed the Harvard family from the infant John, son of Robert Harvard, a butcher of Southwark and vestryman of St. Saviour's, to New England and Harvard College.

The Harvards were identified with the borough of Southwark for generations, and according to Canon Thompson, the house in which John Harvard's father lived was in the middle of the present High Street, directly east of the Lady Chapel of the church. This fact was proved by the *Token Books*,[2] and so far it was plain sailing, although the historian of St. Saviour's says: "Adam Scrivener—the Vestry Clerk—has unconsciously done his best to disguise him (Robert Harvard) under the various forms of Harvye, Harverd, Harvard, and even Harwood." The spelling of names, however, made little difference in those days, even Shakespeare spelled his name in several different ways, and the identity of Robert Harvard was satisfactorily proved by his seat in the vestry. The rule was that every vestryman occupied regularly his own recognized seat on entering. If he ventured to take another's seat, he was fined. Now, in the Vestry Books we see Robert Harvard sitting in the same seat and order, and between the same men, meeting after meeting, and thus we know him to be the same man. The first difficulty encountered by Mr. Waters lay in the fact that John Harvard entered Emmanuel College, Cambridge, from *Middlesex,* on the north side of the Thames, and not from Surrey, on the south, the abode of his ancestors.

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[2] It was the custom of Churchwardens to visit from house to house, and distribute small circular pieces of lead, figured with some device, to all persons above the age of 15 or 16, as a summons to attend the Holy Communion. These tokens were delivered up in the Church when the obligation was fulfilled.

He found upon investigation that Robert Harvard and several members of his family had been swept away by the plague of 1625, and after this Mrs. Harvard left the old home, married a second time, crossed the river and lived near Tower Hill, the abode of her new spouse. So, naturally, John entered from Middlesex, and not from Surrey. After the death of her second husband whose name does not appear, the widow, being inveterately addicted to matrimony "returns to the Southwark neighborhood, weds Richard Yearwood, an old friend of her first husband, Robert Harvard, and resides for the remainder of her days within a few doors of the old Southwark home in the same row of houses. John is at this time in Cambridge: and his mother, who survives her third husband, makes her will, as Katharine *Yarwood,* in 1635, in favour of her two only remaining children, John and Thomas, sons of her first husband. In this document she describes the Founder as 'my eldest son, John Harvard, clerke,' *i.e.,* scholar.''[3]

Thus did this ''Pathfinder'' among genealogists, as Mr. Waters has been dubbed, make his way through the winding byways of the history of the Harvard family. The house at Stratford-on-Avon, known as the Harvard House, is really a Rogers House, being the home of Thomas Rogers, an alderman of Stratford. It was formerly called the ''Ancient House,'' and the present rather misleading name was given to it by an enterprising printer, then living next door, who issued a picture postcard bearing the words ''The Harvard House.'' Here Katharine Rogers spent her girlhood and from this home she married Robert Harvard in 1605. With its façade richly adorned with carvings and its small-paned, projecting windows resting upon corbels, this house is a charming example of sixteenth-century architecture. Beneath the second-story windows are the initials of Katharine Rogers's parents, T. R. and A. R., with the date of building, 1596. Aside from its own attractions, this house will always be a shrine of pilgrimage for Americans, as the home of the grandparents of the founder of Harvard College.

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[3] "Southwark Cathedral," by Canon Thompson, M.A., B.D., D.D., pp. 125, 126.

After taking his B.A. degree in 1631 and his M.A. in 1635, John Harvard, having married Ann Sadler, of Sussex, emigrated to New England with his wife, in 1637, and was appointed minister to the First Church in Charlestown, Massachusetts.[4]

The New England colonists had planned the establishment of a college before John Harvard's arrival in Massachusetts. The project so appealed to his scholarly taste that he entered into it with spirit, and afterwards bequeathed half of his fortune, amounting to eight hundred pounds, a large sum in those days, and his library consisting of over three hundred volumes, "to found a school for the education of English and Indian youths in knowledge and godliness."

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[4] "American Shrines in England," by Alfred T. Story, p. 261.

The Reverend John Harvard died in the year following his arrival in Massachusetts, leaving no children, and, strange to relate, the place of his burial is not known. Of him it can be said, as of the leader of ancient Israel: "No man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day." Alluding to this circumstance Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said, on the occasion of the 250th anniversary of the founding of Harvard College:

In vain the delving antiquary tries
To find the tomb where generous Harvard lies;
Here, here, his lasting monument is found,
Where every spot is consecrated ground.

Although the great college bearing his name is Harvard's noblest monument, Dr. Holmes's lines apply also to the Memorial Chapel at St. Saviour's, where on consecrated ground, surrounded by associations with England's poets, statesmen and philanthropists, John Harvard is honored by Americans on account of his devotion to the cause of education and religion in the New World.

The particular window space which Mr. Waters had in view was pre-empted before the sons of Harvard had an opportunity to enter upon their work. Later, when the attention of the Honorable Joseph H. Choate was drawn to the subject, he, as a graduate of Harvard, entered into the project of a memorial chapel at St. Saviour's with enthusiasm.

The Harvard Memorial Window, the gift of Mr. Choate, and the work of Mr. John La Farge, of New York, honors the founder of Harvard College by its artistic beauty as well as by the sentiments which inspired its erection. Mr. Choate said upon the occasion of its unveiling in 1905, after describing the circumstances attending the foundation of the College: "It assumed in its Coat of Arms, as you will see in the window, a double motto—*Veritas,* Truth, a word broad enough to embrace all knowledge, human and divine; and what meant the same thing, *Christo et Ecclesiae,* for Christ and His Church, that the supply of godly ministers might never fail. And now, after the lapse of three centuries, the little college in a pathless wilderness has become a great and splendid University, strong in prestige and renown, rich in endowments, and richer still in the pious loyalty of its sons, who supply all its wants upon demand with liberal hand. It is not unworthy to be compared with Oxford and Cambridge, those ancient nurseries of learning from which it drew its first life. And the name of John Harvard shares the fame which mankind accords to the founders of States."

Those Americans, who follow the advice given by Mr. Choate and make the Harvard Memorial Chapel a shrine of pilgrimage, will find many objects of interest in the Southwark Cathedral, and not the least among these is the tomb of a younger brother of William Shakespeare. Little is known of this young Edmund Shakespeare, except that he came to Southwark to try his fortunes as an actor, which was quite natural, as this was a centre of playhouses, the gay folk of London being then in the habit of coming down the Thames in boats to attend plays at the "Rose" and the "Hope" as well as at the famous Globe Theatre.

That young Shakespeare died at the age of twenty-seven and is buried in the church we learned from the record, which reads: "Edmond Shakesphere, a player, in the Church." This is the entry in the Burial Register; that in the Parochial Monthly Accounts reads:—"1607, December 31st, Edmund Shakespeare, a player, buried in ye Church with a forenoone knell of the great bell. . . . 20s."

The Southwark Cathedral claims William Shakespeare as its "most distinguished parishioner." If a parishioner at all he was unquestionably the "most distinguished." Whether or not this can be proved, Skottowe, Sidney Lee and Halliwell-Phillipps all speak of Shakespeare as having lived in Southwark.

Within a few years two Americans, Dr. and Mrs. Charles W. Wallace, have thrown so much light upon Shakespeare's residence in London, and have so definitely located the site of the Globe Playhouse, that we doubt if anyone will venture upon a Shakespeare itinerary until the result of these valuable investigations has been published.

Upon Shakespeare associations intent, we have wandered far from American shrines; but as the great dramatist belongs to all ages and climes, and is a part of our own English inheritance, I may perhaps be forgiven, and also for copying the curious inscription written by one

Abraham Newland as his own epitaph. "Although," says Canon Thompson, "he had many friends he was not so vain as to imagine they would dissolve in tears at the news of his death," and so he wrote with dry wit and worldly wisdom:

Beneath this stone old Abraham lies,
Nobody laughs, and nobody cries.
Where he is gone, and how he fares,
No one knows, and no one cares.

Even more original than his epitaph was a request made by Abraham Newland in his last hours—he asked to see the papers, in order, as he said, that he might be able to convey the latest news to the people on the other side.

Although, as has been said, comparatively few of our early settlers came from London, there were notable exceptions to this rule, as the Hopkinsons. Thomas Hopkinson, who emigrated to Pennsylvania in 1731, was the son of Thomas Hopkinson, a London merchant. Thomas Hopkinson, the younger, was an Oxford man and a lawyer before he came to Philadelphia. He is chiefly known to-day as the father of Francis Hopkinson, statesman, essayist and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Thomas Hopkinson himself was a man of ability, and having a taste for scientific pursuits, as well as for law, he made some valuable experiments. Franklin, as we know, numbered Mr. Hopkinson among his "ingenious friends." By marriage he was connected with the Johnsons, of Laycock, Wiltshire, from which county so many of our early settlers emigrated. In pre-Revolutionary days, when crossing the Atlantic was an affair of weeks rather than days, Francis Hopkinson visited his mother's English relatives. Among these was the Bishop of Worcester. In letters written to his family Hopkinson gives an interesting account of his visit to the Bishop's palace.

Other notable instances there are of those born within the sound of the "Bow bells" having emigrated to America, as the Allertons, of the Northern Neck of Virginia, the Hamors, Tuckers and Byrds, William Byrd, founder of one of the most distinguished families in Colonial history, being the son of a London banker. The Blands were directly descended from Adam Bland, a member of the "Skinners' Guild of London."[5] These families and others of distinction in all of the Colonies were London bred; but as a rule the early settlers were country or village folks, many of them younger sons of landed proprietors for whom there was no place or occupation in their own country. This was especially the case during the Protectorate, when the Carters, Pages, Bacons, Diggeses, Washingtons and many other immigrants of good family came to Virginia. Of the reasons for this large influx of cavaliers into the Old Dominion, Mr. Waters says, speaking in this connection of the young Washingtons, John and Lawrence: "Supposing them to have been young men of only ordinary enterprise and ambition, with the desire to get on in the world, what chance had they in England at that time, known as belonging to a royalist family, with all, or most, of their friends, to whom, in happier conditions, they might have applied for influence, royalists like themselves, and Cromwell then most firmly seated in his Protectorate? The chances would seem to be utterly against them. No wonder their thoughts turned to Virginia, that transatlantic haven and place of refuge for defeated royalists, which perhaps then first received the name by which it has, since, more than once been called, the home of the Cavaliers in America.''

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[5] William and Mary College Quarterly, and Hayden's "Virginia Genealogies."

What Mr. Waters said of the Washingtons applies with equal pertinence to many settlers who came to Maryland and other Southern Colonies as well as to Virginia, but the latter Colony we naturally think of as the home of the cavaliers. Here, after the hardships and difficulties of the early years of the settlement had been overcome, living conditions strongly resembling those of rural England were to be found. Cities and even towns grew slowly, the cavalier settler, preferring to live as his fathers in England had lived for generations, upon landed estates, took up large tracts of land. The grants given by Elizabeth, James and Charles I were generously worded, some loosely defined limits there were north and south, while the western boundaries were usually ''from sea to sea.'' Hence the settler was free to push out westward as far as the Indians and the mountains would permit. It seemed, indeed, as if whole shires had been transplanted from England to Virginia with the customs, habits of life and traditions that had been confirmed by many years of English living. It is not strange that

Thackeray, in the middle of the last century, found Virginia more English than the England of the Hanoverian Georges, the immigrants of the seventeenth century having come from the England of the Tudors and the Stuarts.

"The Englishman, accustomed to country pursuits," says Mr. Bruce, "knew, in emigrating, that he was seeking a residence in a community where all the tastes and habits of the English rural gentry were in some respects only accentuated by the dispersion of the population. Love of home, as the centre of the most sacred affections, was perhaps not more fervent there than in England, but the bonds of kinship were much stronger because in that secluded existence ties of blood assumed a far higher degree of importance, while the pleasures of hospitality were more relished, for the presence of a guest was an event of greater rarity and distinction. And the Englishman was also aware that in no manor-house of Devon, Surrey, or Essex was the devotion to England and all things English deeper than in the plantation residences of Virginia; that the subtle tie of nationality was as binding there as in the Mother Country; that the recognition of class distinctions and social divisions was quite as clear; and that, as an English gentleman, he would at once take the same position in the society of the Colony as he had held in his native shire, and would hardly recognize in outward customs that he had made a change of habitation.''[6]

The Randolph family, to which the mother of Thomas Jefferson belonged, were probably London folk, as we learn from various sources that Peter Jefferson named his country seat Shadwell, from the name of the London parish in which his wife, Jane Randolph, was born. Upon the ancestral home of the Jeffersons, history and family tradition throw little light. The biographer of Thomas Jefferson says that his father, Peter Jefferson, ''emigrated from near Mt. Snowdon in Wales and represented Flower de Hundred in the first legislative assembly of white men which ever convened on the American continent—the Jamestown Assembly.'' The Jefferson family also say that their distinguished ancestor came from Wales, and to this same picturesque country we must journey if we wish to find the early homes of many more of our noted Americans. From Dolobran, Wales, came Thomas Lloyd to Pennsylvania. The Lloyds of Dolobran were a well-known county family. Charles Lloyd, owner of the family seat, and his brother Thomas Lloyd, President of the Council of Pennsylvania, were with William Penn and Robert Barclay of Ury the chief converts to Quakerism among the gentry of Britain. The surname Lloyd was assumed in the sixteenth century by Owen, son of "Ivan the Handsome," whose family had owned Dolobran since 1476, and who like most Welsh gentlemen could name a line of ancestors extending beyond the dark ages. The descent from Owen Lloyd, as given in Burke's Peerage, traces the line through the grandmother of Thomas Lloyd, the Councillor, back to Edward I of England. The Lloyd arms, as they appear at Dolobran, are a chevron between three cocks, argent.

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[6] "The Social Life of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century," by Philip A. Bruce, pp. 35, 36.

To Wales we must turn, also, for the homeland of a great benefactor to the cause of education in America. Near Wrexham, whose Gothic steeple is reckoned one of the "Seven Wonders of Wales," lies the old manor-house of Plas-yn-Yale, the home of the Yales, from which place David Yale, the father of Elihu Yale, emigrated to New England. A rough, mountainous country, this old lordship of Yale-in-Powys, but well worth a visit from those who are interested in the men who, going out with faith and ideas, helped to build up the America of to-day.

Elihu Yale appears to have been a man of great energy and many ideas. He became governor of Madras, and when he returned to England, having amassed a considerable fortune, he generously endowed Yale College in the land of his father's adoption. He died in 1721, and his tombstone, in St. Giles's Church, Wrexham, was restored by the corporation of Yale College in 1870 and again in 1895, and newly inscribed: "In grateful remembrance of his timely aid in money and other values."

This tomb at Wrexham also bears the following quaint and original inscription:

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Africa travell'd, in Asia wed—
Where long he lived and thrived,
In London died;
Much good, some ill, he did; so hope all's even,
And that his soul through mercy's gone to Heaven.
You that survive and read this tale, take care
For this most certain exit to prepare,
Where, blest in peace, the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the silent dust.

With regard to Elihu Yale's being wed in Asia, as recorded in his tablet, Mr. Story says that he married Catherine Hymners, widow of his predecessor in the governorship of Fort St. George, by whom he had one son and three daughters. The last descendant of Elihu Yale was Dudley Long, who took the name of North and died in 1829. He it was who, in 1789, presented to Yale College the portrait of his great-grandfather, by Zeeman, a Dutch artist resident in England.

From the hills and valleys of Wales came other important settlers, and to Pennsylvania's Welsh Tract came the families of Cadwalader, Bevan, Carpenter, Jones, Wynne, Thomas and many more. Samuel Carpenter, the valued friend and counsellor of William Penn, came to the Province of Pennsylvania, like many other settlers, by way of Antigua. He held for many years, with honor, the responsible position of treasurer of the Province of Pennsylvania. For the home of Penn's able secretary, James Logan, we must journey to Scotland, from whence also came the family of Chancellor Livingston, and that of the Hamiltons, Alexanders, and of many other noted Americans.

Scotland, and the city of Aberdeen, was the home of the family of Patrick Henry. From both sides of his family he seems to have inherited ability. John Henry, the father of Patrick, was the son of Alexander Henry and Jean Robertson, who was a cousin of the historian, William Robertson, and of Lord Brougham. Patrick Henry's mother's family, the Winstons, were distinguished for eloquent speech, lyric and dramatic talent, and a gift for music. As an illustration of the conversational ability of Patrick Henry's mother, we have the following description of an evening spent in her good company from the pen of that merry old Virginian, Colonel William Byrd. At the time that Colonel Byrd met this lady she was Mrs. Syme, the widow of Colonel Syme.

Having just finished a journey through King William County for the inspection of his estates, Colonel Byrd was conducted, for his night's lodging, to the house of a blooming widow, Mistress Sarah Syme, in the county of Hanover. This lady, at first supposing her guest to be, as he cleverly expressed it, "some new suitor for her lately disengaged affections, put on a Gravity that becomes a Weed;" but so soon as she learned her mistake and the name of her distinguished visitor, she "brighten'd up into an unusual cheerfulness and Serenity. She was a portly, handsome Dame, of the Family of Esau, and seem'd not to pine too much for the Death of her Husband, who was of the Family of the Saracens. . . . This widow is a person of a lively & cheerful Conversation, with much less Reserve than most of her Countrywomen. It becomes her very well, and sets off her other agreeable Qualities to Advantage. We tost off a Bottle of honest Port, which we relisht with a broil'd Chicken. At Nine I retir'd to my Devotions, And then Slept so Sound that Fancy itself was Stupify'd, else I should have dreamt of my most obliging Landlady."

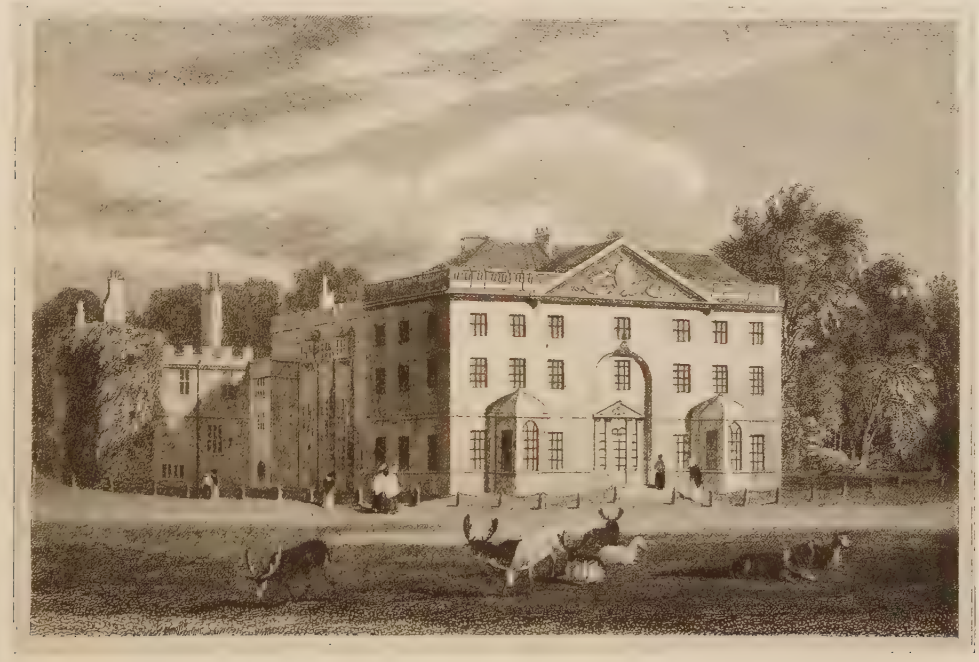
"Patrick Henry's father," says Mr. Tyler, "was second cousin to that beautiful Eleanor Syme, of Edinburgh, who in 1777 became the wife of Henry Brougham, of Brougham Hall, Westmoreland. Their eldest son was Lord Brougham, who was thus the third cousin of Patrick Henry. To some it will perhaps seem not a mere caprice of ingenuity to discover in the fiery, eccentric, and truculent eloquence of the great English advocate and parliamentary orator a family likeness to that of his renowned American kinsman; or to find in the fierceness of the champion of Queen Caroline against George IV, and of English anti-slavery reform and of English Parliamentary reform against aristocratic and commercial selfishness, the same bitter and eager radicalism that burned in the blood of him who, on this side of the Atlantic, was, in popular oratory, the great champion of the Colonies against George III, and afterwards of the political autonomy of the State of Virginia against the all-dominating centralization which he said was coiled up in the projected Constitution of the United States.''

The English beginnings of men as important in their services to the Colonies as Roger Williams and Thomas Hooker seem to be enveloped in some uncertainty. One authority states that Roger Williams was the son of a London tailor and was a protégé of Sir Edward Coke, another story is that he was born at Givenear, Cornwall, in 1602, and was the son of a gentleman. There seems to be no question about his having been a Charterhouse scholar and a graduate of Pembroke College.

Authorities differ even more widely with regard to the Reverend Thomas Hooker. Family tradition says that he came from Herts, while other writers give Markfield, Leicestershire, as his birthplace, which is more probable, as he attended the Market Bosworth Grammar School in the adjacent Hundred to Markfield. Thomas Hooker was afterwards a student at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and took his B.A. and M.A. degrees before coming to America to help found the city of Hartford. During his three years' residence in Holland, Thomas Hooker had evidently interested himself in public affairs, as it was he who took over to Connecticut the written ballot which was a great improvement upon the plan adopted in Massachusetts.

The home of the great-grandfather of John and Samuel Adams, the Revolutionary patriots, was in the beautiful county of Devon. Henry Adams, the first settler, received a grant of some acres in Massachusetts in 1636. He made his home at Mt. Wollaston, soon afterwards incorporated as the town of Braintree.

The North Country of England, which sent over so many settlers to America, was the ancestral home of the Shippens of Pennsylvania. The first Edward Shippen who emigrated to Boston,



METHLEY HALL, YORKSHIRE

was a younger son of William Shippen of Presbury, Cheshire, and Methley, Yorkshire, gentleman. Edward Shippen emigrated to Boston in 1668, where he engaged in mercantile pursuits and was very successful.

"He brought with him to Boston," says the family historian,[7] "his notions as a member of the Established Church, for he at once joined the Artillery Company, but in 1671 he married Elizabeth Lybrand, a Quakeress, and became a member of that sect" and shared in the jailings, whippings and other persecutions of the unfortunate Quakers. Edward Shippen afterwards removed to Philadelphia, where he became President of the Council and Mayor of that city.

We find Randolphs writing themselves gentlemen in both Warwickshire and Northamptonshire. At Newnham was born a Thomas Randolph, counted one of the leading poets of his time, who brought literary distinction to the family name. This poet and dramatist, son of William Randolph, was born in the village of Newnham and baptized there in 1605. He wrote the *Muses' Looking Glass* and other dramas, and is said to have performed the remarkable feat of producing at the age of ten his poem on the incarnation of Christ. Here we find the family names, William and Thomas, afterwards represented in Virginia.

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[7] Elise Willing Balch in "Provincial Councillors," by Charles P. Keith.

The first William Randolph came to the Colony with fortunes "broken and dispersed" by the result of the civil wars, as one of the family said. The repair of the fortunes of the Randolphs was soon evident.

"Before the close of the Colonial period," says Mr. Bruce, "a series of noble plantations in the most fertile part of the country along the lower James River had become the property of the Randolphs in their various branches. Here they had lived in a state of affluence remarkable even in the most prosperous days of the Colony; had filled a succession of high public offices; had received the honor of knighthood; had intermarried with all the most powerful families, and had enjoyed a degree of social and political influence unsurpassed in those times." A son of the first William Randolph was the father of Sir John Randolph of Tazewell Hall, and of this line came Peyton and Edmund Randolph, who rendered valuable service during the Revolutionary period and in the subsequent foundation of the National Government.

Mrs. Pryor and other writers speak of the Ball family of Virginia as originally from Barkham, Berkshire, anciently Boercham, noted as the spot at which William the Conqueror paused on his devastating march from the bloody field of Hastings; or, as the old chronicler has it, "Wasting ye land, burning ye towns and sleying ye people till he came to Boercham where he staid his ruthless hand."

Barkham is a small village formally attached to the estate of Levison-Gower. In the history of the Ball family of Barkham, Comitatis Berks, taken from the Visitation Books of London, in the College of Arms, we find that "William Ball, Lord of the Manor of Barkham, Com. Berks, died in the year 1480." "From this William Ball," says Mrs. Pryor, "George Washington was eighth in direct descent."[8] The Ball family in America trace their own ancestry and that of Mary Washington to a Wiltshire family; but as the counties of Berkshire and Wiltshire lie side by side, it is quite possible that the Berkshire family crossed the border into Wiltshire before the sons of William Ball emigrated to America. William Ball, son of William, and grandfather of Mary Ball who married Augustine Washington, emigrated to America and settled in Lancaster County, Virginia, about the middle of the seventeenth century.

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[8] "The Mother of Washington and Her Times," by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor.

The Virginia Balls, from whom General Washington was descended on the maternal side, like so many of the immigrants to the Middle and Southern Colonies, belonged to the landed gentry of England, and as such were entitled to be called gentlemen—those of whom Captain John Smith spoke impatiently in the early days of the Virginia settlement as better fitted "to spoyle a commonwealth than to begin or maintain one." Smith afterwards changed his mind and was forced to admit that among these gentlemen settlers were sensible minds and industrious hands. In this connection it is interesting to turn to Sir Thomas Smith's account of the making of a gentleman: "Ordinarily the King doth only make Knights and create Barons or higher degrees; as for *gentlemen* they be made good, cheap in this

Kingdom; for whosoever studieth the laws of the realm, who studieth in the universities, who professeth the liberal sciences, he shall be taken for a gentleman; for gentlemen be those whom their blood and race doth make noble and known."

Not a bad recipe for the making of a gentleman if we may judge from the results in all of our American Colonies! When difficulties came with the Mother Country it was, with a few notable exceptions, the descendants of gentlemen born and bred, many of them educated in English colleges, who took a leading part in the councils of the new Nation.

The term gentleman was not then used, in Virginia or in any of the Colonies, unadvisedly as in our time. It is interesting to find Oliver Cromwell, the champion of democracy in England, and of the rights of the people, carefully defining the distinctions of class, and claiming his own right and title:

"I was born a gentleman," exclaimed Cromwell on one occasion in addressing Parliament, "and in the old social arrangement of a nobleman, a gentleman and a yeoman, I see a good interest of the nation and a great one." Nobleman, gentleman, yeoman—these were the terms which carried a clear and precise social significance wherever Englishmen had established a community. There was no order of noblemen in Virginia in the seventeenth century, but there was, to use the Protector's language, a "social arrangement" of gentlemen and yeomen. The term "yeoman" appears with special frequency in the early land patents, and it was used to express exactly the same rank as the like term inserted in a contemporary legal document in the Mother Country.

Many of the gentlemen settlers had a right to bear arms, as the Washingtons, Harrisons, Balls, Berkeleys, Byrds, Pages, Carys, Bollings, Clairbornes, Burwells,[9] and others in Virginia, as had the Penns, Logans, Peningtons, Lloyds and numerous Pennsylvania families, as well as many of those who emigrated to New Jersey, Delaware, New York and to the New England and Southern Colonies. The Southern immigrants seem to have attached more value to these outward signs of distinction than those further north. Mr. Bruce says:

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[9] "Social Life of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century," by Philip A. Bruce.

"'Before leaving England, some of the emigrants took care to have their coats-of-arms confirmed; for instance, in 1633, Moore Fauntleroy obtained such a confirmation from the Office of the English Heralds, who, in their report, declared that this coat-of-arms had been enjoyed by the Fauntleroys 'time out of mind.'"[10]

We cannot imagine the Mayflower Pilgrims stopping to verify their pedigrees and arms before quitting England, their one object in life being to reach a land where they could live their lives in freedom, and worship according to the dictates of conscience. Many of the early settlers of New England, however, brought over their coats-of-arms and used them, as did the Winthrops of Edwardson, Suffolk, and the

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[10] Richard I seems to have been the first English sovereign to bear arms upon his shield; but as early as 1128 Geoffrey of Anjou, who married the daughter of Henry I, bore upon his shield *six golden lionets.* By the beginning of the thirteenth century most of the great English houses bore arms on their shields. Nor were these arms used in any hap-hazard fashion, as a herald was sent through the kingdom, to register, verify or reject the arms of the landed gentry. These "Herald's Visitations" were held regularly as early as 1433 and until between 1686 and 1700. Thus the arms of these families were subjected to strict scrutiny before being registered in the Heralds' College.

Standishes of Lancashire. Of these Standishes, and from Duxbury Hall came "Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain." The Standishes originally came from Standish, as appears upon the battlements of the church, which have upon them the shield of the family, three standing dishes, argent on a field azure. It was not from this old Standish Hall that Miles came, but from Duxbury, some four miles distant, and from the parish of Chorley. The old Duxbury Hall, in which Miles Standish passed his childhood, was destroyed three years after the departure of the Mayflower Pilgrims. The Hall, as we see it to-day, is of much later date and is owned by Mr. Walter Mayhew, whose ancestors were also emigrants to New England in the reign of Charles I, and there, by some strange coincidence, they gave a grant of land to one of Captain Standish's sons.

The living at Chorley, which is one of the best in Lancashire, had been in the Standish family for seven hundred years.

Some of the Dutch settlers who came to New Amsterdam and founded important families there, naturally brought their coats-of-arms with them as part of their worldly gear. Many of these high-born Hollanders, as the Van Rensselaers, Schuylers, Stuyvesants, Rutgers, Beekmans, and De Peysters whose silver service is quite famous, had their arms elaborately engraved upon the fine services of silver which they brought with them.

In those days there was no assumption of superiority in the using of coats-of-arms. The Colonial gentry used their arms, as their fathers had done before them for generations, counting them among their family possessions, like their surnames, and, like the latter, they formed a part of their family history, having been granted to them for some definite service, as the Schuylers, who were descended from Jan Schuyler, one of the defenders of Leyden, whose name and arms are on the votive gate of the fort at Leyden. The Patroon, Heer Van Rensselaer, had for his arms a silver cross on a red ground bestowed during the Crusades, the arms of Utrecht which was in the family Ruddergoed; the crest, a basket of fire, was an augmentation of the arms bestowed by Maurice of Nassau, son of the Prince of Orange.

The family tradition regarding the Van Rensselaer crest has it that on a certain occasion of festival a grand illumination took place in

Holland, and the Van Rensselaer of that day ordered huge fire-baskets, similar to that depicted on the crest, to be filled with combustibles and placed on the gates and fence-posts, where they added to the effect of the night illumination. The result was so startling that it called forth special commendation from the Prince of Orange, who wished accordingly to bestow a favor such as royalty allows people to whom a money recompense would not be fitting, and he begged Van Rensselaer to adopt the motto, "*Omnibus effulges,*" signifying "I outshine all." Before that time the motto had been "*Neimand zonder,*" meaning "No one without a cross," referring to the cross appearing upon the shield, being of silver upon a red field.[11]

General Washington was not less an American because he had upon his seal and bookplate the English arms that had belonged to his family for generations. And the good Quakers among the early settlers in Rhode Island, Delaware, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, having renounced worldly vanities and taken the lace from their coats and the plumes from their hats, would have deemed it a renunciation of an inherited right, almost equal to the giving up of their family names, to have relinquished the arms that had been granted to their ancestors.[12]

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[11] "Hudson and Mohawk Valley," by Cuyler Reynold, pp. 2–3.

The arms used by William Penn are to be found upon the great seal of the Province of Pennsylvania, without the crest, which was a demi-lion rampant; the arms, a shield crossed horizontally by a sable fess, or band, charged with three plates, argent, the motto being the altogether appropriate one, "*Mercy Justice.*"

These are only a few among many instances which go to prove how simply and unostentatiously these early settlers of America used the arms that had belonged to their people for generations, and also that many of these settlers in all of the Colonies, in New England and the Middle Colonies, as well as in the South, had left comfortable homes and estates in England and elsewhere to try their fortunes on the other side of the Atlantic.

As the charm of the English villages and near-by country seats grew upon us, day by day, we wondered more than ever that the early settlers, our ancestors, had had the courage and enterprise to leave their homes in Old England for the unexplored wilderness and the rude cabin of the pioneer. More especially we marvelled that so many women were willing to enter with their husbands and fathers in the work of colonization. In the immigrations to Plymouth and Salem were delicate and refined women; such women as the wives of Governor Bradford and Governor Winthrop,[13] and the Lady Arabella Johnson, Anne Bradstreet, and many more, to whom the established life of England and the comforts of the household and the fireside were dear. Yet these women were willing to venture forth from their homes to the unknown trials and hardships of Colonial life. Severe as the conditions of that life were to able-bodied men, they were infinitely more trying to delicately reared women. Much has been said, and truly said, of the courage and devotion of the men who colonized the narrow strip of land along the Atlantic Coast, long known as Colonial America; but the high courage and endurance of the wives and daughters of these men have never been fully appreciated by historians of the period. Yet, at no time in our history were women a more important asset than in the early days of the settlement. In proof of this we have only to turn to the history of the colonization of Virginia.

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[12] In proof of this we find the early Quaker settlers in Rhode Island, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, using their coats-of-arms as they used their family names.

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[13] Governor John Winthrop, himself, belonged to a family of high degree, and from the quartering of the Winthrop arms with those of his several wives in the church at Groton, we learn that he married into titled families. In this church near Groton Hall, where John Winthrop was reared, we find in the windows shields bearing the arms of the Forths, Cloptons, and Tyndales, impaled with those of the Winthrops; this much-married John Winthrop, having taken unto himself for his first wife Mary, daughter and heiress of Sir John Forth; for his second wife Tomasine Clopton, and for his third spouse, Margaret, the daughter of Sir John Tyndale,

As we know, few or no women came to Virginia with the first settlers. As one of our historians has said: "These first Americans at Jamestown had neither home or hearthstone. When they came home at night—or to the hut which they called home—no smiles welcomed them. When they worked it was under compulsion; why should they labor? The common kettle from which they took their dreary meals was supplied by others." A common *pot-au-feu* and a common fireside are not the things for which men fight and lay down their lives, and it was not until the Virginia settlers had met with many discouragements, and some failures, that women came over to join them in the task of colonization. Then, and not until then, homes, English homes, sprang up all along the James, and the wilderness and the solitary places began to blossom like the rose of the Scriptures. After this, we hear no more talk of deserting the settlement or of returning to the Mother Country.

Heavy as is the debt that we owe to the men who for conscience sake, or from whatever motive, were led to undertake the settlement of America, we owe an equal if not greater debt to the women who had the courage and spirit to enter with them into their great and epoch-making adventure in the New World.

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